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A BAVARIAN BRIC-À-BRAC HUNT; OR, A ROUNDABOUT SEARCH FOR A CARVED CHEST.

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WITH PICTURES BY WERNER ZEHME.



LATE GOTHIC ANGEL, MUNICH.

BEFORE living in Munich I had always thought of London and Paris as the ideal stamping-grounds for the bric-à-brac collector with a light purse; but after a month's wandering about that quaint old Bavarian city, and in some of the neighboring towns, I began to doubt whether one's chances are not better in a small city than in a large one. Bric-à-brac dealing, as a regular and profitable business, has now become so well recognized that in a city like London or Paris every junk-dealer, every pawnshop-keeper and second-hand furniture man, knows the value of what may drift to him in the way of antique furniture, silverware, copper, embroidery, or china; or, if he does not, he is pretty sure to take it to an expert in bric-à-brac and find out. There are said to be three hundred and eighty dealers in antiquities in Paris alone, while probably London has nearly as many more.

In Munich there are quarters where the sign "Antiquitäten" stands over every second door, and I found in the directory no fewer than fifty-eight persons or firms whose whole business is to collect and sell alleged antique objects. As the business grows, it becomes more and more hazardous—to the buyer. Naturally, the collection or discovery of old and more or less artistic things gives employment to an army of people all over Europe, and as finds become more rare, the business of manufacturing "antiques" grows, and, as a matter of fact, has grown, until only an expert, and not always he, can tell whether a pair of andirons is three centuries or three months old.

In the way of carved furniture, I am afraid that there are more fraudulent antiques than genuine in the Paris shops today. There is one dealer in particular who, when closely questioned as to the origin of certain Louis XV sideboards and tables he has for sale, will tell you they come from the château of Chenonceaux, the famous little palace where the fair Diane de Poitiers once lived and loved; and in proof of it he will

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HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

THE DULT, OR FAIR, AT MUNICH.

show you a bill of sale, duly stamped and authenticated, of a certain lot of furniture sold to him in 1863 from the château. Hundreds of persons, doubtless many Americans among them, have bought those Chenonceaux tables and buffets, and have seen that precious document, which, no doubt, is good so far as it goes. Unfortunately, according to a rival dealer, that bill of sale covered only two sideboards and three tables from Chenonceaux, notwithstanding which, Che-

nonceaux tables and chairs have been pouring forth from the little shop in a steady stream for the last twenty years—enough to freight an ocean steamship. The widow's cruse of oil was nothing to it. I do not doubt that if I were to order fifty Chenonceaux tables to-morrow the proprietor of the shop would agree, with a twinkle of intelligence, to fill the order within a reasonable time.

When one considers the extrinsic value of such articles, it is evident that the tempta-

tion to imitate must often be overwhelming. An inlaid buffet of the time of Louis XV, especially if accompanied by a bill of sale from some old château, may fetch to-day from two hundred and fifty to five hundred dollars in Paris. A new buffet of just as perfect, or better, workmanship will bring not more than half the money. What a temptation, therefore, to soak the new buffet in water for a month, to discolor it with acids, to make it the target for pistol practice with small shot in order to imitate worm-holes, and then, having made a ruin of it, to "restore" it and sell it as coming from the château of Chenonceaux, or any other well-known mansion!

Some time ago the neighbors of a certain petty furniture-dealer in London complained of the constant pistol-shooting in the tradesman's back yard. Haled before a magistrate, the man testified that he was a reputable manufacturer of "antique" oak chests, and that it was necessary to fire bird-shot at his new chests in order to give them a worm-eaten appearance; which anecdote recalls to me that I once saw in the window of a bric-à-brac shop in Strasburg this announcement: "The Newest Things in Antiquities."

The large centers in Europe having been pretty well stripped of valuables and bric-à-brac, and the danger of being imposed upon with counterfeits having increased tenfold in the last thirty years, it follows that the bric-à-brac collector with a light purse must resort to smaller places or to the few large cities rather off the common route of tourist travel. So far as I know, Munich, among such cities, offers to-day some of the best opportunities for "finds," and it has the additional advantage of having within a few hours' run a number of smaller cities where the bric-à-brac field has not been swept clean. To the north we have Augsburg, Ulm, Nuremberg, Regensburg; south and west we have Innsbruck, Rosenheim, Kufstein, and Salzburg, all curious and interesting medieval towns, some of them but little visited by tourists; while still smaller towns, such as Tölz, on the Isar, or Murnau, south of Munich, are almost unknown, although the last-named may be remembered by tourists who have been to the Passion Play at Oberammergau.

A bicycle tour offers exceptional opportunities to the collector, for the reason that he passes through small towns not on the line of railroads, and of course unknown to the ordinary tourist. Some of the best things I picked up during a Bavarian summer were in such towns. A silver-plated *Ampel*, or church lamp, I got near Tölz. A rich patron had presented the village church with a new and gorgeous modern lamp, so that this one, after hanging for perhaps a hundred years or more before the altar, had been sold to an old metal dealer.



A SMALL PORCELAIN FIGURE
AT THE ROYAL CASTLE,
ANSBACH.

But Munich has something far more interesting to collectors, especially poor ones, than *Antiquitäten* shops—namely, the Dult. The Munich Dult is an institution peculiar to the city, dating back hundreds of years. Twice a year, in May and September, all or most of the dealers in old clothes, bric-à-brac, and odds and ends of every description, hold a sort of fair or market in one of the squares of the city, lasting for a week or ten days. Hundreds of booths of wood or canvas are erected, forming a big village with streets about twenty feet wide. The fashionable dealers in bric-à-brac affect to despise the Dult as offering nothing of real value, but they or their

agents are among the earliest visitors, ready to bargain for whatever they may sell at an advance of from five hundred to one thousand per cent. It is true that the Munich Dult does not, as a rule, yield bric-à-brac of value, and yet the modest collector who wants to make his money go as far as possible will probably find few more promising places for a day's ramble. Here is a list I noted down of the objects to be seen in one booth which was no richer in variety than a score of others: antique clocks of polished wood or marble, three of which I bought; musical instruments—guitars, violins, zithers, and mandolins; brass and copper kettles and milk-pans in great variety and without question of old workmanship; embroideries, many of them from country churches; engravings and paintings, none of any art value; books, some of them bound in pigskin, and dating from one hundred to three hundred years back; peasant head-dresses of gold and silver, some jeweled; church jewels, altar furniture, and hang-

ing lamps; censers and candlesticks; odds and ends of household furniture, some antique and good; second-hand tools and hardware, from a pile of which I fished out a wrought-iron door-knocker that now adorns a house of my own four thousand miles away from Munich; beer-mugs and jugs of many shapes and sizes; box after box of small trifles of brass and iron; finally, a glass case containing peasant jewelry, rings, chains, pins, etc. The Munich people expect to find

popular saint is decorated along its whole length with these arms and legs, hands and feet. If a cure results, the patient is expected to replace the wax emblem with one in silver, which is laid for a certain length of time upon the altar, after which it is melted down for the benefit of the church. In such booths one is also likely to find curious altar-cases of glass, three or four feet high, containing doll-like representations of the Virgin and the infant Christ, both laden with imitation jewelry.

My own purchases at the Dult will give the reader a fair notion of the prices that prevail. The best thing I found was an Italian embroidery, six feet square, of pale-blue, salmon, silver, and yellow silk upon a light-yellow ground. Although there is not a thread of metal in this embroidery, the effect is that of a mass of dull gold. Had I found the piece in America I should have considered myself fortunate in getting it for fifty dollars. The woman from whose pile of old stuffs I unearthed it asked eight dollars, which, after a week's protest, I paid.

Experts to whom I have shown it identified it as an altar-cover from southern Tyrol, about two hundred years old. Of the three clocks I bought, the largest cost me six marks (one dollar and a half), one of the others five marks, and the smallest two marks. All are of nicely polished wood and certainly more than a century old. The largest, which is sixteen inches high, has two gongs of different tones, one of which



BRIC-À-BRAC SHOP AT ROTHENBURG.

everything they want at the Dult from a bath-tub to a diamond pin, both second-hand.

Some booths are filled with what might be called devotional material: church candles of all sizes and degrees of ornamentation; first-communion wreaths and ornaments; religious pictures and framed petitions to be hung before altars or on church doors; miniature fountains of metal or china for holy water; sacred medals; splinters from the true cross; strings of beads; and, perhaps most curious of all, little wax feet, hands, arms, and legs, each piece looking as if taken from a big Paris doll, which are sold to be laid before the altars or shrines of certain saints. If a peasant has a lame leg, he buys one of these miniature legs in white or red wax, and hangs it in front of the altar devoted to his patron saint; or more often it is stuck upon some sharp spike of the railing in front of the altar. In some of the churches the railing inclosing the altar of a



JACOB'S CHURCH, ROTHENBURG.

strikes the quarters and the other the hours. Two of the clocks have strings at the side which, when pulled, cause the clock to strike the hour as last sounded. In the days when matches were unknown, people who wanted to know the hour at night pulled these strings. In none of the clocks, however, were the works in good shape, so that I had to send them to a clock-maker, who charged me five marks apiece to put them in running order. The silver Ampel from near Tölz, already mentioned, is of brass, silver-plated, and measures eighteen inches in height. It cost me nine dollars—about the price for which one may be found at the Dult. A samovar standing fifteen inches high, of

lacquered copper, cost three marks. A teapurn of lacquered tin or zinc, but with brass legs and spout, cost a mark and a half. A Gothic brass censer nine inches high cost eight marks. An incense-box of good repoussé brass, silver-plated, cost two marks—one of the instances in which I got something for nothing, so to speak. Besides the iron door-knocker, I bought two butcher-steels, on account of their fine brass handles; knocker and steels cost me five marks. The only book I bought at the Dult was a big quarto Bible with brass-mounted cover, printed in Strasburg in 1603, and containing hundreds of quaint woodcuts. I paid seven marks for it.

There is a moral danger about bric-à-brac collecting. I am afraid that most collectors go about the world seeking to get something for nothing, or as nearly as they can manage it. The joy over a "find" of good silverware or furniture is in proportion to its cheapness. A certain acquaintance of mine is never tired of showing a carved oak chest, bound with good ironwork, which he got somewhere in Austria for six gulden (about three dollars). It would be worth at least sixty or eighty dollars in Munich. Of course the old woman who sold it for three dollars had no knowledge of its real value. Now the question is, was it perfectly honest to take this chest at such a price, knowing that it was worth twenty times the money? We are all of us more or less gamblers by nature—all of us who rejoice in getting something for nothing. The bric-à-brac collector must, I am afraid, be placed in the same category. With a full appreciation of the iniquity involved, I find myself almost involuntarily trying to beat down the price that is more than low.

One day I ran across, in a sort of old-clothes shop in the slums of Munich, a lot of odds and ends such as a cheap pawnshop at home might display. I went inside, as I always do, and took in every object at a glance over the shop, singling out at once the two things I wanted. I had seen that a curious bronze thermometer-stand and a peasant's embroidered head-dress were the only things there worth having. The thermometer-stand was of modern French workmanship—three dragon's feet bearing a sort of tower, upon the side of which had once been a mercury-tube. The thing was a ruin, but the tripod base was well finished. It now makes a good support for a metal bowl used as an ash-receiver. When new the thing must have cost fifteen or twenty dollars in Paris. The old

woman of the shop asked two marks for it. I offered a mark and a half, which she refused, when I went away, declaring that her price was too high. I went back twice within the next fortnight, both times rather ashamed of myself, and yet determined not to give those two marks until I had wasted ten marks' worth of time and ingenuity in defrauding that poor old woman, who, by the way, had only one eye. It was almost as bad as trying to pick the coppers off a blind beggar's plate. If she had asked me six marks in the beginning, I should have offered her three or four marks at once. Such is human nature—bric-à-brac human nature. The most honest man who catches the bric-à-brac craze will find himself endeavoring to cheat poor old men and women; perhaps he will be ashamed when he succeeds, but he is sure to be despondent when he fails. Finally, I had to give my old woman her two marks.

A carved oak chest wide enough and big enough to be used as a seat with cushions had long been one of the objects of our bric-à-brac rambles, which were, however, for months without result in this direction. There were plenty of chests to be bought at the expensive shops, some of them unquestionably old and of good design, but they were uniformly high-priced. The success of an astute acquaintance in getting a valuable chest for three dollars had poisoned my peace of mind. I denounced the dishonesty of this fortunate person, and loudly declared that I could not be dishonest—to that extent. If by good luck I should run across an antique chest worth fifty dollars, I should not pay less than twenty-five dollars for it, no matter at what price it was offered. I was anxious to do thus honestly by some poor and ignorant possessor of a chest, but my honesty met with no reward. There was not a carved chest in the slums of Munich worth looking at so far as I could find out. It was the happy suggestion of a friend of the family, a young lady, to advertise for one, and she kindly offered to write out an advertisement in her best German—an offer that I declined, knowing that her best German sometimes led to amazing results. A Munich acquaintance wrote an advertisement for us asking for an antique carved chest. Two answers came to hand, and only two.

The first address given took us to a little furniture-shop where we were received by a cabinet-maker, who, after learning that we were Americans or English, which was patent enough from our accent, showed us, with much pride, a brand-new hall-seat with



ROTHENBURG IN BLOSSOM-TIME.

carving of a loud and vulgar type, the whole reeking with cheap varnish. I explained that I wanted something old, which seemed to surprise him. He did not think much of old things himself, he said, but if I would leave my address he would look about and find me just what I wanted. I declined to give him that trouble, having had sundry unpleasant experiences due to such commissions. Once, when I was looking through the Hebrew quarter of New York for samovars, I stumbled upon the shop of a Russian tinker, who, though he understood no English and I no Russian, seemed by the aid of a little German to understand what I wanted. He had no samovars at the time, but he knew where he could find a splendid one that he would bring to my house. So I gave him my address. One evening, a few days later, he arrived, bearing in triumph a battered tin American steam-cooker. I gave him a dollar to take it away.

Our second address took us to a better

quarter of the town, apparently once inhabited by the aristocracy of Munich, and upon the attic floor of a splendid old building, with a staircase wide and easy enough for a pair of horses to walk up, we found our man—this time a typical bric-à-brac dealer of the cheaper sort. He ushered us through several tiny rooms, each packed with valuables in the way of pictures, furniture, and jewelry, finally showing us a sort of oak trunk or chest much too small for my needs. The place, however, was well worth a visit. It was probably the private store-room of some dealer. It was so packed with good



EVENING IN ROTHENBURG.

things that there was not room enough left to swing a kitten in; and every drawer of every old desk and cupboard seemed to be filled with antique jewelry. One cupboard was full of antique locks and keys of exquisite workmanship. Some of the furniture was

offered to us for almost nothing, as, for instance, a dainty Empire inlaid wash-stand with brass trimmings that with little work could have been transformed into a desk. Five dollars was the price. A splendid inlaid wardrobe, a work of art, six feet long and seven feet high, a piece that would fetch two hundred dollars in New York, was offered to us for eighty marks.

There were lots of curious things that, familiar as I am with bric-à-brac shops, were new to me. The man's German was of the worst Munich type, so that we had some trouble in making out what he said. Miss D——, the young woman who had suggested an advertisement and offered to write it, rather prides herself upon her German. She listened gravely to our guide's explanations, of the uses of certain queer objects. When she had explained to us the explanations of our host, we were wholly in the dark. For instance, we came across a curious brass candlestick, part of which consisted of a bell with several tasseled strings to it. The base was like a big bowl or saucer. I had never before seen anything of the kind. The man gave us a long explanation in Bavarian dialect, to which Miss D—— listened with many nods of intelligent appreciation.

"This is most curious," said she. "He says that in the old days, when the king or other member of the royal family called at the house of a private citizen, the burgher's servant stood at the door during the visit, holding this candlestick with a lighted candle in it, and ringing this bell in order to notify people of the honor conferred upon his master, and to warn possible visitors not to intrude. When the king went away he dropped some money into the bowl of the candlestick. Is n't that extremely curious?"

It was curious. In fact, it interested me so much that I wanted to know more. By dint of questioning we found that there were some slight inaccuracies in Miss D——'s version. It turned out that this was an old German *Keller*, or beer-cellar, candlestick. When the patrons of the place wanted more beer, they rang the bell, which explained the four strings, one at each side. The bowl was for the splints of wood used in lighting pipes, matches being unknown in those days.

Miss D—— was not a bit abashed. "Se non è vero è ben trovato," she exclaimed. Having failed so brilliantly in one foreign language, she took to another. "I should have bought the candlestick myself," she said, "if you had not wanted to know so much. Now I would n't take it as a gift."

In response I could not refrain from suggesting some of the things that might have happened had Miss D—— been allowed to write that advertisement for a chest. Possibly some one would have appeared before our house one fine morning leading an elephant.

One bookcase was full of Virgin's crowns. In some of the smaller churches of the Tyrol and southern Bavaria a worshiper anxious to curry favor with Heaven buys a crown for the statue of the Virgin, of silver if he is rich, of plated metal if he is poor. If it is a better crown than the one already in use, the old crown is discarded and stowed away. In the sacristy of some churches, chests full of these crowns have been found, and they are often met with in bric-à-brac shops. There seemed to be everything in that garret but antique oak chests. The dealer had a friend, however, who had a chest, and we wandered forth, leaving him to gloat over his treasures in this den high above the Munich roofs, from the little cobwebby windows of which we could see the towers of the Dom, the cathedral finished by Duke Siegmund of Bavaria just before Columbus sailed for the New World.

Munich and its suburbs having failed to yield up a carved chest at the price I wanted to give, we decided to push our hunt farther. We outlined a five days' trip from Munich, including stops at Ingolstadt, Ansbach, Rothenburg, Nuremberg, Regensburg, Passau, and Salzburg. There were four of us, my son and I, who would take one room at hotels, and my daughter and our friend, Miss D——, who would take another. The Germans are great tourists in summer, and for their accommodation the railroads offer unusual inducements in the shape of what are called *Rundreise* tickets, a species of excursion ticket at rates far below the usual prices, and with unusual advantages. You make out on a sheet of paper the exact itinerary of your trip, and hand it in at the railway-bureau, where an officer will tell you what the ticket will cost. The trip we took measured, roughly, on the map five hundred miles. It cost, for a third-class ticket, good for all ordinary trains, twenty-four marks twenty pfennigs, or less than six dollars in our money. It was good for forty-five days, and did away with all the trouble of buying tickets at each station. Its only possible drawbacks, which, however, did not apply to us, were that it was not good upon express-trains, and that trunks had to be paid for extra. We required no express-trains

and we had no trunks. We each carried a small valise. In addition to the invaluable Baedeker, the red badge of inquisitiveness throughout Europe, one of us had a timetable and map, another an English-German pocket dictionary, and I kept in constant use a note-book in which I set down every pfennig we spent for any purpose whatsoever from four o'clock in the afternoon of Tuesday, at which hour we left Munich, to seven o'clock on the following Sunday evening, when we reached home again.

It was a perfect August afternoon when we left Munich, and we reached Ingolstadt long before sunset. As we had decided to spend not one pfennig more than was necessary, we ignored the offers of the hotel stage-drivers at the station; we would not even take the horse-car to the town, which, according to our guide-book, was half a mile off. Soon the Danube came into sight, a sluggish and unimportant stream, not more than a few hundred feet wide here, but none the less the Danube. Across the stream rose the gates and walls of Ingolstadt. The streets inside proved to be the usual queer mixture of old and new that one finds in all Bavarian towns. Before we got well into the town we had decided upon a plan that we followed throughout the trip, and which worked admirably. It was simply never to take a hotel omnibus at the station, but to stroll through the town until we found some unpretending and pleasant-looking *Gasthaus* where we could make our bargain for rooms. Our hand-baggage was light, and such walks, after hours of railroad travel, and through the streets of a city new to us, were a delight in themselves.

Six o'clock rang out from many deep-toned church bells as we reached the main square of Ingolstadt and walked past several inns far too gorgeous for us. The city had a festive air. The streets were full of soldiers and officers called here by

a yearly review, and we were told by a citizen that Prince Leopold of Bavaria was at the Adler, the chief hotel. Finally, upon the main street, within gunshot of the square, we came to the *Gasthaus zum Bären*,

where we were offered two big rooms, one of them enormous and facing upon the street, at thirty cents for each person—not an exorbitant price, considering that there was a royal prince in town. It was pleasant to find that there was not even gas in the *Gasthaus zum Bären*—nothing but lamps in the big restaurant, and candles in our bedrooms. We had supper in a room that might have been five hundred years old, so far as appearances went—a black oak ceil-



THE LITTLE GOOSEMAN
AT NUREMBERG.



OLD NUREMBERG HOUSES ON TETZEL STREET.

ing and wainscoted walls, diamond-paned windows, ledges filled with antique beer-mugs and pewter plates, and heavy oak seats running all around the room. It might have been five hundred years old, but examination showed that it was only a reproduction of an old-time keller.

We were out of bed the next morning before five, awakened by military music. Nothing could have been finer than the pic-

ture of the old town by the light of a cool and perfect morning. Perhaps the most interesting features of the Ingolstadt church are the hundreds of finely carved memorial tablets of stone affixed to the outer walls, many of them dating from the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Our bric-à-brac record for Ingolstadt is somewhat in the nature of a chapter upon Irish snakes. We found lots of streets that looked as if they ought to produce cart-loads of valuable stuff such as we were looking for; but we had no time for a house-to-house canvass. In one shop we did get a copper candlestick and a species of urn for heating wine over the ashes, neither of any particular interest.

Gathering up our bags, and saying goodbye to the Gasthaus zum Bären, we took the horse-car to the station, as the sun was hot by ten o'clock, and just caught the train for our next stopping-place.

Ansbach, where we halted for dinner and a bric-à-brac stroll, is a quiet old town about as large as Ingolstadt, with a fine Renaissance palace surrounded by gardens, once the residence of the Margraves of Ansbach, a branch of the Hohenzollern family. The market-place, upon which faces the handsome St. Johannes Kirche of 1560, was filled with some sort of fair, with hundreds of booths containing cheap clothes, shoes, toys, crockery, etc., but no bric-à-brac. We dined in a fine old building, the second story of which projected overhead. From the looks of Ansbach it seemed as if every second house must have just such a chest as we wanted stored away in its attic. So, whenever we came upon an old-furniture shop, we made inquiries. One man referred us to another, until finally we found a woman, living in a narrow and ill-smelling street without sidewalks, who said that she had just what we were looking for. It was at the top of the house, six flights up, and crazy flights at that. Many generations had lived in that house, wearing the stone steps away until the stairs were a curiosity; and apparently they had left all their unpleasant odors behind them. At the second flight two of our party gave out; the stenches were too awful. One of the young ladies, whose delight in bric-à-brac was as keen as my own, followed me to the top, where, under the eaves, we were shown an old chest, but not a carved one. It was handsomely painted, and was well worth the five dollars asked, but it was not what we wanted.

As we were leaving the house, an old woman asked us if we wanted to buy books,

and, unlocking a door, ushered us into a sort of big store-room filled with all sorts of odds and ends—clothing, shoes, hats, books, copperware, etc. By dint of digging into the piles of stuff we unearthed some good old peasant *Hauben*, or caps, of lace and gold embroidery, which we bought for a song, a wrought-iron candlestick that I got for ten cents, some copper pots of fine color, and a lot of real lace, upon which the young ladies fell with avidity.

The late Dr. Ebers had advised me to go to Rothenburg as the most curious city in Bavaria. It lies on a hillside, overlooking the picturesque valley of the Tauber, and is now reached by a little branch railway that leaves the main line at Steinach. Rothenburg is one of the few towns that still maintain their walls and gates intact, and the inhabitants do all they can to stay the blight of improvement. No factories requiring steam are allowed within its walls, and the railway-station is kept at a respectful distance. It was seven o'clock when we entered the gates, bags in hand, disdaining the omnibus of the Eisenhut hotel, and walked about a mile through the quaintest streets I have ever seen. The place impressed us as if it had been built as a stage picture for the performance of some medieval drama. Just as our bags began to feel heavy, a boy passed trundling a luggage-van labeled "Gasthaus zum Bären." We added our bags to his pile, and followed. The Gasthaus zum Bären at Ingolstadt had proved a success; why not that at Rothenburg? From the city square we turned down a narrow *Gasse* with a splendid stone fountain, dated 1483, at the corner, and registered at a dear old inn, the landlord remarking with pride that he could give us fine rooms, but not in the main house, which was full. He took us across the street to a brand-new building, where we were given large rooms with electric lights and running water!

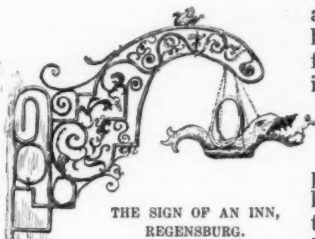
We started out at once, meeting on the way a friend, a Munich artist, who advised us to go and see the moon rise from the Burgthor, outside of which gate a little park has been made, overlooking the Tauber valley. We bought some rolls and fruit on the way, and found a stone bench upon which we sat and ate our supper, drinking in the beauties of the scene. On one side of us was the valley, its depths hidden by the evening shadows. The road wound down from the gate by long zigzags. Riding up this road in the middle ages came the crusaders from France to join a small band of

Rothenburgers who had promised them their company in a trip to the Holy Land. In a later century the army of Gustavus Adolphus rode up this hillside, and brought its battering-rams to bear upon this very gate, from the tower of which the Rothenburg archers let fly their arrows and shot off their blunderbusses. On the other side of us, beyond the moat, rose the Rothenburg walls with their watch-towers; and within the walls were the red-tiled roofs of the houses, with here and there a light glittering. And over all the full moon rose above the chimney-pots and cast its silver light upon castle and walls and valley.

Then back through the quiet streets to the main square, where some market-women stood guard over hand-carts filled with plums and pears, a sort of torch furnishing the light. We bought some fruit and sat down on the steps of the town hall to talk over the stirring scenes these old houses had

ily at work. In one shop we found an old fellow, a veritable Hans Sachs, except that he was a tinker and not a cobbler, at work over some pewter beer-mugs, of which a number stood in the window. The old man and his wife were vastly astonished at

the appearance in their little shop of four wandering Americans who carried off an antique pewter tankard with the arms of Rothenburg



THE SIGN OF AN INN,
REGENSBURG.

on the inside. We got it for four marks. A morning's rummaging among the most fascinating, tumble-down old shops resulted in a fine brass mortar, some copper and pewter pots, an old copper colander of good color, some odds and ends of embroidered draperies, and a surgeon-barber's much-battered copper basin.

The real use of bric-à-brac, I think, is to recall something to us, a battle, a city, a street, a friend, or perhaps only a certain day or evening. As I sit at home and smoke before my big fire, I cannot cast my eyes anywhere without being reminded of pleasant days and places and faces. One of my ash-receivers I found in the slums of Munich; another in the Hebrew quarter of Berlin; still another is this Rothenburg surgeon-barber's basin. My favorite paper-cutter I found on the Paris quays. The old woman to whom I paid a franc for it assured me that more than twenty murders had been committed with it during the Revolution—one sou for each murder. Furniture, brasses, or drapery come from France, the Tyrol, Bavaria, Austria, Saxony, Holland, Belgium—all of trifling importance and costing but little money, yet of value to me because each piece has its history and recalls some excursion or scene of which I retain none but pleasant memories.

The morning's bric-à-brac chase proved so successful that, burdened as we already were with the spoils of Ansbach, it was necessary to send the lot home. Then we visited the antiquity museum in a building dating from 1520, and then the Rathhaus, or town hall, the scene of Tilly's *Meistertrank*. During the Thirty Years' War Tilly besieged Rothenburg, and was so enraged by its desperate resistance that he vowed to burn down the town.



ST. EMMERAM, REGENSBURG.

looked down upon. Another stroll in the moonlight took us through more narrow streets under the shadow of the cathedral. Most of the houses were already dark, but in some rooms there were lamps or candles, about which we could see the fam-

When at last he succeeded in effecting an entrance, he marched to the Rathhaus, and in the great council hall announced his intentions. The burghers came with their wives and children and jewels to beg for mercy. Tilly was obdurate until the wife of the burgomaster, a remarkably good-looking woman, if we may believe the local chronicles, went down on her knees before him. Then he called for a bumper of their best wine, which was brought in a beautiful glass cup holding nearly three quarts. Tilly turned to the burgomaster. "Swallow this wine at a gulp, without taking breath, and I'll spare your town." The burgomaster was a mighty drinker. Impossible though the feat looked, he drew a long breath or two, raised the cup to his lips, and drained it to the last drop. A mighty cheer rang through the hall. Tilly was as good as his word. For several days the burgomaster was ill, during which time Tilly is alleged to have flirted with his pretty wife. The doughty general was evidently a deep schemer. Personally, I do not believe that any man could have swallowed so much wine at a gulp; but, as the guide remarked, there is the cup to prove it. He brought it forth from a chest and allowed us to handle it. Every few years Rothenburg holds a festival at which this remarkable incident in her history is elaborately rehearsed for the benefit of thousands of strangers who flock thither for the occasion.

But we wanted to reach Nuremberg by night, so that we hurried to look at the walls of the city, mentioned in all the guide-books as one of the greatest curiosities of Rothenburg and the most perfect specimen of medieval city walls in Germany. A sort of covered balcony, solidly built of oak beams that have stood the winters and summers of four hundred years, runs along the inner side of the walls around the whole city, a distance of some four miles, and is open to the public as a promenade. At every gate there are stairs up to this unique walk, which overlooks the roofs of the houses. At intervals of fifty feet or so are the slits in the wall through which the archers shot their stones or arrows, and the oak bars upon which they rested their bows. The glimpses of the country outside are lovely in the extreme.

Leaving Rothenburg at three, we reached Nuremberg a little after six. It was drizzling when we passed under the Frauenthor and began looking about for an inn. The first one we saw was a fine new structure glittering with electric lights and plate glass. We passed it by with scorn. Five minutes'

walk from the gate we were surprised to see upon an old Gasthaus the familiar legend, "Zum Bären." For the third time, it seemed, we should sleep at the Gasthaus zum Bären, for the inn looked quite within our means—rather too much so. However, it was drizzling, and we had no umbrellas. The house was full, the buxom landlady informed us, but there were still two small rooms in the attic that we could have at two marks apiece. The next morning, upon peeping out from our attic over the quaint medley of Nuremberg roofs, with their rows of dormer-windows rising one above the other, some of the roofs having no fewer than four stories in them, we were rejoiced to note that the rain had ceased, and that the sun was struggling to get through the clouds. Our quarters had proved so unpleasant that we decided upon packing our bags and taking them to the station before doing the town. Breakfast we found in a little restaurant near by. We went back to the Goose Market, and after a look at the Schöne Brunnen, a marvelous fountain opposite the Frauenkirche, we found our way to the Gothic church of St. Sebaldus, built, in the tenth century, after the plan of the cathedral at Bemberg; and here we remained for a good hour studying wonders of bronze, glass, and painting, notably the famous bronze sepulcher of St. Sebaldus, upon which Peter Vischer and his five sons worked from 1506 till 1519. Kugler, in his "History of Art," speaks of it as the artistic masterpiece of Germany; and, by the way, a full-sized copy of this extraordinary work is to be seen in the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art.

As a place for bric-à-brac foraging we quickly found that the Antiquitäten shops, of which there are at least half a dozen good ones, held their wares at what were to us prohibitory prices. Probably Nuremberg is more written about as a curious old city than any other town in Europe, and, in consequence, rich collectors from all over the world go there to buy. But if we bought nothing of any value,—merely some odds and ends of brassware picked up near Dürer's house,—we looked through a few wonderful bric-à-brac shops, notably one on the street that runs uphill from St. Sebaldus's Church to the castle. Here I saw a brass mortar, almost the counterpart of the one I bought in Rothenburg, although not so well chased, for which twenty-five marks were asked. For profusion of antique wrought-iron work I remember nothing better than these Nuremberg shops.

We reached Regensburg (the old Ratisbon of the French) at four, and found pleasant rooms, not, for a wonder, at a Gasthaus zum Bären, but at the Weidenhof, a modest house that seemed palatial after our inn at Nuremberg. St. Peter's Cathedral at Regensburg, which, for some reason not at all clear to me, appears to be more photo-

on Sunday night, and had yet to search Passau and Salzburg. On the way we watched the Danube from the car-windows, getting a glimpse of the Walhalla, the Greek Temple of Fame built by Ludwig I of Bavaria, in 1842, on the heights overlooking the river a few miles from Regensburg. The country along the Danube is uninteresting, but Pas-



PASSAU.

graphed than any other church in Bavaria, towers above the town of thirty-five thousand inhabitants like a colossus. Far more interesting to us was the old Rathhaus, a gloomy pile of the fourteenth century, where for two hundred years the Imperial Diet held its councils. The torture-chamber still contains a most complete set of apparatus for getting the truth out of prisoners, and an iron grating behind which the judge sat.

Time was when Regensburg rivaled Nuremberg in the richness of its manufactories, and it was therefore with interest that we prowled along some of the side streets in quest of bric-à-brac and a carved chest. We found the most extraordinary streets and one or two antiquity shops, but not much that we could get for the trifle we were ready to give. The city is big enough to support professional bric-à-brac dealers, and where that is the case there is small hope of "finds" worth crowing over.

Sunlight again gladdened our eyes on Saturday morning. We were due in Munich

sau seemed well worth a stop. The results of a two hours' wandering were a little antique clock for a mark, some peasants' silver Hauben for four marks, a brass-handled knife with which the old woman from whom I bought it was cutting up her dinner, and a few other trifles. Among our purchases not of bric-à-brac were twenty or thirty miniature cups and vases of clay, beautifully colored and glazed, which we got for two pfennigs (half a cent) apiece. It is a great pity that the old Hauben have so completely gone out of use among the peasants, who now wear a species of low-crowned Tyrolean hat wound around with gold or silver braid, an utter abomination. Sometimes one finds, in the remote country districts, an old woman wearing the *Almhut*, a sort of fur muff, but even this is now a curiosity. A halo-like Haube of lace we got for a mark in Ansbach from an old woman who said that her grandmother had worn it when a young girl.

Before leaving the Passau station we had to submit to a custom-house examination, for our next stop, Salzburg, was in Austria,



LOOKING FOR BRIC-À-BRAC IN A FARM-HOUSE NEAR SALZBURG.

just across the Bavarian frontier. We had but little trouble, although an inspector wanted very much to open my kodak, and was dissuaded only by a vigorous protest. For an hour after leaving Passau we had a succession of lovely views, the road skirting the east bank of the river Inn, which marks the frontier. The sun set over Bavaria just as the moon rose over Austria. On the heights above the river we saw, from time to time, old castles that in the twilight looked vastly fine and imposing. The special train of Prince Somebody-or-Other, bound for Ischl, the Austrian Saratoga, blocked our way during the evening, and it was tolling midnight from the Salzburg bells when we rolled into the railway-station of Mozart's birthplace. For once we did not take our bags and look for an inn. The railway-station seemed to be in the open country—we did not even know where to turn for the town. So we bundled our sleepy selves into the first hotel omnibus at the station door, which happened to be that of the Golden Horn, and after a long ride were given rooms that in past ages might have served for monastery cells.

There is more bell-ringing in Salzburg than in any city I know of, not excepting Antwerp. But the bells are superbly toned, and are rung with a joyous caroling that makes real music. Long before five the next morning, which happened to be some high

church feast, these countless bells and the sunshine woke us up.

Early as it was, we found the restaurant of the Golden Horn already crowded, many members of some social *Verein*, with rosettes in their coat-lapels, filling the tables. I have never seen a sturdier or a jollier set of men. During breakfast, whenever any member of the association appeared from some other hotel, he was vociferously received and filled with beer. The poor waiters had a hard time of it. At one table especially there was an uproar because no more beer had appeared during an interval of at least ten minutes. And yet precisely at this table there was a distinguished guest from some other house who had dropped in for an early social call. A red-faced man pounded on the table until he grew scarlet.

"Where is that waiter?" he shouted. "Where is our beer? Here is our honored friend drinking water, actually drinking water!"

This seemed to be the cap-sheaf of absurdity, and drew forth a murmur of sympathy from the neighboring tables.

"He 's my friend," continued the indignant one at the top of his voice. "He has been sitting here for half an hour out of friendship for me, and has had nothing to drink but water! Such things are past belief—they cannot go on! Es ist unmöglich!"

After wandering to the cathedral and to

Mozart's birthplace, we ate our lunch sitting upon a shady bench at the edge of the Salzach, a swift and pretty stream that divides the old town from the new, and deplored the fact that bric-à-brac hunting was not possible, for the streets we had wandered through were ideal places for such an occupation. But it was Sunday and against our princi-

as all tourists ought to do, and three or four days in Rothenburg, the daily average of expense would not have exceeded two dollars, even if we had taken three meals a day at a hotel instead of relying upon rolls and fruit. In every hotel, except at Nuremberg, we had pleasant rooms, and we saw a good deal more of the real people of the country than if we



THE GATE AT ST. PETER'S CHURCHYARD.



EVENING AT SALZBURG.



FOUNTAIN AT THE CASTLE FROHNBURG.

ples; moreover, the shops were closed. We paid our bill of eleven marks (including breakfast and stage) at the Golden Horn, and took the hotel omnibus to the station, arriving at Munich in time for supper.

The total expenses of the five days' trip for hotels, food, stages, tips, and fees of all kinds, was ninety-four marks and eighty pfennigs, or, divided among four, about five dollars and a half apiece, to which must be added the six dollars for the railroad ticket. It must be remembered, however, that more than half the expense was for railway fare, and that had we stayed a week in Nuremberg,

had traveled first-class, gone to the inns starred by Baedeker, and paid three times as much money.

But we had found no antique carved chest. We had discovered no old woman willing to part with one for a fraction of its cost. To that extent our trip had been a failure. So, upon getting back to Munich, I went to an ordinary Antiquitäten shop and bought a chest such as I wanted, with good carving, and a lock that may be two hundred years old. It cost me a lot of money, but I have the satisfaction of knowing that I cheated no one—I did not even get the chance.



MANAIA, OR BEAUTY MAN.

IN SAMOA WITH STEVENSON.

BY ISOBEL OSBOURNE STRONG.

WITH PICTURES FROM PHOTOGRAPHS, AND DECORATIONS
BY ELLEN MACAULEY.

WHEN the first missionaries came to Samoa, some fifty years ago, they found a race of people vastly superior in beauty and civilization to any other natives of Polynesia. They were clean in person, gentle and courteous in manner, respectful to their women, careful of the sick and old, and trained their children by an elaborate code of good manners. They were never cannibals, like the Marquesans, had none of the brutal and revolting practices of the Fijians, nor the immorality of the Tahitians, nor did they worship idols, like the Maoris. Their poetic but somewhat vague beliefs led them to adopt Christianity easily and naturally.

Of all the South Sea peoples the courtly, independent, beauty-loving Samoans are the aristocrats. Their government, when not interfered with by the whites, is patriarchal. The king, as we call him, is in reality an overlord, and the high chiefs war-lords. The next lesser chiefs rule their separate clans, but in time of war all are subject to the war-lords, who then reign supreme.

The old chiefs lead a life of dignified and elegant leisure, paying and receiving visits more or less ceremonious. Nothing can be drearier than the conventional conversation of a high-born company, when genealogy is hunted back through interminable generations, unless it be society small talk in a civilized drawing-room. The young chiefs and their followers

have the happiest lives imaginable. They play cricket, which they learn from English naval officers, and continually beat teams from the men-of-war; they are pretty good at polo, which they play on the sands at low tide; but best of all they love their own native sports of spear-throwing,—a water game like hockey,—fishing for sharks, and wild-boar hunting. Their own games have rules of fair play and honor to the losing side that are surprising to find in savages. In war it is not their custom to surprise a foe; one faction lets the other know when the fight will begin, and it is not unusual for both sides to call a halt, while all hands rest and have a swim. A Samoan chief asked Mr. Stevenson if it were not considered dishonorable in civilized warfare to shoot an officer, as he carried only a sword.

SOCIETY functions fall entirely within the province of the Taupo, or Maid of the Village. "Perpetual Queen of the May," Mr. Stevenson called her. The Maid, chosen by

a jury of matrons for her beauty, birth, and virtue, acts as hostess for all the clans.

It is she who receives visiting-parties, dancing at the head of her procession of flower-bedecked girls. To her you make your presents, and to her you give thanks for hospitality received. She leads in all the festivities, and sits in the place of honor. She organizes fishing-parties and picnics, and in time of war accompanies the army

passed over for one more favored by nature. Properly to fulfil the high conditions imposed upon him, the Magnificent One must be a combination of the fairy prince of fiction, Beau Brummell, and a Greek statue. It is necessary that he should also possess that particular quality called by the newspapers "a magnetic personality," as he is expected to be a passed master in the art of compliment and flirtation. The conventional Manaia



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

A SAMOAN WAR-DANCE.

to the front, clad in leaves and flowers, with a picturesque head-dress of human hair and shells towering above her perfumed locks. She dances lightly before the marching warriors of her clan, twirling her club, a sort of Arcadian vivandière. If she loses her position by marriage or misconduct, another girl stands ready chosen to take her place.

The Manaia, or Beauty Man,—the exact translation of Manaia is the "Magnificent One,"—leads all the male dancers, is captain of the cricketers, has charge of the fishing-boats, and in time of war is the most prominent figure among all the young men of his village. The youth chosen for this high position is the strongest and handsomest of the clan. He is adopted at an early age by the chief, whose heir he becomes. He is given a poetical name, such as Taivale ("Low Water") or Afiola ("Living Fire"). One was called Setevani, their nearest approach to the name of Stevenson. If the chief has sons of his own, the best-looking is chosen; but if they are all small and ugly, they do not receive the title and honors, being

smile, so haughty, yet insinuating, so full of command, yet mingled with melting entreaty, is a thing to remember, but not possible to imitate.

In love of beauty the Samoan resembles the ancient Greek. A pretty face is not tolerated in conjunction with an ill-grown body; a small, ugly, or deformed man cannot retain the titles and honors that would otherwise be his by hereditary right. This sentiment sometimes degenerates into cruelty. The very word for short stature is contemptuous, *pu'u pu'u*, and the undersized man must perforce become a professional jester or lose all hold on society. A young man who had lost his arm in battle was heartlessly jeered by a group of laughing girls. I interfered in his behalf.

"He would not be like that," I said, "if it were not for his bravery."

"Oh, yes," they said; "but he looks so funny."

"He fought in your defense, you ungrateful creatures!" I cried.

"True enough," they replied; "but a man without beauty is contemptible."

A description of a *malaga*, or visiting-party, would probably give the best presentment of native life and manners. Such a party, if of men, would be entertained by the Maid and her attendants, while the Magnificent One would devote himself to hunting and fishing for the benefit of his guests. But should a party of ladies arrive at a village, then the Manaia appears in all his glory to receive them. He and his men arrange feasts and sports for the afternoons, and get up dances for the evenings. Nor must the songs, most characteristic of Samoa, be forgotten. Everything in Samoa moves to an accompaniment of singing voices. Every man is musical, every man is a poet. For an expected visit the songs, specially prepared for the occasion, celebrate the beauty, fascination, and greatness of the visitors. The Magnificent One takes the solos, while the whole party joins in the chorus. Should a village be taken unawares by visitors, it is a poor Manaia who cannot improvise something suitable for the occasion.

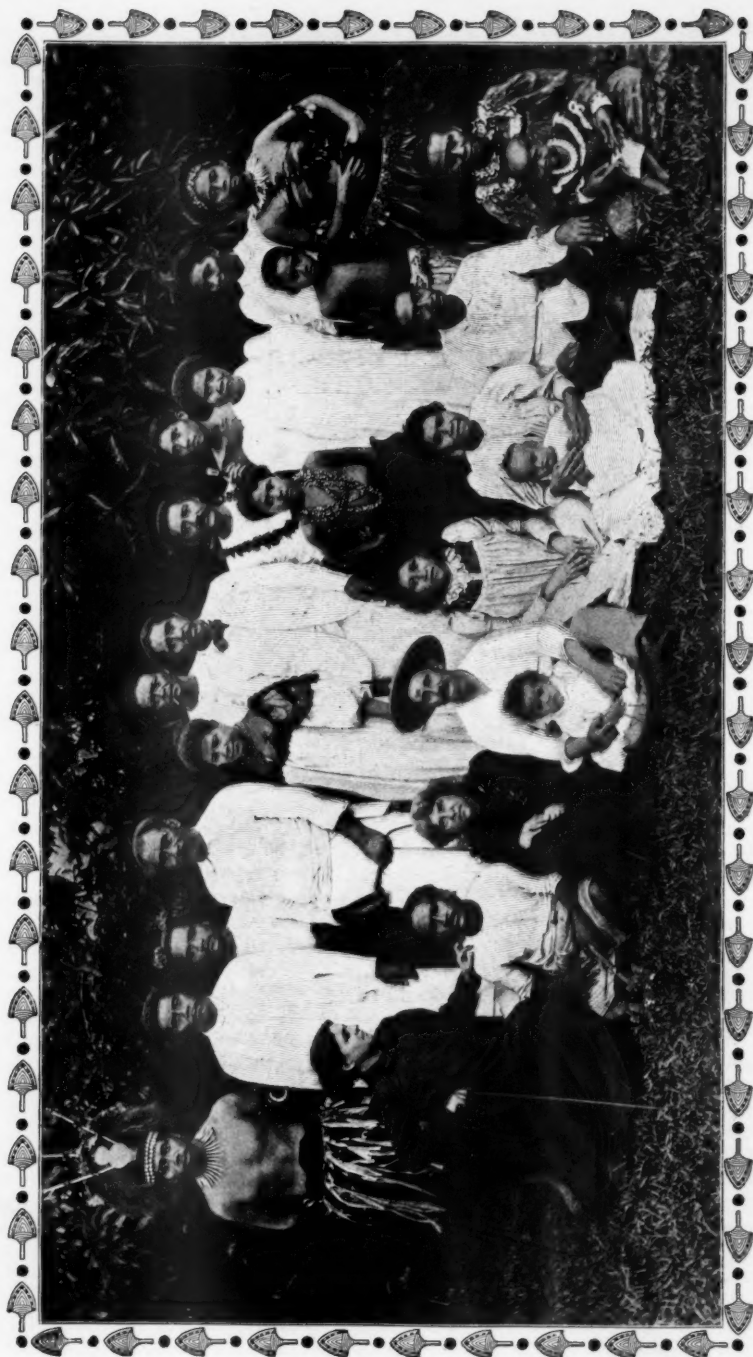
MY mother and I made a *malaga* to Vai'ee, a village on the lee side of the island. We stayed six days alone with the villagers, accompanied only by native attendants. To reach Vai'ee you must either go round by sea in a whale-boat, a rather wild and stormy trip, or walk over the ridge of the island. We chose the latter course. My mother was carried by stalwart Samoans in a chair swung by ropes to a pole. I walked barefoot. The earth is so soft and moist, and in places the mud is so deep under the weeds and creepers, that one's shoes fall to pieces, so I preferred to go unshod, like the rest of the party. Our road lay through the primeval forest, occasionally skirting the edge of a precipice, whence we could look across a valley to the heavily wooded mountains beyond. In any other land those distant hills would have seemed blue or purple. Here in green Samoa the colors are as bright and vivid as jewels. The frequent showers give the trees and palms a freshly washed look. The ground is covered with tiny flowering creepers, and tendrils of green twine round every stick and stone that lies upon the pathway. Our party pushed on singing, laughing, mounting upward toward the ridge, sometimes in the open, sometimes through dark cathedral aisles of green. The rich, damp, earthy smell rose from every growing thing, and the blue lights of a

small phosphorescent fungus glowed in the shadows like pale lamps. Above our heads lianas fell in straight lines from tree-tops where yellow orchids and bird's-nest ferns grew in the forks of the branches. Rivulets ran by the wayside, and the parting of a tree-fern would disclose the sudden silvery fall of a cataract. Except for the booming of the distant surf, the silence was profound—a warm, moist, perfumed silence, our bare feet making no sound on the soft earth.

A boat-load of our retainers had been sent round by sea to notify the village of our coming and to carry our gifts. For the latter we had provided two kegs of salt beef, three tins of hardtack, and a bolt of cotton print—a very handsome present to give a village, for Maile, the chief, was an old friend of Mr. Stevenson's, and consequently to be treated with consideration.

We made Maile's acquaintance on the occasion of his coming to ask Mr. Stevenson to take charge of the community funds that had been saved up for the purpose of buying corrugated iron for the roof of the village church. Mr. Stevenson agreed, put a seal on the bag, to the great interest of Maile and his men, and stowed it away in the iron safe at Vailima. This was so satisfactory that after an interval of a year they came again with more money to add to the original fund, and to beg Mr. Stevenson to buy the iron roofing himself. This, also, he consented to do, making a good bargain for them, as he got more roof-iron for the money than any native had ever been able to extract from the traders. Thus the friendship began. Te'u, the Magnificent One of Vai'ee, came over with his young men to dance at Mr. Stevenson's birthday parties and give exhibitions of knife-twirling and spear-throwing, and once a Vai'ee contingent appeared on the Vailima lawn leading a flower-bedecked white bull, a valuable but embarrassing token of esteem. The Maid, a lovely young creature named Faafo, remained behind at Vailima for a week with her chaperon and girl attendants. She returned home laden with gifts, to spread the story of our high-chiefness. So the friendship grew and grew between Vai'ee and Vailima; wherefore, after a two days' walk over the mountain ridge, we were not altogether unprepared for the grand reception that awaited us.

Just before entering the village we stopped at a shallow river and changed our travel-stained garments for splendid gowns of colored silk, for that, we knew, would be



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH. HALFTONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. TIMNEY.

Judge Gurr.

Mrs. Stevenson.

Mrs. Strong.

MRS. STEVENSON AND HER NATIVE FRIENDS AND RETAINERS. THE VAILIMA CLAN.

expected of us, and a chief knows as well as any one when the quality of silk is inferior. I have been sharply reprimanded by an old chief for appearing on the Sabbath in a stuff gown. "You cannot accompany me to church in that dress," he said, eying me scornfully. "Open your box and get out a silika one directly. And you need n't think of escape going to church by saying you have n't one, either," he added severely.

With due regard to precedence, we marched, as stately a procession as possible, into the village. Here Te'u, the Magnificent One, came forward to meet us, accompanied by his young men. As the party drew nearer I could see that the Manaia was in full dress, which is striking enough to be described at length. He was tall and well formed, of a light-brown color; his skin, polished with scented cocoanut-oil, shone in the sunlight like bronze. He wore, from waist to knee, a loin-cloth of fine-woven pandanus, the most valuable cloth the Samoans possess. It is called an *ia tonga*, and a single mat takes years to make. Round one shapely ankle was twisted a wreath of *lau Maile*, a creeper something like smilax. His head-dress, a towering plume of dyed yellow hair, decorated with scarlet feathers and sea-shells, added to his naturally great stature. About his neck, which showed the strong contour of the athlete, he wore a necklace of whales' teeth; across the mighty biceps of his right arm the polished tusk of a wild boar was tied on with strands of horsehair intertwined with shells. He carried a head-knife, which flashed in the sun.

No one came out of the houses to stare at us. The children, who had been the first to announce our coming with shrill cries of "Omai Tamaitai" ("The ladies approach"), had disappeared as if by magic. This is Samoan good manners.

We were escorted in state to the guest-house, which had been decorated in our honor with palm-branches, ropes of jasmine, and scarlet hibiscus. Here we were received by the Maid of the Village, our friend Faa-fo, who hospitably spread fine mats for us to sit on. (There are no chairs in a native house.) Samoan etiquette is inexorable, so we prepared to receive Maile and the elder chiefs with orations and all the usual tedious ceremonies.

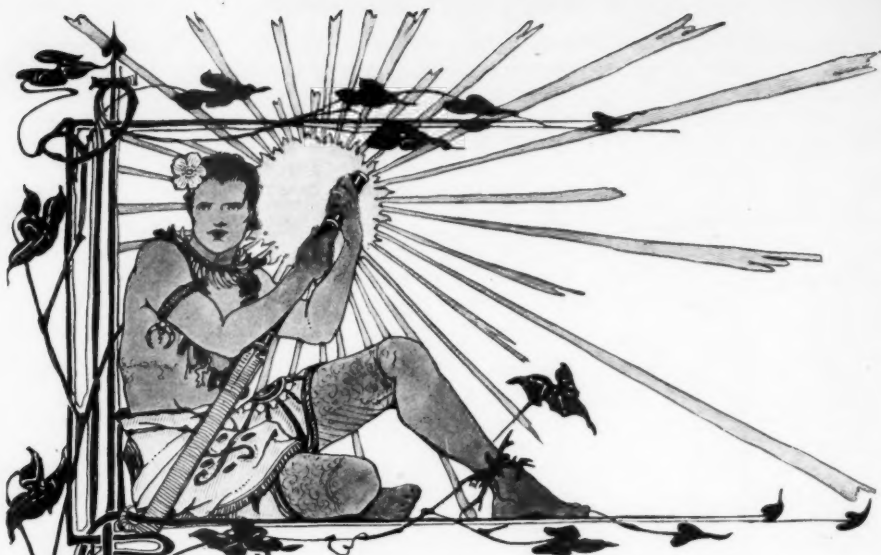
Our *tulafale* ("talking man") made a high-flown speech in presenting our "small humble gifts," with the perfectly conventional excuse that we were poor rustics.

The village *tulafale*, who carried a polished staff in token of his office, replied with elaborate apologies for their poverty and the inadequate preparations made for our high-chief visit, and many thanks for the magnificent presents we had brought. One by one these were described to the universe in a voice of such volume and stentorian quality that we shrank, as it were, from our own munificence.

THE ceremony of making the *ava*, the native national drink, is very elaborate. It is prepared by the Maid of the Village, assisted by her attendant girls, and is done with all the airs and graces and studied indifference of young ladies performing a figure of the minuet. When the beverage is ready, there is a general clapping of hands, the signal to begin the serious business of serving the *ava*, which is carried in a polished cocoanut-shell to each guest in succession with great attention to precedence. The clapping of hands also proclaims to the village the pleasant fact that *ava* is being dispensed within. Though the root is often scarce, and is much esteemed, it is not considered good form to intrude upon a party engaged in this ceremony.

It is easy for foreigners to misunderstand the meaning of Samoan manners and customs. The signal for this *ava*-drinking, for instance, was the cause of a terrible mistake made by the British years ago, during a period of political tension. A party of marines had landed from H. M. S. *Barracouta*. They, hearing the clapping of hands, took it as a signal, and not understanding the Samoan character, suspected treachery. Without waiting to investigate, the marines seized their guns and began shooting at the natives, who returned their fire with spirit. Many were killed on both sides before the mistake was discovered.

Another misunderstanding by the commander of an English man-of-war earned for him in all Samoa the scornful title of the "heathen captain." He had captured Tamasese, the young chief who, with Tanu, was recently supported by England and America against the old patriot King Mataafa, the overlord of all Samoa. Tamasese and six chiefs of high rank were ushered into the presence of this captain. In the Samoan fashion of good manners they sat down respectfully on the floor of the cabin. A native chief considers it the height of ill breeding to speak in a loud tone. To their intense amazement, the captain jumped up



from his chair, and with violent gestures and a voice raised in anger ordered them to stand up. "How dare you sit in my presence!" he shouted in English, which none of them could understand. "You insolent scoundrels! stand up, or I will have you thrown overboard!" The half-caste interpreter explained to the indignant chiefs that they must rise, which they did, but the interview that followed was far from satisfactory after such a beginning.

The chiefs had been two days and nights without food, and a meal of hard-tack and tea was ordered to be served to them and their retainers on deck. In telling us about it afterward, the captain said: "The beggars would not eat. They sat there for an hour in front of that food before they'd touch a morsel of it. I suppose it was n't good enough for them; but they could eat it or starve for all me."

"Captain," we explained, for we had heard the story from the native side, "do you know why they would n't eat? They were waiting for you to say grace. From that day you have been called the 'heathen captain' (*faapaupau*)."

The village of Vai'ee is rich in taro-fields, banana, breadfruit, and cocoanut groves, and overrun with pigs—clean, intelligent pigs that can husk cocoanuts and crack them on the stones, and hunt crabs and small fish at low water. Though they are all as tame as pets, they have the good taste never to intrude across the threshold of a house. The dogs have a meaner, slyer appearance than ours, but the cats look sleek and contented, and as for the fowls, the children pick them up to play with in passing, and no chick that ever I saw made even the pretense of getting out of the way.

At the time of our visit the entire village was deeply interested in the building of the church. The chief Maile had sold his copra to traders for several years, and every penny of the money went into the church fund. Copra, by the way, is the meat of the 'cocoanut cut out, dried in the sun, and exported to make oil, soaps, and so forth. The cocoanuts are cut in half and set out to dry. The most familiar sight in the islands is the array of little white cups glittering in the sunshine.

The chiefs and older men decided upon the plan of the church, bought and paid for the materials, while the heavy work of carry-

ing and raising big blocks of coral was done by the Manaia and his young men. All the village joined in the building of the church. The Taupo and her maids gathered baskets of pebbles, which were spread on the floor of the building by the old women and children. The Maid of the Village also brought sand for the cement, carrying a very small amount in a cocoanut-leaf basket, while her tall, laughing girls followed in procession, singing, and carrying weights that would appal an English navy. We, as guests of the village, had a fine mat spread for us under the shade of a breadfruit-tree, whence we looked out on the animated scene. All the people were clad in gala attire; the old men walked about with an air of great authority, the girls sang to their labors, the children worked like little beavers, and the young men, dressed in girdles of leaves that showed their magnificent figures to fine advantage, and aware that the eyes of the world were upon them, performed prodigies of strength. Professional jesters ran out to scream a joke, play a monkey trick, and retire amid shouts of laughter. There was not a man, woman, or child in that simple village who did not take a personal pride in the church, and each one helped, according to his strength, in the building of it. It is a pity the good people who wish to help the natives cannot send their contributions direct to a village like Va'ee, where every penny of it would go straight to their church.

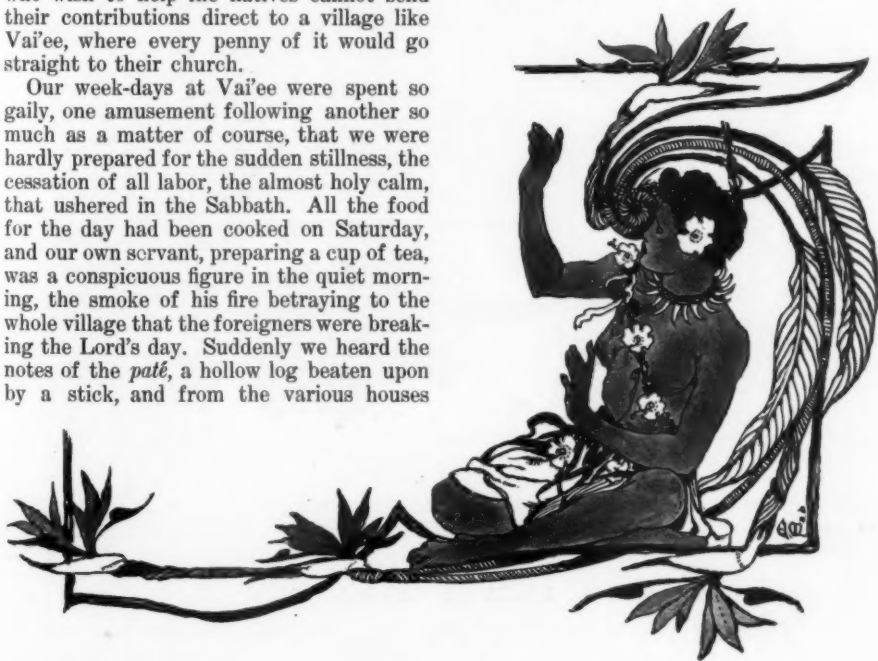
Our week-days at Va'ee were spent so gaily, one amusement following another so much as a matter of course, that we were hardly prepared for the sudden stillness, the cessation of all labor, the almost holy calm, that ushered in the Sabbath. All the food for the day had been cooked on Saturday, and our own servant, preparing a cup of tea, was a conspicuous figure in the quiet morning, the smoke of his fire betraying to the whole village that the foreigners were breaking the Lord's day. Suddenly we heard the notes of the *paté*, a hollow log beaten upon by a stick, and from the various houses

emerged the members of the congregation, all in their Sunday best.

The church faces the *malae*, or green, and is built of white coral, with square apertures cut out for doors and windows. It was still unfinished; the floor was of clean white sand, with only a few pebbles laid. There are no pews in a Samoan church, the congregation being seated on the floor. Every one fetches a mat to sit upon, the children carrying tiny ones the size of a pocket-handkerchief.

The parson, a young Samoan, in clerical attire of white kilt and starched white coat, preached long and earnestly. His theme was the need of a new Samuel for Samoa. Among the congregation the men looked slightly bored, the women occasionally turned about to glance at my mother and me; but the children sat straight-backed and prim, giving serious, whole-souled attention to their behavior.

After church the young men and girls strolled over to the guest-house to fill in the afternoon with social small talk. The men made mild biblical jokes, while the girls joined in singing hymns. In the general stillness and the subdued voices shown even in their laughter—for the Samoan must laugh or die—there was a note of restraint that told of sixty years' observance of the Sabbath.





LEATA OF VAILIMA.

THE Samoan houses are all open, in shape like great beehives. Some are round, some are oval, fifty feet long, with a high, vaulted roof showing the exquisite plaiting of the thatch. A central post of hard wood of the breadfruit-tree supports the roof, and the value of the house is judged by the number of cross-pieces; these give the effect, in the interior, of a ship's mast. The floor is spread with neat pebbles. The house can be entirely opened to the sunshine, or shut in from wind and rain, by means of braided straw blinds, ingeniously arranged like Venetian shutters, and raised and lowered by ropes of sennit. There are no dark corners in a Samoan house, no cupboards where a family skeleton may hide.

The great white light that beats upon a throne is as a farthing dip to the open publicity of Samoan life. The customs are communistic, and as the people freely share with one another, there is no individual poverty. Their life seems a singularly peaceful and happy one. We heard only the pleasant sounds of laughter and singing, the children shouting at play, and the young folk calling out over their game of cricket or stick-throwing. Though some faces were lined and wrinkled, it was by the hand of time, and not by the unmistakable one of care. In the constant passing to and from the beach to the bathing-pool by the river, I never saw a meeting without smiles and a few gracious words. "Whither goest?" "To the sea. And thou?" "To the mountains." "Sleep." "May you live." Along the narrow paths the men step aside for the women to pass, the young girls make way for the older chiefs. The village radiates an air of gentle courtesy. The very children give you good day in high-chief language.¹

FOR all ordinary occasions, men and women dress alike in a *lava-lava*, or single square piece of stuff,—print, cashmere, or the native cloth made from the bark of the paper-mulberry tree,—folded about the body and fastened at the waist by a peculiar twist of the cloth.

They use no pins or buttons, and yet their lava-lavas always stay in place. They generally hang to the knee, and great care is taken that the folds fall gracefully. Even in bathing and swimming the native wears his loin-cloth into the water. This fact alone should deter missionaries from forcing the Samoans to adopt our more complicated clothing. In

Hawaii and Raratonga, where the natives wear European clothes, they rapidly become slovenly in appearance, if not positively dirty, while the Samoans are scrupulously clean.

The men occasionally kilt up their lava-lava at one side, to show the tattooing, which gives the effect, at a short distance, of the most exquisite lace knee-breeches. But that is done in the same spirit that prompts a lively young white man to tilt his hat on one side. The women are not tattooed except with occasional little stars on shoulder or knee. The Samoan cannot be said to wear his heart upon his sleeve, but he does the next best thing in tattooing his sweetheart's name upon his arm. This was the first use these sentimental people made of their knowledge of letters, and I regret to say it is not unusual for a man to wear the name of Leata upon his arm, while his present sweetheart is Siota.

The women, when young, wear nothing above the waist but a wreath of leaves and flowers; as they grow older they don a little garment called *apaga*, sometimes of native cloth, but oftener improvised from two silk handkerchiefs knotted on the shoulders, the ends tucked in at the waist. The old women are covered from neck to ankle. Very fine old dames some of them are, with their thick white hair cut short and combed up straight, their erect carriage and dignified, important manner. Unlike the Hawaiians, they seldom grow fat, nor do they admire a gross figure.

They are a very clean people in their households, their villages, and their food, while their individual toilet is as elaborate as that of a professional beauty. To come upon a number of girls bathing in a green dell beneath a waterfall is like a glimpse into Arcadia. Only, the nymphs are not "fair." Their skins are a pale, tender brown, like the crust of a new loaf, or, better still, like the satiny sheen of a light bay horse. After the bath they wash their hair with wild oranges, cleanse their teeth and polish their nails with the inside husk of the cocoanut. As a finishing touch, their bodies are polished with perfumed cocoanut-oil, and their heads powdered with grated sandalwood, which imparts a reddish tinge. Both men and women wear the hair cut short. Curling locks are much admired, for their hair is often straight and never woolly, and, strangely enough, there are many who have naturally brown hair. A certain shade of bronze or deep red is very fashionable. To

¹ It is proper to say that a few paragraphs used in this article appeared in "Harper's Weekly" some ten years ago.—I. O. S.

get this effect they first plaster the head with slaked lime, arranging the hair, while still wet, into elaborate waves and curls. The lime dries and hardens, turning white, and gives the appearance, at a short distance, of a powdered wig. In the evening the lime is washed off with wild oranges; the hair then remains stiffly as it was first arranged, turning slightly redder after each application. I believe the ancient Greeks must have used some such device, which would account for the coiffure of the Apollo Belvidere, which has always puzzled me. Indeed, I have seen almost the same effect on the head of a handsome Samoan. The use of lime must be beneficial to the hair, for in all my stay in the islands I never saw a bald man or woman.

In rainy weather the men make a sort of bonnet from a twisted banana-leaf to keep the hair dry. The women, more genteel, carry a broad taro-leaf over their heads, using the stalk as a handle. Their bodies are protected from wet or cold by constant anointing with cocoanut-oil; the raindrops roll off as from a duck's back. An English man-of-war doctor, whose kindly duties led him to go about among the natives in rainy weather, tried the Samoan custom, rubbing his chest and arms with cocoanut-oil before dressing. He said it was the most satisfactory underclothing he ever wore.

THE natives take no precautions against the sun, going about bareheaded even on the hottest and sunniest days. The missionaries have introduced hats to be worn in church, which is the only place they are seen. A misguided woman will save up a dollar, go to the traders' store, and putting her money on the counter, ask for "one hat." It is handed to her, and she departs with anything that is given her, and wears it, as a religious observance, to church on Sundays. I once saw a little child, about six years old, walking to church on a Sabbath morning. A long piece of green grass wound round its naked body was tied in a bow in front. Its only other garment consisted of a large hat trimmed with blue ribbon and red roses. The child proudly carried a prayer-book with an air of conscious rectitude.

The distribution of the daily work shows more than anything else the high place women hold in Samoa. The men bring in the heavy logs for burning in the ovens; the girls carry banana-leaves for wrapping and preparing the food. The men fish for sharks and dive for turtles; the women catch prawns in the rivers. The men do the cook-

ing; the women spread the feast; and of a married couple it is the man who carries the children.

WOMEN are allowed to bake breadfruit on the hot stones, or cook taro or green bananas; but when it comes to the made dishes, the real, serious business of the cuisine, that is man's work. The food is excellent, and as it is prepared with the utmost cleanliness of the sweetest and freshest fruits and vegetables, it is not surprising that it is most palatable. The only fresh meat is pork. Sucking-pig, cooked underground and served with *miti* sauce, is enough to wake Charles Lamb from the dead. First a shallow hole is dug in the ground. This is lined with stones, and a fire is made over them. The pig, already cleaned, is wrapped in a thick succulent leaf that imparts a very pleasant flavor. The fire and ashes are raked off the red-hot stones, and the pig, done up in the bundle of leaves, is laid upon them; a few of the hot stones are placed on top, a thick bed of leaves is spread over this, when the earth is filled in and stamped down. After four or five hours the pig is done to a turn. The sauce is made by grating a cocoanut into a piece of cloth, and then wringing the cloth till drops of cream ooze into the cup. Mix this cream with a little sea-water, flavor with a ripe red pepper and a squeeze of lemon, and you have the finest sauce in the world.

Another company dish, made particularly by the Manaia, is the *taufula*, or breadfruit dumplings. After the breadfruit has been baked, it is pounded with a smooth stone till it becomes like mashed potatoes, when it is formed into round balls and dropped into a huge wooden dish or trough. Over this is poured a mixture of sea-water and cream squeezed from grated cocoanut; then small stones are heated red-hot and dropped into the dish until it steams. It is served in a twisted banana-leaf and eaten with a small pointed stick. These are only two of their many dishes, but will give an idea of their fare. They have no bread, but the taro, breadfruit, yam, and baked green banana take its place. They have a great variety of fish, occasional sharks, turtles, crabs, clams, and several kinds of edible seaweed. For fruit there are pineapples, mangos, guavas, custard-apples, barbadines, and every known variety of banana.

STRANGELY enough, the Samoan men do not drink. They have never taken to the white man's vice. To be sure, occasionally an

old chief will accept a glass of brandy if it is offered to him, but that is an exception. The young men positively do not like it. They have a childlike repugnance to any form of liquor. Their own beverage, the *ava*, or *Piper methysticum*, is about as stimulating as strong coffee. Even that is forbidden to boys, and women do not drink it in public. In Hawaii and Tahiti the natives mix the root of the *ti* plant with the *ava*, making it more like an opiate and dangerous. But in Samoa it is positively innocuous. Their tastes are so simple, their food and habits so cleanly, that the men-of-war doctors who have attended the wounded Samoans in wartime say that their recoveries, in consequence, are marvelous.

My mother and I nursed twenty-four grown men through an epidemic of measles, and our simple medicine-chest contained only Epsom salts and Dover's powder. One of our girls once had a violent attack of inflammation of the lungs. We rolled her in a blanket in the library, gave her a Dover's powder, and the next morning she walked down-stairs to breakfast. A certain doctor of a man-of-war got his promotion through an operation he performed upon a Samoan warrior. The man had a shattered kneecap, and refused to have his leg amputated. In this land of beauty death is preferable to the loss of a limb. The doctor performed a delicate operation, and the man recovered and could walk, though somewhat stiffly. The doctor said that the man owed his life more to his own clean and healthy condition of body than to the skill of the foreigner.

THE Samoans seldom speak English. Indeed, it is a pretty good rule to distrust the native who knows our language. It means that he has been on a trading-schooner or whaling-cruise, and neither of these improves the island character. There are so few foreigners in Samoa that it is easier for them to pick up Samoan than for the natives to learn English.

The language is very difficult to learn, though the missionaries have made a good dictionary and have translated the Bible, which every Samoan knows by heart. The old chiefs sit together when they are making fishing-nets or braiding sennit, and argue like Scotch elders on points of doctrine. The young men look up quotations for their love-letters, and they can also use the Bible very artfully to convey compliments to a foreign lady who cannot speak their language. They will point out a chapter and verse of their

Bible, and, on looking it up, the object of their admiration will find such a sentence as "My soul followeth hard after thee," or, "Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee."

The language is one of courtesy and exquisite gradations. You eat, but your company partakes of a collation. You call a pig a pig in the privacy of your own family, but in society it is referred to as a "four-legged animal." Indeed, though writers and visitors speak of a chief language as though it were separate from the ordinary, it is not unlike our own. We ask a friend to drop in to dinner, but we request the honor of the President's company. We live in our humble flat, but the king resides at his palace. It is the same idea exactly.

There are no blasphemous oaths in the Samoan language. The most insulting thing you can call a man is a sea-urchin. You may add scornfully that he eats copra and his family are pig-faced. Though comparatively mild statements, these compliments will land you in difficulties out of all proportion to the language used.

The pronouns are very puzzling. *Tatou* is "we," meaning all of us. *Matou* is "we," leaving out the person addressed.

"Suppose we go for a swim," I once said to a visiting Samoan maid. I was surprised by her look of annoyance and dismay. I had used *matou*, which meant that the rest of us would go, leaving her out.

There is another "we," *maua*, signifying "we two," "you and I," and there is *oulua*, "you two." A young couple addressed for the first time as *oulua* take it as a white bride accepts her new name.

It is the correct form to address a chief in the plural. "You two are welcome," one says, though the chief may be alone. A missionary, not very familiar with the language, was riding a donkey, and meeting a party of well-bred Samoans, was addressed in the high-chief manner as "you two." The missionary thought the pronoun included the donkey. This same missionary had great difficulty in learning Samoan. More than once he had the mortification of seeing his congregation suddenly overwhelmed by gales of irresistible laughter.

A little verse in Samoan, describing a young lover walking by the sea on a moonlight night thinking of his sweetheart, may give some idea of the language. The vowels are pronounced as in Latin.

Lou lotoe vaua fua lava
Ai mo-o moonga i leni tausala

Itai, i valea ala fasa l be ala
 De oni fafine fai ai se anana
 O le alofa tele; i lenei tausala
 Uatau le patia le fale o le agaga.

The ending is very poetical. His love will last till the walls of the house of the soul crumble away in dust.

The native dictionary is interesting in the light it casts upon the Samoan character. I find "an impossibility, such as an old man getting a young wife." Another word means "to beg deliriously for fish-hooks." "Unwelcome" is given, "such as a visiting-party that is accompanied by neither a handsome man nor a pretty maid." The definition of "widow" or "widower" is synonymous with detached shell-fish.

There are also definitions that show considerable thought and irony. "Meanness," for instance, can go no further than "to climb out on your own breadfruit-tree to steal your neighbor's breadfruit." *Faapuata*, like a trumpet blown by wild lads—blown anyhow and at all times; so conduct without consideration. *Popoga*, to look owl-eyed, as a person staring when food or property is being divided. "Good brown earth" describes an honest, unpretending man. To show how difficult the language is for the stranger, I may say that the little word *ta* means I, we two, to beat with a stick, to play on a musical instrument, to reprove, to tattoo, to open a vein, to bail a cannon, to wash clothing by beating, and to turn a somersault.

Aolele, the name given to my mother, means "Flying Cloud"; in the dictionary it is defined as "a term of admiration, meaning as beautiful as a flying cloud." *Teuila*, my native name, means "the Decorator." My brother was given the title of a famous *Ma-naia*,—*Taivale*,—and, as everybody knows, Mr. Stevenson was *Tusitala*, the "Writer of Tales."

One late afternoon, riding home to *Vailima*, I met a party of warriors carrying head-knives, and looking ferocious enough as they came swinging along in the shade of the forest road. I turned my horse to one side, and saluted them politely. "*Talofa ali'i!*" ("Greeting, O chiefs!") I said; and they replied one and all with the single word, "*Sule!*" I had never heard it before, and on reaching home went straight to the dictionary, where I found it defined as a term of admiration for wealth or beauty. I am still in doubt as to which interpretation they put upon it.

They have many words of respect for the aged, which are carefully taught to well-bred children. The dictionary defines one as "a deprecating address used in asking a favor of an old person"; another, "a word of apology for walking in front of one's elders"; and there are numerous forms of affectionate address to the aged.

They have many words descriptive of the moon—when she rises out of the water, the silvery path she paints upon the sea, and that beautiful moment when the full moon is clear in the heavens while the sun is slowly sinking on the horizon. *Eva eva* is to stroll about by moonlight; *sami* is the beauty of the ocean; *vasaloloa*, the near waves; and *lanamoana*, the deep blue sea. There are words of admiration for the clouds; the mountains, when the tops are covered in mist; and the lengthening shadows of evening—so many, indeed, that we easily perceive the appreciation the Samoans have for the beautiful, not only in people, but in nature.

OUR native friends write to us constantly, taking their letters unstamped to the postmaster, trustingly addressed to us in the Samoan language by our native names, with some attempt at an explanation of our whereabouts. "To the High-Chief Lady beautiful as a Flying Cloud, in America,"; "To *Teuila* over the horizon"; and one, meant for my brother, was somewhat vaguely addressed to "*Loia* in the cold."

I write and tell my native friends about the world of civilization—of the cold so intense that men die of it; of the white people who shut themselves up behind locked doors, fearing one another; of multitudes that pass and repass without a friendly word; of the homeless poor owning no chief or clan; of the long walks I take and never see a cocoanut; of the crowds that wear shoes, making a clattering noise on the pavement, the first sound that strikes the ear on returning to civilization. I can tell them of nothing that is better or fairer than their own beautiful Samoa, and I only reiterate my love for the islands; like all who have fallen under the spell of Polynesia, my soul yearns to return there. As Mr. Stevenson said when the anchor of the yacht *Casco* plunged for the first time into the waters of the South Seas, "my soul went down with these moorings whence no windlass may extract nor any diver fish it up; and I and some part of my ship's company were from that hour the bond-slaves of the isles of Vivien."

THE CALL OF THE SEA.

BY L. FRANK TOOKER.

DAY and night I have heard it: "Arise and come to thine own!
The surf is loud on the shore, and the spume is white in the gale.
This is the rapture of living. Oh, how can the land atone
For the loss of the vibrant shrouds and the joy of the slanting sail?"

"Follow, then, follow the free wind over the waste of gray!
The sweep of the billows shall rock thee, the scent of the brine shall allure;
Though Death and Oblivion mock thee, thou shalt joy in thy master's sway;
His scourging shall arm thee in might, make thee strong in thine hour to endure.

"Oh, to be glad with the sea! to rejoice in the thunderous pour,
In the din, of the swift-falling waters! to feel the cool spray on thy cheek!
To lie in the hollowed hand of thy liege, with his spirit to soar,
Glad heir of adventurers gone, and comrade of those that yet seek!

"Over the rim of the world make thy uncertain quest;
Starlight shall mark thy course, fog and the spindrift bar;
Thou shalt exult in the storm, in the calm of the sea thou shalt rest;
Seek danger, and find it not; seek peace, and miss it afar.

"It will lift thee on wings as an eagle; it will be both singer and song;
A lamp to thy soul in need, a snare to thy wandering feet;
Blind to thy love or hate, it will save thee alone of a throng;
True to its own untruth, it will make thy ruin complete.

"All thou hast hoped it gives, all thou hast lost is thine,
When, with thy face to the gale, thou ridest the storm in its wrath.
Winds in the shrouds are a harp, and the spray on thy face is as wine;
The roar of the waves is the voice of God, their hollows his path.

"What is thy pettiness then, in the face of this turbulent strife—
Sweep of the spendthrift seas, rush of the strenuous gale?
Buffeted, driven, alone, yet thy hand shall guard thy life,
Thy skill shall find thee a path, thy courage shall yet avail.

"Over the swinging sea, under the pendulous stars,
Rule thy unsteady world, thou the one steady thing!
Battling seas and gales, that would be thy prison bars,
Mold at thy will into bows, thee, their arrow, to fling!

"This is the secret we teach, this is the strength we inspire:
Set thy face to the fore, meet the confident hour;
Alone, unseen of men, and far from thy heart's desire,
Take at one plunge this life's best gift, the test of thy power!"

Day and night I have heard it: "Arise and come to thine own!
The spume is like smoke in the blast, and the flaws are black on the lee.
Thou who art thrall to the winds that over the world are blown,
Rejoice in the harping gale, rejoice in the rolling sea!"

THE MODERN FABLE OF THE OLD FOX AND THE YOUNG FOX.

BY GEORGE ADE,
Author of "Forty Modern Fables."



AFTER he had lived in Town for many Years and had come to know the Animals and their Ways, even to the occasional Running Amuck of the Bulls and Bears, the Old Fox had gathered to himself a few Hard Lessons which he set down for the Instruction and Betterment of Fox, Jr. One Day he took his Young One into the Private Office for a Session of Fatherly Advice.

"I have here a few Nuggets of Truth," said the Old Fox, showing some loose Scraps of Paper on which he had written. "I hesitate to offer them, for, if I remember correctly, the Member of our Family who was best Posted on Business Epigrams went under as far back as 1873. Still, some of these may help you. The Work of turning them out has been a pleasurable Respite from my ordinary Routine. Proverbs are easily Obtainable, my Son. They are Self-Evident Truths, blooming in the Garden of Inexperience. Those which happen to be the right Length to fit into Copy-Books are most likely to Endure. Forty Years ago I was competent to turn out Dozens of Maxims and Proverbs, each glistening with Truth. You are in the Fluff of Youth, while I am marked with Gray, yet doubtless you could excel me in the Making of Precepts for the Guidance of the Immature. The dear little Girls in the Grammar Schools write Essays in which Mighty Conclusions are linked together end to end, Emerson-Fashion. With one Reading of 'Poor Richard' and some timely Inspiration from Rochefoucauld and Hazlitt, any Upstart may set down our Common Weaknesses and catalogue a full Set of Danger-Signals. The Letter of Advice has been the easiest Form of Composition from the time of Chesterfield. However, in preparing you to go out and be of the City Tribe and come Home each Night with your Brush unbedraggled and your cool, smooth Nose unmarked by Scratches, I flatter myself that I have omitted the usual Rigma-

role of Weighty Instructions, my Experience having convinced me that the machine-made Proverb is seldom brought out except to be Misapplied."

"Thank you, Father," said the Young Fox. "I am glad that you have saved yourself the Trouble of formulating the Generalities for which the Rising Generation is always prepared. I have fixed up for my own Use a Set of Rules which, doubtless, is more Comprehensive and Beautiful than anything you could put together at your Time of Life."

Saying which, the Young Fox showed a pretty Morocco Leather Booklet, made to fit the Waistcoat Pocket, in which he had written many meaty Paragraphs, the Substance of the same having been deduced from what he had read of the Struggle for Existence.

"Read a few Selections," said the Old Fox, with a Tolerant Smile. "I love to hear the resounding Conclusions of an Oracle."

"But I am not an Oracle," said the Young Fox, modestly. "I am not even an Authority. I am only a bright Juvenile who has sorted out the Essentials for Success and set them down neatly with my Fountain Pen."

"Do not flatter yourself that I credit you with the Authorship of any of the Matter contained in your little Book," said the Old Fox. "We do not intend to Plagiarize, but all of us absorb our pet Proverbs from the Text-Books, the learned Monthlies, and the Editorial Page. We paraphrase Benjamin Franklin, and put Two and Two together to make Four, and change a Preposition, and presto! the Old Saw seems to be a new Truth evolved without Help or Suggestion. No doubt you have written in your little Guide to Life that a Youthful Frugality insures Comfort throughout the Declining Years, and a Good Name is better than Riches, and to be sure you are Right before you go Ahead."

"Not in those Words, I assure you," said the Young Fox, somewhat testily. "It is true, however, that I have composed certain

General Directions in favor of Honesty, Temperance, Economy, Punctuality, Candor, Politeness, and Business Caution."

"All Men declare for these Admirable Traits in their Pocket Note-Books," said the Old Fox, "and no sooner is the Ink dry than they are led astray by the Caprice of Small Happenings. The Trouble with a world-wide Maxim or a great bulky Truth is that it does not dovetail nicely into the Exigencies of a Petty Case. Here at the beginning of the Twentieth Century, my Son, when all Endeavor is being subdivided and specialized, a Technical Instruction under a Subhead has more Practical Value than a huge Proverb that has come bumping down the Ages. The Health Officer who tells you in a terse Bulletin to boil your Drinking-Water does you an Actual Service, and the Results are immediate, as the Bacilli can testify. But you might have to hunt around all Day without finding an Opportunity to make use of Mr. Emerson's tremendous Suggestion, 'Hitch your Wagon to a Star.' I am not poking Fun at the Large Rules for Conduct, but I beg to remark that very often you will find that they are Shelf-Ornaments instead of Working-Tools kept bright by Use. Like the other Classics of our Literature, they are profoundly Respected and seldom Utilized. What you need now, my Son," continued the Old Fox, "is a Set of Proverbs, Precepts, and Maxims brought up to Date and peculiarly adapted to an Era of Horseless Carriages, Limited Trains, Colonial Extension, Corners in Grain, the Booming of New Authors, Combinations of Capital, the Mushroom Growth of an Aristocracy of Wealth, and the Reign of Tailor-Made Clothes. A Majority of the Points to which I shall call your Attention may seem to be Frivolous and hardly worth while, but, as I have already intimated, it is the small Rule, made to fit the Individual Instance, that proves most valuable in the Long Run. Years ago I made a silly little Rule, as follows: 'Never extend Credit to any one who wears a Blue Neck-Tie.' Childish, say you? Perhaps, but it has saved me Thousands of Dollars. If you will give sincere Heed to what I have inscribed here, you may be able to duplicate my magnificent Career."

Fox, Jr., took the Slips of Paper and read as follows:

"1. Get acquainted with the Heads of Departments and permit the Subordinates to become acquainted with you.

"2. Always be easily Familiar with those

who are termed Great in the Public Prints. They are so accustomed to Deference and Humility, it is a positive Relief to meet a jaunty Equal.

"3. As soon as you get an Office of your own, put in a Private Exit, marked, 'Escape in Case of a Dear Friend with an Invitation to Dinner.'

"4. The first Sign of Extravagance is to buy Trousers that one does not need. Every Young Man on a Salary should beware of the Trousers Habit.

"5. If you were Cut Out to be a homely American, with a preference for Turnips and Tea Biscuit, do not attempt to Live It Down. The most pathetic Object of 1902 is the Man who wants to be a Degenerate and can't quite make it.

"6. A Bird in the Hand may be worth Two in the Bush, but remember also that a Bird in the Hand is a positive Embarrassment to one not in the Poultry Business.

"7. Do not give Alma promiscuously. Select the Unworthy Poor and make them Happy. To give to the Deserving is a Duty, but to help the Improvident Drinking Class is clear Generosity, so that the Donor has a Right to be warmed by a Selfish Pride and count on a most flattering Obituary.

"8. There is Everything in a Name. A Rose by any Other Name would Smell as Sweet, but would not cost half as much during the Winter Months. This means that you should get a Trade-Mark and keep it displayed on the Bulletin-Boards.

"9. Never try to get into Society, so called. Those who Try seldom get in, and if they do edge through the Portals they always feel Clammy and Unworthy when under the Scrutiny of the Elect. Sit outside and appear Indifferent, and after a while they may Send for you. If not, it will be Money in your Pocket.

"10. All the Apostles of Repose and the Mental Scientists tell the Business Slave to avoid Worry; but an old Trader's Advice is to Worry until you have had enough of it and then do something Desperate.

"11. Never Write when you can Telegraph, and in Wiring always use more than Ten Words. This is the Short Cut to being regarded as a Napoleon. The Extra Words cost only a few Cents, but they make a Profound Impression on the Recipient, and give the Sender a Standing which could not be obtained by an Expenditure of Four Dollars for a Birthday Gift. A Man never feels more Important than when he receives a Telegram containing more than Ten Words.

"12. Remember that the latest Outline for a Business Career is to Rush and Bustle and Strain to accumulate enough Money to pay your Expenses to Karlsbad or southern California after you have dropped from Overwork. The only Failure is the one who Breaks Down without having got together his Recuperation Fund.

"13. An Ounce of Prevention is worth a Pound of Cure and costs more. Don't attempt to prevent Trouble, or you will lose your Eyesight watching too many Corners at the same time. Wait until Trouble comes and then consult a Specialist.

"14. When a Man is in a New Town his Prospects are determined (1) by the class of Hotel at which he is registered, (2) by his Wardrobe, (3) by the Style of his Business Card, and (4) by the Manner of his Address.

"15. A Rolling Stone gathers no Moss, and therefore will not be derided as a Moss-Back. Roll as much as possible.

"16. If you must Economize, dispense with some of the Necessities. You can bear up under the Realization that the Gas Company knows of your keeping the Jets turned low, but if you go out of a Café followed by the Reproachful Gaze of a Waiter who regards you as Stingy, you will feel Small and Unhappy for Hours afterward, and your Work will suffer.

"17. It has been accepted as a Law that there can be no absolute Waste of Energy, but you will be putting the Law to a Severe Test if you permit yourself to be drawn into a Political Controversy in a Sleeping-Car with a Stranger who wears a wide Slouch-Hat.

"18. The Shorter the Hours, the Larger the Income. Don't get into the Habit of putting in Long Hours, or you may be set down into a permanent Subordinate Position.

"19. When you believe that you love a Young Woman so earnestly that you will have to Marry her, take a Long Ride on the Cars to find out if the Affection endures while you are Traveling. The Beauty of this Test is that if you really Love her you never will start on the Trip by yourself.

"20. If you expect to be a popular After-Dinner Speaker, don't attempt to work at

anything else. That is a sufficiently large Contract for one brief Existence.

"21. If you take care to Pronounce correctly the Words usually Mispronounced, it may be that you will have the Self-Love of the Purist, but you will not sell any Goods.

"22. Never accuse a Man of being Lazy. There is no such thing as Laziness. If a Man does not go about his work with Enthusiasm, it means that he has not yet found the Work that he likes. Every Mortal is a Busy Bee when he comes to the Task that Destiny has set aside for him.

"23. Early to Bed and Early to Rise is a Bad Rule for any one who wishes to become acquainted with our most Prominent and Influential People.

"24. Always interline a Contract before signing it, merely to impress the Party of the First Part. The one who puts his Signature to Articles of Agreement drawn up by the Other Fellow is establishing a Dangerous Precedent.

"25. Never pretend to have Money except when you are in Straits. The Poor Man who pretends to have a Bank-Account betters his Credit and takes no Risk. But the Prosperous Individual who counts his Money in the Street forthwith will be invited to attend a Charity Bazaar."

"Is that all?" asked the Young Fox, when he had concluded the reading.

"I thought that would be enough for one Dose," replied the Old Fox.

"But you have not put in anything about Depositing a certain Sum in the Bank every Week," said Fox, Jr. "I always had supposed that was the inevitable No. 1 of Parental Suggestions."

"I omitted that time-honored Instruction because I hope that you will keep your Money out of the Bank," said the Old Fox. "It is so easy to sign Checks. If you find a Surplus accumulating, go in for Life Insurance, and then you may reasonably hope for the allotted Threescore and Ten Years."

And the Young Fox took the Truth-Tablets out to have them Framed.

MORAL: Even the Elders can give a number of Helpful Hints.



FOUR DRAWINGS

BY

CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

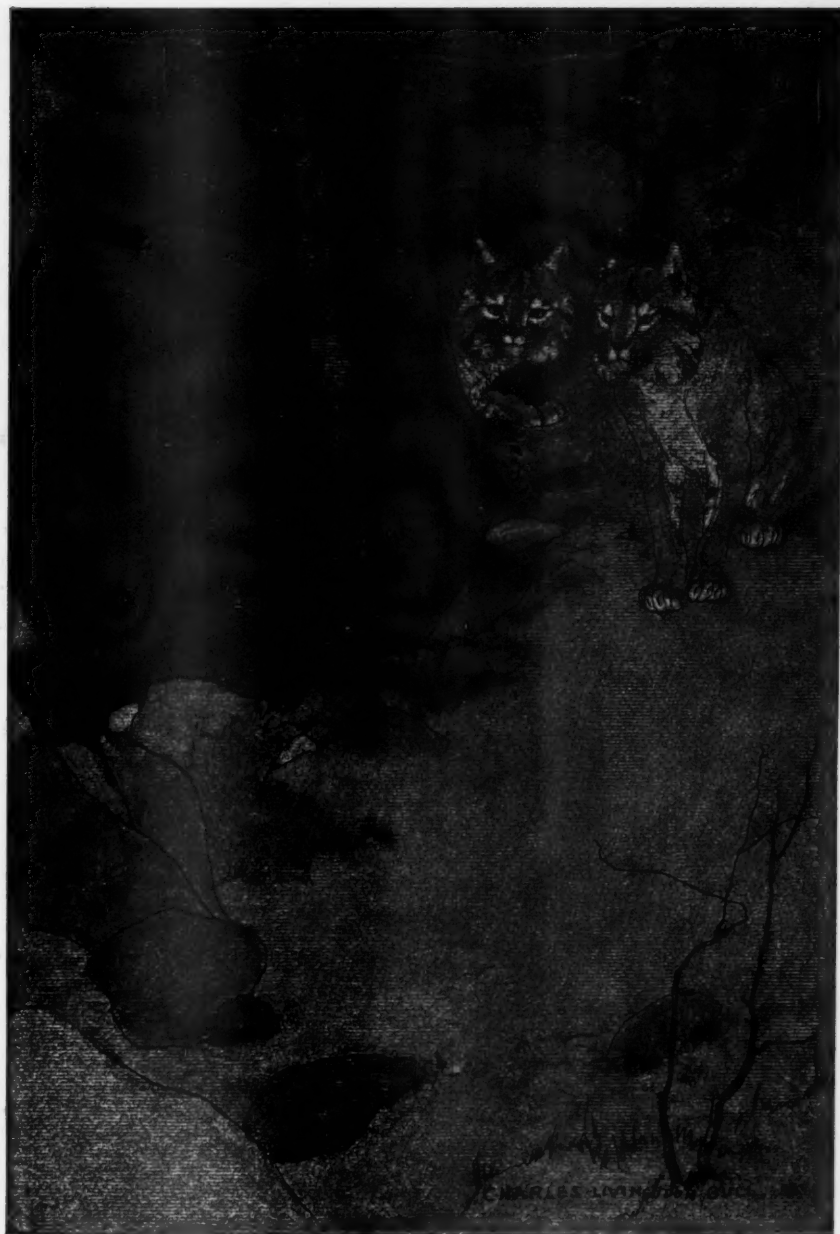


THE LION

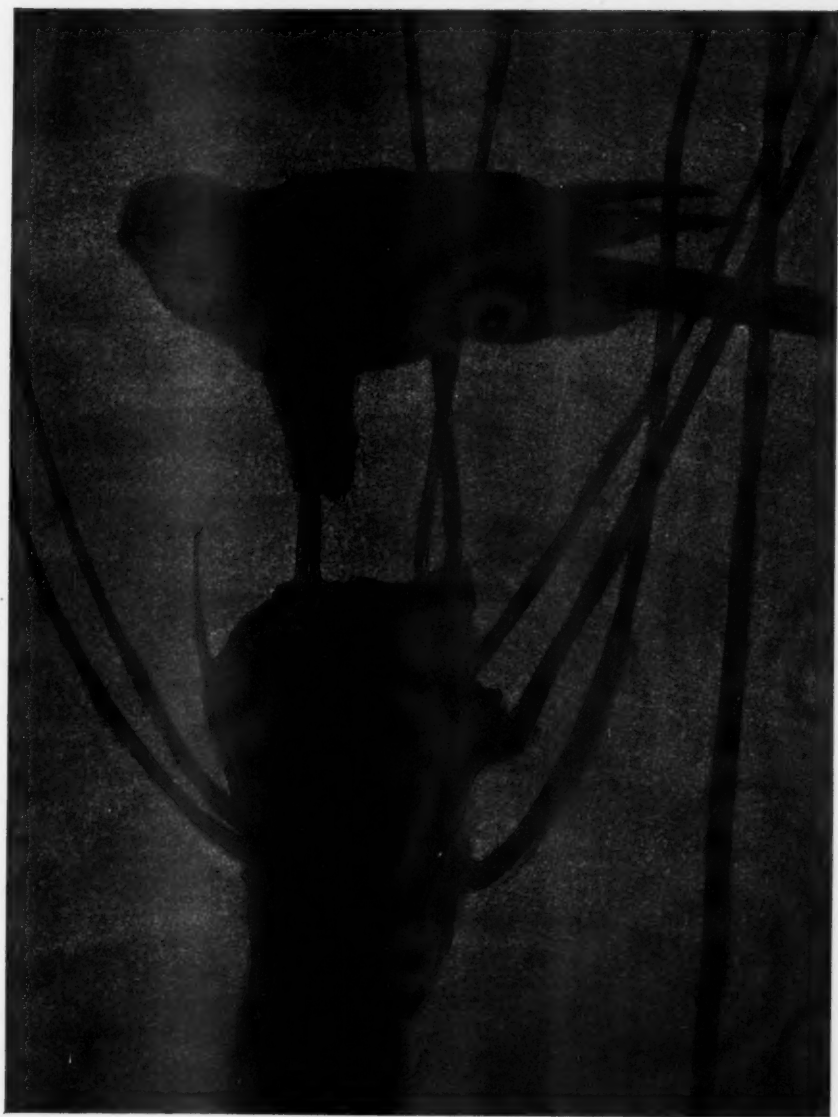
THE LOUISIANA LYNX
(BOB CAT)

THE OCELOT

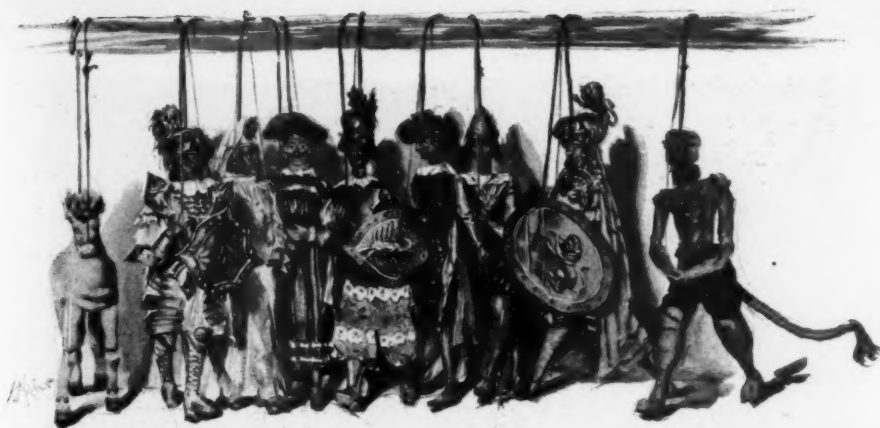
THE MARSH HAWK







1 - 13



A MARIONETTE THEATER IN NEW YORK.

BY FRANCIS H. NICHOLS.

WITH PICTURES BY ARTHUR I. KELLER.

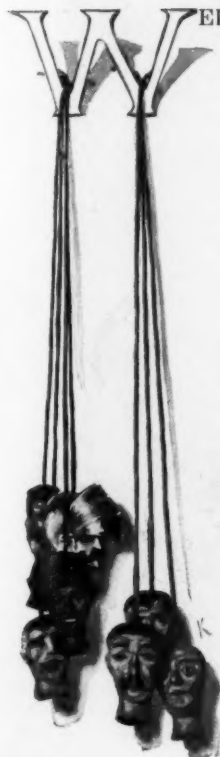
WEDGED in between two tenements in the dense center of New York's Italian colony there is a little theater in which on every evening of the year blooms the flower of medieval chivalry.

This theater is a survival. All about it are twentieth-century signs of civilization and modernity—swarming sidewalks, policemen, electric cars, and saloons. But, like an unwithering blade of grass between the paving-stones, the theater refuses to yield to realism. It lives as a reminiscence of the young time when men believed in their swords and the impossible.

In the stock company of the theater are more than sixty members, but their

play is never the subject of reviews by dramatic critics; the players are indifferent alike to praise and to censure. While they cannot truly be said to work for love, they certainly work neither for money nor for praise. Lack of feeling in their acting is more than compensated for by the strenuousness with which they interpret their parts, and, above all things, the members of the company are faithful. They are marionettes worked by iron rods, and their home is in Spring street, near the corner where it crosses the Bowery.

The marionettes are about three feet in height. They have wooden heads and jointed, stuffed doll bodies, and are entirely the product of the theater. With more truthfulness than any other theatrical manager in the country, their "director" can boast of "making actors." Their faces are carved, wigs are tacked on their heads, and their costumes are all made within the theater itself. The play is a continuous one. It began more than a year ago, when the theater first made its appearance in Spring street. The director will explain to you that he has an Italian book in three volumes called the "Seven Paladins." He familiarizes himself with one of its chapters every afternoon, and then, in accordance with its story, improvises the lines of the actors as he maneuvers them from behind the scene. Feminine marionettes speak through the





HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

THE AUDIENCE.

medium of Isabella, his eldest daughter. The same *dramatis personæ* appear every night, but their performance is never the same. The chapters in the last of the three volumes have not yet been seen in Spring street, and they must all be acted before the director

early literature of Europe. All of the original tenth-century cast is in the production. There is Rinaldo of Montauban, whom Don Quixote used to admire, his horse Bayard, and his sword Flamberge. There is Malagigi, the magician, and Ganelon, the



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THE AUDIENCE FROM BEHIND THE WINGS.

turns back to the first chapter of Volume I and begins all over again.

The "Seven Paladins" is a collection of the romance legends that surround the court of Charlemagne. It is an elaboration of the "Song of Roland," which Taillefer sang before William of Normandy at the battle of Hastings, and which, in one form or another, forms the basis of a large part of the

traitor, Charlemagne, Clarissa, and golden-haired Roland himself. They are without modern embellishments. In fact, the play is so serious, and its medieval simplicity so complete, that it almost seems as though Charlemagne and his brave knights had grown tired of waiting for the millennium, and were renewing their youth near the Bowery.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

"THE MARIONETTES ARE OPERATED FROM ABOVE."

Because the marionettes are operated from above, the number of their gestures is limited. Their acting is all in accordance with a sort of vertical Delsarte system which has to be explained before it can be understood. When a marionette wishes to show the audience that he is weeping he holds his hand to his forehead; when he is angry he wriggles his feet; and when he is tired he leans back. In a corner of the theater is a work-bench where the armor is made for marionettes. The shields and helmets are hammered out by hand, and some are really beautiful. The dignity and importance of a character are always indicated by his armor. If he is just an ordinary knight, his helmet is apt to show the long battering it has received on the stage and behind it; but if he is a paladin, like Rinaldo, his shield is invariably new and nickel-plated. About a dozen of the marionettes are Turks, who are to be regarded in the spirit of the crusades. The Mohammedans are all desperately wicked; their part consists chiefly in being killed gracefully by the Christian knights, who, with the exception of Ganelon, can do nothing unworthy of applause, no matter how much they may murder and rob.

The little stage is at the end of a long hall. The proscenium arch is low enough to hide completely the men who work the actors. The cost of admission varies from five to fifteen cents. Comparatively few of the seats are sold at the highest price; they are caned-bottom chairs in a short gallery dignified with the name of "box." At eight o'clock every evening the audience begins to swarm into the seats which fill the main body of the theater. All are poor, and, according to accepted standards, ignorant. Very few are able to read and write. They are the sort of Italians who push fruit-carts or dig the subway. They are of all ages and dialects: white-haired grandmothers who are being given an evening's treat by the second generation; children who are in the Third Reader and can speak English; Piedmontese and Sicilians. Many of the women have their babies in their arms, and almost without exception the men smoke the vile tobacco which is found nowhere in the world but between Houston street and Chat-ham Square. One all-pervading touch of garlic makes the whole audience kin. Apparently that vegetable forms an important part of the supper of all present, not excluding the babies. The management of the theater is entirely a family affair. The husband and father is the director. He is assisted in

manœuvering the marionettes by his elder son and daughter. The director's wife sells tickets at the door, while Rafael and Helena, aged eleven and nine, act as ushers and supernumeraries.

The two children granted my request to go behind the scenes and interpret the play. We passed through a gateway in the railing about the stage, then through a canvas door in the proscenium, and I was in the home of the marionettes. Around the walls they hung in such profusion as to overlap one another. Rafael and Helena spoke of them as beings endowed with more than ordinary intelligence.

"That is the giant of Asia," Helena explained, as she pointed to a marionette a head taller than the rest. "He is stronger than any of the other Turks; but Rinaldo is going to kill him in about a week."

"That is Ganelon," said Rafael; "we never wash his face, because he is a villain."

Almost reverently Helena told me of the beauties of the white dress of Clarissa, about whom the good knights did a large part of their fighting.

"My mother," said Helena, "worked on that dress a week. She says I may have it when it is worn out."

In the center of the stage the scenery was hung over a sort of partition. On the back of it was a narrow scaffolding on which stood the director, only his head and shoulders being visible. As the curtain rose, his muscular bare arms were shining with perspiration. Rafael said that the crude painting of trees hung over the partition was a picture of the Forest of Pain.

"We sometimes have sorrows all around us, and sadness. We have a kind of lost feeling. That is the Forest of Pain. It is hard to explain to Americans, but Italian people understand it."

Mambrino wobbled as he advanced, holding his sword over his face. The hum had subsided among the audience, and in its place was a silence which was broken now and then by sighs. All over the hall women were rubbing their sleeves across their eyes, and the men were knocking the ashes out of their pipes. "Poor Mambrino!" they said. "Will he ever get out?" The director's face, which the audience could not see, was growing tense and drawn. It was apparent that he felt all of Mambrino's wooden sorrow. In his expression was reflected the despair of which the marionette was incapable.

Mambrino stopped in the middle of the stage, and told how he had become sepa-

rated from Rinaldo and had lost his way in the wood. He leaned far back, and said that he was hungry, cold, exhausted, and tired of it all. He staggered over to a pasteboard rock, and was dropped on it as he announced his intention of lying down to die in the Forest of Pain. Tears were in the director's eyes; the hand which he did not use for Mambrino was busy in brushing them away. Most of the women in the audience were sobbing aloud, while the men tugged violently at their mustaches.

The wizard Malagigi was next maneuvered on to the stage. A smile overspread the director's face, and he wore an expression of relief as he pronounced Malagigi's discovery of Mambrino. He twitched the wizard's feet, and made him say: "He is a brave knight. I must get him out of the Forest of Pain. I will call my master."

His master, the devil, was by far the most popular character in the cast. He was thrown over the top of the scene instead of entering from the flies. As the director interpreted the rôle, the devil proved himself worthy of all the applause he received. In spite of his tail and horns, he was a good fellow, who at once set about devising some scheme for getting Mambrino out of the forest.

"There is only one way," he said thoughtfully; "he must follow the thing he loves best."

"But the only thing he has left to love is his horse Bayard."

"Excellent," replied the devil, as he jumped up and down with joy. "Run away with Bayard, and Mambrino will follow."

Rafael and Helena, without any prompting from their father, began to beat with their fists intermittently on the armor of the marionettes not in use, puckering up their lips at the same time, and making a funny little noise that was something between a whistle and a moan.

"It's a storm now," said Rafael; "we are the thunder and the rain on the trees."

The storm was for the purpose of awakening Mambrino, whom the director raised up from the rock just in time for him to catch a glimpse of the wizard leading Bayard away. Bayard was made of white cotton, and was

about two feet long. He was jointed only in his front legs, and was considerably smaller than the wizard; but that made no difference. The audience loved him. It was the climax of the play, and they were growing very much excited. They stood up on the benches, and cried: "Catch him, Mambrino! Run after him!" Great beads of perspiration stood on the director's face as he stamped on the platform to indicate that Bayard was galloping away. With the wizard he disappeared into one of the flies, where Rafael stroked his cotton ears.

"You are a good horse," he said, as he hung him on his hook. "You need n't worry; we'll save your boss all right."

Mambrino had now forgotten all about his troubles. He was making a great deal of work for the director by banging his sword against his shield and calling loudly for Bayard, who did not appear. As he made his way through the wood, he halted suddenly, while the children ran into a corner again and stamped and pounded and howled like little Indians.

"A battle is going on," said Helena. "Mambrino is listening to it. We are the battle."

The audience was listening, too, with bated breath. They maintained absolute silence as Helena and Rafael increased the noise. Meanwhile Isabella and her elder brother were rapidly detaching marionettes from the hooks, and piling them in a row beside their father. Mambrino now was in the battle, which was waging fiercely between the Turks and the Christians. In rapid succession the Turks would swing up against Mambrino. There would be a clash of brass armor, and then the antagonist would fall dead on the stage. Within a period of three minutes a heap of about twenty dead marionettes encircled Mambrino. It was too violent physical exercise to permit of much dialogue by the director. It was simply a pantomime of clash and victory. Rinaldo wobbled over the heap of dead bodies when it was all past, and embraced his old comrade in arms. The audience laughed as the curtain went down, and the children dragged away Mambrino's victims. The devil's plan had been successful. The brave knight was out of the Forest of Pain.



LITTLE STORIES.

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL, M.D.,

Author of "Hugh Wynne," "François," "Circumstance," etc.

II. A CONSULTATION.



OTH men were physicians. The older of the two was far on in a life of success. The man he bade to be seated had blue eyes, and was the owner of forty well-used years.

"Glad to see you, John," said the older man. He was about to add, "You look worried," but, on second thought, said only:

"What can I do for you?"

"You can listen to me for ten minutes."

"As long as you like; you know we do that all day. Don't hurry."

"You know, doctor, that I was once engaged to Helen Dauntton. That was ten years ago."

"Yes—I know. Quite so; yes—yes—remember it well—yes."

The younger man said: "No, you do not know, and don't say 'Yes—yes' that way."

The gray head turned with a quick side glance of questioning observation, and knew at once that this was a man to be taken with care. He said: "Go on, John; I interrupted you."

"I fell ill; I went to India and Australia. When I came back she was married, the wife of—of all men—Wanfell, the banker. He was thirty years older than she. What—was I saying? I mean, she was thirty years younger than he. I did not know why she did it. Now I know."

The older man said: "She was beautiful—but—"

John said hastily: "That's unnecessary. I wish you would listen."

Here he rose and bent over his friend, who remained seated, a hand on his cheek, intent and a little anxious.

"This fellow Wanfell was my father's partner, and—ruined him."

"Yes—yes."

"Oh, damn it! Don't say 'Yes—yes' that way."

The hazel eyes below the gray hair became more tenderly attentive.

"Pardon me, John. I sometimes forget how to listen."

"Well, don't do that again; I—I—can't bear it. I have hoped the years would give me a chance—I mean—I hoped some day that man would be in my power. He is! He was—and now—now—" Here he paused, and then said: "What was it I was saying? Oh, that woman!"

The older physician laid a hand on his arm.

"You were saying, John, I think—"

"No—no; you asked me why she married that scoundrel."

"No, my dear fellow, I did not ask—"

"But your eyes asked."

"You must excuse them. The curiosity of the eyes is not to be governed. But—go on. What else is there? Tell me quietly."

John sat down.

"Quietly! My God! You know, sir, I have never cared for any other woman. She has always had my—love. I have kept away from her. We have met but twice in a chance way, and once for a mad moment. Now, sir, now—oh, that woman, that woman! I—knew she could not help it—and she is—she is—"

"Drop her, John, and tell me what you want of me."

"I will—I will. It is just this: A week ago, late, about eleven at night, a servant came in haste with a note from her. Would I come instantly to see—Wanfell. He had had a fit. I went; of course I went. She said I must keep—the case. God help and pardon me, I did—I did!"

"Why did you?"

"Why do you ask me? You know—well enough."

"Are you still in charge?"

"Yes. He is very ill; half conscious; a decayed beast. He may die any moment—any moment, or drag on for years—years."

"I see."

"No, you do not. Every day she says:

"How long will he last? Will he die soon? It is cruel to try to keep him alive!"

"People often say that," said the older physician.

"I know; but you understand. Don't trifle with me. I told you what she said, and you should not want me to say more. I will not—"

"Whatever I can do for you I will do."

"Then take this case off my hands. You or some one must—take it."

"Very well, John; I—"

"It is n't well at all! Help me now—at once. Can't you see my—trouble?"

"Yes; I saw it all along. I will help you. It is easy—"

"Easy! Nothing is easy. I say, I cannot stand it! That half-dead dog—and that—that woman!"

He stood up, and went on: "Now do you think I was right to yield—to stay on—stay on? Pity me! I had two good—I mean two bad reasons—the man and the woman. I am plain, you see."

He laughed, and it was not a laugh good to hear.

"I shall be frank with you, my friend. You were wrong; you hate him, and you love—"

John broke in: "Don't say that kind of thing! Don't hint it!"

"But, my dear fellow—"

"We won't discuss it. I am the person concerned. You let him alone—and her, too. You never were in the hell of a marriage like that. What must I do? I want to be made to do something—forced—"

"Be quiet a moment. Sit down and I will answer you."

He took out his watch and laid a finger on his friend's pulse. Presently he looked up, and said, smiling:

"You have consulted me, and now, as your doctor, I say, my dear fellow, that you are in no state to practise medicine."

"That is so."

"Neither are you fit to have the charge of a man who may die at any moment—"

"And who ought to die, damn him!"

"Yes; but it must not be while he is in your care. Go out of town—at once, to-day. Do not write to her. I will call and explain it all to her—to Mrs. Wanfell."

"Yes—you will do that—and I am ill, very ill. Thank you. Don't you think I ought to see her?"

"I do not. Promise me that you will not."

"I will not—see her. Oh, never, never!"

"Stay away three weeks."

"How can I?"

"You must. Now go."

"Where is my hat?"

"Here. Now I have your word. In a day or two you will be glad you went."

John left him, saying: "Thank you. Yes, I am sick enough—soul-sick."

The older man went with him to the door. Returning, he sat down and, playing with his watch-guard, was still a little while, and then spoke aloud the final conclusion of his reflections, which was a way he had:

"It is very easy to let a man die. I was wise to make him run away from it. If he did his best, and that rascal died, he would have lived in the shadow of remorse, where no crime had been; and if—" Here he ceased. Even self-confession may become too complete. But by and by he murmured, as he rose: "What of the woman? A touch and a look may say, 'Do it!' He has told but half."

The younger man went to Aiken and played golf. At the close of a fortnight he received two telegrams; one was from the doctor. He went home the next day, but did not go to the funeral of Wanfell.

As the years went by, some of his friends wondered why he did not marry the woman he had once loved. When the old doctor's wife was thus curious, her husband said that he believed he knew why, but would never tell.

When urged to explain himself, he stated, at last, that it was all clearly set forth in one of the gospels.



"KING JAMES" OF BEAVER ISLAND.

JAMES JESSE STRANG, THE MICHIGAN USURPER.

BY EDWARD FROST WATROUS.



THE fact that about fifty years ago a kingdom was established on Beaver Island, at the foot of Lake Michigan, which flourished for seven years, in defiance of our government and its laws, is one of the episodes in our national life which has not yet passed into history, and is consequently unfamiliar to most of the present generation.

The strange story of this isolated Mormon community centers around the strong personality of the self-constituted king.

James Jesse Strang was born in the year 1813, in Cayuga County, New York. The son of a farmer, he had only the ordinary education of a country lad of that period; but as he was an indefatigable reader and possessed a retentive memory, he was constantly adding to his store of knowledge. He early took a prominent part in rural debating clubs and temperance meetings, where he showed marked oratorical ability. He was extremely voluble, self-conceited, and visionary, but was regarded as a promising youth, entirely reputable in character, though eccentric. At the age of twenty-three he was admitted to the bar, and, in connection with his practice of the law, filled acceptably, at various times, the positions of editor, schoolmaster, lecturer, and postmaster.

At the time when the remarkable career of Joseph Smith, the Mormon "prophet," was drawing toward its close, Strang removed with his young wife to Burlington, Wisconsin, where he became one of a firm of attorneys. Previous to this he had been interested in the preaching of itinerant elders from Nauvoo, the Mormon center, and in his new home he soon fell under the same influence; his active imagination was stimulated by the so-called "revelations" of Smith to espouse some of the doctrines of the Latter-Day Saints. One year later he visited Nauvoo, where he became an easy convert to the belief that not alone spiritual blessings but earthly honors would be the reward of membership among the faithful. The astute leader, Smith, un-

doubtedly recognized valuable material in the well-informed, eloquent, and ambitious attorney; his arguments were so convincing that in a few weeks Strang was again at Nauvoo, where he received baptism, and was ordained as an elder with authority to organize a church, or, in their phraseology, "plant a stake of Zion," within the limits of Wisconsin.

He had chosen a spot on the banks of the White River as the location for his colony when the tragedy at Nauvoo left the Mormon Church without a head. Before the believers had recovered from the paralyzing shock of the death of their leader at the hands of a vindictive mob, Strang was among them, urging them to flee from the wrath to come, and to follow him to the land of promise. Although there were several who desired to wear the mantle of the dead seer, not one was so active and persistent as Strang, though he had been only a few months in the church.

To substantiate his claim, he exhibited what purported to be an autograph letter from Smith, dated nine days before his "martyrdom," detailing a vision in which the spirit of Elijah came upon him, and he heard the voice of God commending the work he had done, for "though he had sinned in some things," his reward should be glorious, as a crown and scepter awaited him. The vision closed with a prophecy for the future:

And now, behold, my servant, James J. Strang, hath come to thee from far for truth when he knew it not, and hath not rejected it, but hath faith in thee, the Shepherd and Stone of Israel, and to him shall the gathering of the people be, for he shall plant a stake of Zion in Wisconsin, and I will establish it; and there shall my people have peace and rest, and shall not be moved. . . .

And I will have a house built unto me there of stone, and there will I show myself to my people by many mighty works, and the name of the city shall be called Voree, which is, being interpreted, garden of peace, for there shall my people have peace and rest, and wax fat and pleasant in the presence of their enemies.

The officers of the church, with Brigham Young at their head, denounced Strang as

an impostor and forger. His vigorous and eloquent appeal for recognition had no effect, for "he was cut off from communion with the faithful, cursed, and delivered to the devil to be buffeted for a thousand years."

Undaunted by this anathema, he continued to assert his right and title to leadership, winning to his ranks a small body of devoted followers, who founded at Spring Prairie, Wisconsin, the city of Voree, upon communistic principles in regard to the ownership of all property. He edited a newspaper, the "Voree Herald," devoted to the dissemination of the doctrine of the "primitive Mormons," and succeeded in converting many credulous people.

He imitated the methods that Joseph Smith had found successful, and originated others. He organized his church in accordance with the Book of Mormon, with a council of twelve, seventy elders, and minor officials, with himself, supreme in authority, over all. Like his predecessor, he had visions and revelations, which in moments of ecstasy he communicated to his followers, couched in verbose scriptural language, by which he strengthened his claim to supernatural power.

One vision directed him to go with witnesses to a certain point on the banks of the White River. These witnesses testified that "they were led by Strang to a hill, where, after digging through thick sward and solid clay, apparently undisturbed for years, and cutting away a network of roots from a large oak, they found an earthen case containing three metallic plates covered with an alphabetical and pictorial history."

Strang announced that the cabalistic characters could be translated only by the Urim and Thummim which an angel brought to him. In due time he reported the plates to be a miraculously preserved record of a tribe of Israel who inhabited the American continent centuries ago. The prophet who had prepared the history lamented the annihilation of his people, but foretold the coming of a mighty seer who should discover and reveal the history of the downfall of his race. The closing words were as follows:

The forerunner men shall kill, but a mighty prophet there shall dwell. I will be his strength, and he shall bring forth the record. Record my word and bury it in the hill of promise.

RAJAH MANCHORE.

Later he claimed to have found fifteen other plates. Such artifices forcibly appealed to the delusion nurtured by Smith's followers,

though to outsiders they appeared only weak imitations.

It is needless to review the causes which led to the final exodus of the Mormons from Nauvoo in 1846. Before they started on their long journey west of the Mississippi, Strang issued what he called "The first pastoral letter of James, the Prophet." He urged them not to listen to unwise counsels, to reflect deeply before resigning country, houses, and lands, saying:

Many of you are about to leave the haunts of civilization and of men to go into an unexplored wilderness among savages and in trackless deserts, to seek a home in the wilds where the footprint of the white man is not found. The voice of God has not called you to this. His promise has not gone before to prepare a habitation for you. The hearts of the Lamanites are not turned unto you, and they will not regard you. . . . Let the oppressed flee for safety unto Voree, and let the gathering of the people be there.

A few obeyed the call and joined the community at Voree, which steadily increased in numbers for three years. Though apparently prosperous, Strang was not oblivious to indications which foreshadowed a repetition of the disaster at Nauvoo, and deemed it wise to find a spot where the Gentile influence could not undermine the faith of the Saints, nor bring death and destruction to himself and his people.

With this project in view, he went out with several elders to survey the land, with the result that Beaver Island, near the narrow channel that unites Lakes Huron and Michigan, was chosen. It appeared the ideal spot, as it was sufficiently isolated to promise immunity from the visits of intrusive government officials, yet near enough to civilization to make possible all necessary traffic. The waters teemed with fish, the forests furnished a variety of timber, while the soil was rich and productive. To this land of promise Strang decided to lead his people, where they should flourish "like a green bay-tree."

The island was inhabited by less than one thousand Indians of the Ottawa and Chippewa tribes, living upon lands deeded to them by the United States government, and by as many whites. Among the latter the Germans and Swedes were successful tillers of the soil, while a colony of Irish, who were strict Catholics, earned an honest livelihood by fishing.

The small band of pioneers from Voree were received by the fisherfolk most ungraciously. So inhospitable were they that the

newcomers were obliged to build huts of boughs for shelter, and subsist on berries, nuts, wild leeks, and other native productions while preparing for the establishment of a colony. The winter of 1847 five Mormon families spent upon the island. The numbers rapidly increased as the Voree colonists arrived, and the elders returned from their missionary pilgrimages, bringing in many converts, so that in 1850 they numbered three thousand men, women, and children.

The plates which Strang claimed to have found were given equal authority with the Scriptures and the Mormon Bible. Some portions of the revelations dealt with questions of domestic economy and municipal control; there were also directions for making roads, building houses, etc. In accordance with these, houses were built, a wharf and a saw-mill were constructed, roads were cleared, and a large tabernacle was begun. The land-locked harbor and village were named St. James, in honor of Strang; the height in the interior became Mount Pisgah; an inland lake was known as the Sea of Galilee, and its outlet as the river Jordan.

At first the Mormons had adopted the policy of non-resistance, receiving in an apparent spirit of meekness the insults and injuries to which they were subjected; but as they gained in strength they began to retaliate, and many fierce conflicts resulted, in which they were the aggressors. Strang had been shrewd enough to maintain friendly relations with the Indians, but he never succeeded in establishing peaceful relations with the Irish. His control over his own people was wonderful; few ever attempted to resist his authority, while the majority had such implicit faith in his supernatural power that he ruled them absolutely.

One who lived upon the island—in fact, a member of the last Gentile family to leave it—described him to the writer as a rather handsome man, tall and slender, with pleasing features and high forehead; his hair and beard were sandy and were worn long; his blue eyes, sometimes mild and tender, held in their depths the glint of steel, which compelled obedience to his masterful will; he was intellectual, gifted in speech, agreeable in manner, and very companionable. All this was confirmed by a physician of Mackinac Island, who knew him well and appreciated his intellectual gifts. He spoke particularly of his ability as an editor; that the "Northern Islander," issued first as a weekly, later as a daily, was "a marvel of journalistic en-

terprise, which could not be excelled to-day in any frontier town."

Early in the year 1850 Strang published a pamphlet with the following title-page: "The Book of the Law of the Lord, consisting of an inspired translation of some of the most important parts of the law given to Moses, and a very few additional commandments, with brief notes and references. Printed by command of the King at the Royal Press, St. James, A. R. I."

The initial letters for "in the first year of the King" are only in anticipation of his next step. In June, at the annual conference, the church was organized into a kingdom, with Strang as king, also "prophet, seer, apostle, translator, and revelator." In this wonderful book this prophecy appeared:

God hath chosen His servant James to be king:
He hath made him His apostle to all nations; He
hath established Him a prophet above the kings of
the earth and appointed him king in Zion: By his
voice did He call him, and He sent His angels to
ordain him.

In pursuance of this scheme for gratifying his ambition, Strang appointed the 8th of July for his coronation. The rage of the islanders and their friends on the mainland was so great that they made a strenuous effort to prevent the execution of the design. They planned to fall upon the offenders on July 4, while they were gathered in the tabernacle, and drive them from the island. Strang learned of the plot, and with characteristic energy counterplotted so successfully that the invaders were glad to retire, leaving their enemies unharmed.

Affirming that he was divinely called to the kingship, the preparations for the coronation continued. Strang, clothed in a flowing robe of scarlet, accompanied by his council, marched to a platform erected in the center of the unfinished tabernacle; the seventy elders and priests followed, the congregation filling the body of the house. After an elaborate ceremonial, a plain circle of gold with a cluster of stars in the front was placed upon the head of the prophet, and he received the adulations of the assembly, who greeted him as their king.

The communistic plan was abandoned, and the lands were apportioned among the members. A system of tithes was introduced, by which the taxes were paid, provision was made for the poor, and schools were established. Additional prohibitory laws were framed against the use of tea, coffee, and tobacco, as well as intoxicating liquors. Saturday was to

be observed as the Sabbath, and attendance at the tabernacle was compulsory. Polygamy, which had been sanctioned, provided ability to support a large family was shown, was now recommended, the elders being strongly urged to take more than one wife. The women were obliged to wear the short skirt and wide trousers of the "bloomer" costume, made of dark-blue calico.

The hatred of the outsiders kept pace with Strang's increase of power. The Mormons grew bolder in their depredations; the nets of the fishermen were destroyed, their boats sunk, and boats laden with supplies stolen and held under the pretext that they were found. Complaints to the authorities were unnoticed until graver charges were made. The self-consecrated king was accused of treason and polygamy, and his subjects of trespass, robbing the mails, theft, harboring counterfeiters and criminals from justice; some even dared to say that ships were lured to destruction upon the rocks near Beaver Island, and that the wreckers there were as merciless as those that once made the name of Florida Reef a terror.

Aroused at last, in 1851 President Fillmore despatched the United States steamer *Michigan* to the island kingdom to arrest its king on the charge of treason. He was carried to Detroit, where twelve indictments were found against him. He conducted his own defense with ability; his oratorical gift, magnetic personality, ingenious pleas, and scriptural knowledge were all brought to bear upon the jury. His closing argument, in which he posed as one "persecuted for righteousness' sake," was masterly, and brought about a verdict of acquittal.

He returned in triumph to his kingdom, more devoted to its interests and ambitious for his own advancement. The quarrels between the Mormons and the Gentiles increased, and the newspapers took up the controversy. Strang's busy pen was employed in defending the doctrines and practices of his people. He wrote much and upon a variety of subjects; he was greatly interested in natural history, and possessed a library which permitted him to gratify his love for miscellaneous reading, as in literature he sought relief from the vexations of rulers.

As an evidence of his diplomacy, he secured his election to the State legislature of Michigan, and, later, the passage of a bill by which the Beaver, Fox, and Manitou islands were united to form the county of Manitou. This placed under his control the entire machinery of the law. From that day

it fared ill with a Gentile who had offended a Mormon; as sheriff, jury, and judge were of that faith, the accused was invariably convicted by a process apparently legal.

With the passing years Strang increased the severity of his discipline, but when he introduced the corporal punishment of adults great dissatisfaction resulted. This, with his systematic efforts to force polygamy upon his people, caused internal dissension, which resulted in his ruin. He delighted to talk of "Solomon and his thousand wives," and followed his example to the extent of having five; but he never succeeded in making plural marriages popular, for though several of his elders had three each, there were only fifteen others who were not content with one wife. At the annual conference in 1855 he sternly denounced those who failed to obey the rules he had made, who used tobacco or any beverage other than water, saying, "The law of God shall be kept in this land, or men shall walk over my dead body."

Among his disciples was an ex-surgeon of the United States army, highly educated, and a man of social position in his Baltimore home, but unfortunate in his habits. During the winter of 1855-56 he was deposed from the Mormon Church on the charge of a lapse into intemperance. He soon left the island and visited the lake ports, arousing the indignant people to new enthusiasm for the overthrow of Strang and his kingdom. The details of the plot were never fully known, but two Mormons were found ready to take summary vengeance. One of these had been publicly horsewhipped for daring to sanction his wife's refusal to adopt the regulation costume, and the second had received a similar chastisement for the infringement of one of the rules against dissipation.

On June 16, 1856, as Strang went toward the pier to call upon the officers of the *Michigan*, anchored in the harbor, the two men, Bedford and Wentworth, sprang from places of concealment, and fired upon him. He fell with three wounds; two were slight, but the third, in the region of the spine, was pronounced fatal. The men surrendered, and were taken to Mackinaw, but were released without trial. They claimed, in justification of their act, that many causes for grievance existed, not to be righted by legal means so long as the United States government upheld the "prophet."

Strang sent for his elders, and advised the removal of the colony to Voree, where he was himself borne, as to "a city of refuge." For his few remaining days he received the

devoted care of the wife of his youth, who had declined to accept his inspirations and revelations, but believed that her marriage vow demanded faithfulness unto death. He died without one expression of regret, and

men from the mainland joined the islanders, and fell with fury upon the doomed settlement. The printing-office was first attacked; the house of the king was pillaged, his library scattered, and then, with the tabernacle, his



DRAWN BY GEORGE T. TOBIN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF A DAGUERRETYPE.

JAMES JESSE STRANG.

his body was laid in an unmarked grave in the "Cemetery of the Saints" at Spring Prairie.

The assassination of the leader was followed by the annihilation of the kingdom. Before the Mormons could arrange for their departure for Voree, a band of exasperated

house went up in flame; after which the ax and torch were used indiscriminately. Later, many of the homesteads were seized and occupied by those who had long suffered from the depredations of the Saints.

Hundreds of deluded victims, penniless and homeless, were driven into exile.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. TINKY.

PROSPECTING IN NEW MEXICO, IN THE EARLY EIGHTIES.

THE OLD RÉGIME IN THE SOUTHWEST.

THE REIGN OF THE REVOLVER IN NEW MEXICO.

BY ALBERT E. HYDE.

WITH PICTURES BY J. N. MARCHAND.

EARLY in my youth, in November, 1880, armed with letters of introduction to General Lew Wallace, then governor of the Territory of New Mexico, I left my home in Tennessee for Santa Fé.

From the governor I heard the story of the lawless condition of the Territory and the doings of that dreaded desperado "Billy the Kid." His recital of some of the incidents of this "bad" young man's career inspired the writer with a keen desire to see the beardless boy who killed inoffensive people "just to see 'em kick," and incidentally to secure their "valuables."

In a few weeks I moved to Las Vegas, making the Grand View Hotel in "Oldtown" my headquarters. "Newtown," near the railroad, was growing rapidly. Its streets were already marked with scattering adobe buildings, frame houses, and rough board shacks. Oldtown was an interesting study in sun-

baked mud, the dingy color of which was relieved here and there by a dab of white-wash. The streets were narrow and, like a very large percentage of the population, crooked. The Grand View Hotel, also adobe, was distinguished mainly by reason of its euphonious and suggestive name; at least, we had the view with regularity and precision three times a day. The amusements of the town were Mexican monte and cock-fighting among the Mexicans, and all kinds of gambling, enlivened by numerous "killings," among the whites.

In this day and time, when the faithful execution of the law is upheld by a majority of the people in every community, it would seem impossible that a moral code so lax as that which cursed New Mexico twenty-one years ago could exist in any section of the United States, however remote. The Territory was a rendezvous for reckless, wild, and

lawless men, a refuge for fleeing criminals. Of course there were men, adventurous spirits, who were not fleeing from outraged justice, but they were, for the most part, rough specimens who were willing enough to leave the settlement of a dispute to the arbitrament of the six-shooter. In 1880 the percentage of peaceably inclined white population was deplorably small.

FRONTIER CONDITIONS IN 1880.

THE Santa Fé Railroad had just strung its line of shining steel across that desert of uncertain sands. Deming, a town of tents near the Texas line, was its terminal. Its single branch line was the eighteen miles of road-bed from Lamy Junction to Santa Fé. On each side of the main line, which divided the Territory from north to south, stretched miles and miles of uninhabited country. The fertile river valleys held a majority of the Mexican population, but the arid desert, the pine-covered slopes and mountains, were marked here and there by Mexican hamlets or Indian pueblos. A vast sea of shifting, treacherous sand constantly menaced the new road-bed of the Santa Fé. Time and again rods of track were displaced and covered up during the period of a sand-storm. Such incidents made railway travel on

schedule time, south of Santa Fé, as uncertain as the disposition of a Mescalero Apache Indian. The ranges in the Southwest grazed countless thousands of cattle, owned by him whose brand burned the hide and who had the nerve to hold. Wild horses roamed the foot-hills and plains; wild game inhabited the mountains and valleys; and the shifty coyote, unmolested by man, sat upon his haunches under the stars and sent his blood-curdling howl echoing among the hills.

Silver City, in the mountains near the Arizona line, and the San Juan district in southern Colorado, had been opened up, and the overflow of prospectors and miners began to penetrate the middle ground. Already Whiteoaks, a small mining town in Lincoln County, had sprung into existence. This little place was about the center of the largest operations of Billy the Kid. Men crossed this great inland country by bronco or stage. In those days he was a fearless man who would accept the ribbons on a New Mexico stage-coach.

The cattle-men in Lincoln County employed an army of cow-boys—"cow-punchers," they called themselves. They were as wild and reckless a set as ever tamed a bucking bronco or pulled the trigger of a Colt's 45. Witness the long, terrible conflict



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.
AN INCIDENT OF THE "LINCOLN COUNTY WAR."

between the cattle-men and the thieves, known as the Lincoln County War, a struggle in which hundreds of lives were sacrificed.

A Colt's 45-caliber single-action revolver was circulating medium. It was good for its exact cost, about sixteen dollars, in any "game," or over the bar. It was a common thing to see a man who was "down on his luck" stake his last cent and then "cash in" his "gun." Cow-punchers, mule-drivers, tie-cutters, miners, ranchmen, gamblers, and all "bad men" generally, wore their revolvers openly on the hip. Those who rode added the deadly Winchester to their armament, carrying it in a leather holster fastened to the saddle under the rider's left leg.

Men knew one another by given name or "nickname," for the most part. It was dan-

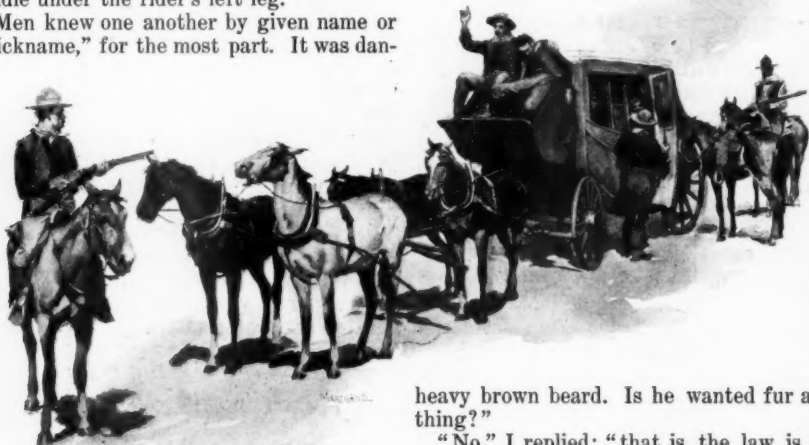
under the steady gaze of so formidable a stranger, I felt much relief when, after a moment's hesitation, he motioned me aside. With his eyes still searching mine, he said, in a low voice: "I heerd ye inquiren' fur a man name' Hillyar. What 's yer business with him?"

The situation began to dawn upon me.

"Merely social," I replied, with a smile.

His look did not indicate that he was entirely convinced.

"I knowed a feller by that name wunst," he continued. "He wus a big feller an' wore a



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY G. W. CHADWICK.

A HOLD-UP.

gerous to be too curious about a man's antecedents. It was a rare thing to hear a man boast of his ancestry.

A BIT OF NECESSARY CAUTION.

I WAS charged to look up a man at one time prominent in an Eastern community; who had suddenly disappeared, and when last heard of was somewhere in New Mexico. Standing in a popular resort in Las Vegas, one night, conversing with the man behind the counter, it occurred to me to inquire about Hillyar, the man whom I sought. As the name was pronounced, a big fellow, standing a few feet away, turned square upon me and proceeded to bore me with a pair of remarkably keen brown eyes. Growing somewhat restless

heavy brown beard. Is he wanted fur anything?"

"No," I replied; "that is, the law is not looking for him, if that 's what you mean, but some friends are anxious to know where he is. If you can give me the information, I will appreciate the favor."

With another penetrating look, he said: "I ain't right shore, but I think he 's gone up in the San Juan country; heerd him talkin' about goin'."

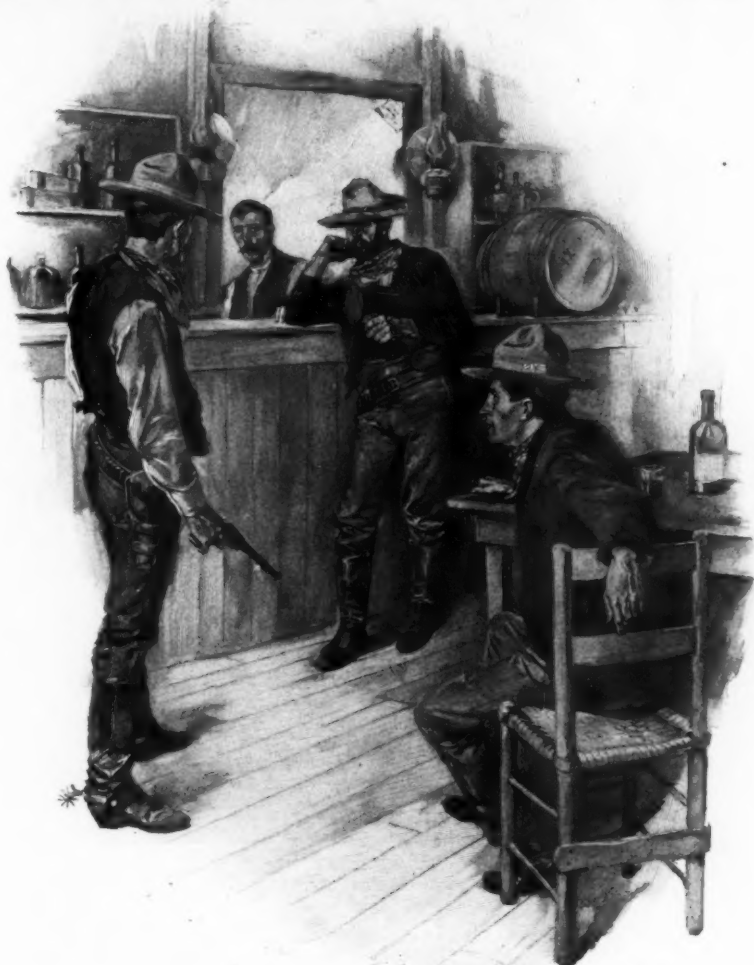
I was satisfied by this time that he knew where my man was and could easily reach him.

"What can I do to convince you that I am his friend and one whom he would be glad to see?"

He reflected a moment, and then said: "I 'm goin' back to Tie-camp No. 2 to-morrow, — that 's thirty-odd miles from here, — and I 'll inquire. Ef you 'll put yer name down on a piece of paper, so 's ef I git on his trail he 'll know who wants him, I 'll do the best I kin fur ye. I 'll be back in Vegas this day week arter next. Meet me here."

At the time appointed I met him, and he accosted me thus: "Young feller, I 've found

yer man, an' here 's a letter from him. I Tie-camp No. 2. I had last seen Hillyar knowed whar he wus all the time, but thar 's about the year 1877. He was then thirty-six so many fellers huntin' cover hyar I wanted years of age and a splendid specimen of



J. N. MICHARD -

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

"I CAIN'T SHOOT A BRAVE MAN DOWN LIKE A DOG."

to make dead shore it wus all right with Hillyar 'fore I said too much."

Later I learned that my messenger was himself one of those "fellers huntin' cover," having killed his man in the East.

AN ASTONISHING TRANSFORMATION.

HILLYAR urged me to visit him, and I left Las Vegas one bright winter morning for

vigorous manhood. He was a professional man and an elegant, polished, faultlessly dressed gentleman.

Inquiring at the saloon at the switch, a crude one-room building constructed of rough pine boards, I was told that Hillyar had come down from the tie-camp that morning, and that I would find him in the tie-yard.

Walking in the direction indicated, I saw my man, and knew him by his beard, sun-



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

"THE MEN WERE ORDERED OFF THE CAR."

burnt and unkempt as it was, but, shade of Beau Brummell, what a change! The man, rapidly approaching with outstretched hand and a string of picturesque oaths of cordial welcome, wore a wide sombrero, a blue flannel shirt, a red bandana handkerchief tied loosely about the throat, brown overall trousers, tucked into heavy high top-boots and held in place at the waist by a cartridge-belt, from which dangled a Colt's 45 six-shooter. I could hardly credit my senses.

He introduced me formally to "Dad," the proprietor and bartender of the lone saloon. He kept up his rough talk and ready invective until we were safely in his tent. Then,

unbuckling his six-shooter, he grabbed both my hands and became at once the gentlemanly, grammatical Hillyar of old.

AN EXHIBITION OF NERVE.

At the switch I met "Territory Bill," a white man, tall, angular, with small grayish-blue eyes, a pronounced hooked nose, and scattering sandy whiskers. Territory's business, when he was not engaged in a "killing" or playing cards, was stealing cross-ties. He had the habit of "snaking off" two tie-sticks from the cut and inspected timber of the W. & W. million-tie contract. While the occupation proved lucrative and pleasant

enough to Territory, his attempt to earn an honest living in this way was looked upon with disfavor by the contractors. They therefore promptly "sicked the dog" on him.

One morning, after a particularly satisfactory haul, Territory was drinking at Dad's saloon, where I had been listening to accounts of "hair-breadth 'scapes." There was not a soul in the saloon but Dad, Territory, and myself.

Suddenly the sound of rapidly approaching hoofs was heard, a horseman drew up with a sharp clatter at the platform in front, and swinging from the saddle, came dashing through the door. He had a deadly Colt's 45 pushed well to the front, and I could catch the gleam of a pair of cold, determined eyes behind the barrel. This was the "dog," no doubt of it.

The moment he found himself inside and master of the situation, he advanced to within a few paces of Territory Bill, who was leaning carelessly with one elbow on the bar, one hand to his cheek, while the other toyed with his whisky-glass. Bill made no move, the hand upon the whisky-glass growing quiet. He knew he was "up against it." Death stared him in the face; there was no escape. Not a muscle moved. His eyes, glancing along the threatening revolver, gazed calmly, fearless and unconcerned, into the eyes behind. In quiet, even tones, which scarcely moved a facial muscle, he said: "You 've got the drop, Charley. It 's all right if you don't pull the trigger."

There were probably ten seconds of agonizing suspense. Dad and myself were speechless. To me, unused to such scenes, those terrible seconds seemed like minutes. Every moment I expected to see the brains of Territory scattered over the rough bar.

Yielding to the spell of Bill's wonderful nerve, Charley muttered, "By —, I can't shoot a brave man down like a dog"; then quickly retreating to the door, he threw the weapon into its holster, was on his horse instantly, and, with a vicious dig of his spurs, galloped away.

We three stood looking at one another in eloquent silence, first broken by Territory's remark, "Close call, Dad; give us a drink."

It was a victory for nerve.

A TYPICAL ENCOUNTER BETWEEN "TIE MEN" AND MEXICANS.

I ACCOMPANIED Hillyar to Tie-camp No. 2, situated in the mountains about twelve miles from the switch.

Here I not only heard a graphic description of the then recent fight at Cow Creek Hill, but saw the horribly mutilated bodies of the two white men who were killed.

An ancient little Mexican hamlet marks the crest of Cow Creek Hill. It lies on the tie wagon-road, about half-way between the switch and the camp. One evening, returning from the switch, the teamsters learned that a Mexican dance was soon to take place. A number of the drivers determined to go, and when the time arrived they procured an extra supply of whisky in honor of the event. The camp boss readily gave his consent, and about eight o'clock in the evening twelve white men rode over in one of the big "Studebakers." On the way they drank freely, and passed the time singing, shouting, and firing their big 45's.

Arriving on the scene, they hobbled the mules and sought admission to the dance. This was graciously granted, accompanied, however, with the polite request that they deposit their arms with the master of ceremonies until they were ready to return.

This they foolishly refused to do, and trouble followed. The Mexicans, while assuming to excuse this breach of etiquette, began quietly to arm themselves.

The house was the usual one-story adobe, originally planned in the form of a square, with the *patio*, or court, in the center. For some reason, three sides only had been completed, leaving the building U-shaped, with the opening facing the road. It was near this opening that the teamsters left their wagon.

Shortly before midnight the white men had monopolized all the available floor-space, crowding the Mexican men entirely out of the dance. The master of ceremonies mildly expostulated, but the teamsters were then too drunk to listen to reason or care for consequences, and one of them knocked the Mexican down. The lights instantly disappeared, the women were quickly and safely removed, no one knows how, and the Americans found themselves barred in a dark room, while a score or more of infuriated, well-armed Mexicans were on the outside, thirsting for their blood.

The seriousness of the situation soon began to dawn upon the whisky-addled brain of Doc Hodgson, the powerful and dangerous wagon boss, and it almost sobered him.

"Boys," he roared, "we must git outen here quick and fight it out in the open."

A long bench was converted into a bat-



HALFTONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

THE DASH ACROSS THE PLAZA TO THE JAIL.

J. H. RICHARD.

tering-ram, and a vigorous attack was made upon the door, which failed to yield, though it was much weakened. Hodgson, growing uncontrollably desperate, ordered the men to stand back. Rushing through the dark, he hurled his great bulk against the obstacle, and the shattered door flew from its hinges. Crowding out, the men faced a heavy fire directed upon them from the top, openings, and corners of the building.

"Come on, boys; we must git to cover!" yelled Hodgson, as he ran for the wagon, followed by his men. A terrible fusillade was kept up as fast as both sides could load and reload.

The last words his companions heard Hodgson utter were: "Boys, hain't got another cartridge left. We must run fer it. Scatter. Don't git in a bunch."

Abandoning the friendly shelter of the wagon, they separated and ran down the hill, every man for himself, the Mexicans in hot pursuit.

That morning, between two and four o'clock, the weary, smoke-begrimed stragglers began to arrive at the camp. By 5 A.M. nine men had reported; three were missing. No cross-tie teams left the camp that day. A council was held, and it was decided to put the men on the mules, ride down to the scene of battle, and search for the missing men. There were about thirty armed men in the party. When they arrived at the foot of the hill they saw almost a hundred well-armed Mexicans occupying the crest.

A pitched battle seemed imminent. During parleys and threatenings, however, continued till long past noon, small parties were searching the patches of mesquit on the sides of the hill for the missing men. They found the bodies of Hodgson and a teamster known as "Red," both shot, beaten with stones and sticks, and partly burned.

In the meantime it was learned that the third missing man was a prisoner held for trial before a Mexican alcalde in a neighboring town. This man owed his life to the fact that he could not run, having been lamed by a bullet early in the fight. He had crawled into the bed of the wagon, and when found, several hours later, he expected to be torn to pieces, so furiously did the young hot-bloods demand his instant execution; but the wild passions of the night had, in a measure, abated, and cooler counsel prevented his immediate slaughter.

The tie-camp party peremptorily demanded the instant release of the prisoner, but were met with shouts of derision. At

this critical moment two contractors, who spoke Mexican patois like natives, arrived upon the scene. They arranged a compromise, and prevented another deadly conflict. The trial, which was a great farce, was set for that afternoon, and picked men from the camp were selected to attend and see that "justice" was done. The frightened alcalde released the man, who returned to the camp in triumph. It was impossible to ascertain how many Mexicans were killed in the fight. They never give out information of this kind. The Americans attributed their "good luck" to the notorious bad marksmanship of the "Greasers."

Each of the ten white survivors of the fight soon received a note, written in good Spanish, ordering him to leave the country without delay. Some of them heeded the warning, but the majority continued at their work. It was necessary for the latter to pass through the hamlet on Cow Creek Hill twice a day. They did not know at what moment they might be shot, but judging from their demeanor, they cared little if they could only get a chance at the enemy during the shooting.

Such was the condition of society in New Mexico during the reign of the Colt's 45 and in the days of Faro Charley, Stuttering Joe, and Billy the Kid.

There was no municipal or State system worthy the name for the apprehension and conviction of criminals. It would have taken a most powerful Law and Order League backed by incorruptible courts, or the more speedy punishment of "Judge Lynch," to have stemmed that current of reckless, riotous lawlessness and dareddeviltry which overflowed the vast Southwestern "no-man's-land" twenty-one years ago.

In the cities of Las Vegas and Santa Fé the constabulary was only a weak pretense, and the machinery of the courts was rusty and unoled. Under the eye of the police every form of gambling and every shade of vice went on day and night. Murders were committed in dance-halls and gambling-resorts without fear of arrest. The "song of the six-shooter" was heard in the land, but it seldom attracted official investigation.

When a crowd of cow-boys came to town to "blow in their money," pandemonium broke loose. The dance-halls blazed all night unless temporarily darkened by some hilarious marksman's unerring aim.

A SANTA FÉ DANCE-HALL

THE usual dance-hall was a low adobe building, possibly one hundred feet long, with the

entire street front wide open. On the right of the entrance was located the bar. Along the left wall stood a row of gambling-tables with gaming devices from "rolling faro" and "high-ball poker" (two extremely popular games) to Mexican monte, a game in evidence in every resort in the Territory. The tables extended back from the entrance to the edge of the floor-space set apart for the dancers, and at the extreme end of the room was a crude vaudeville stage. What a travesty upon histrionic art was the miserable performance to be seen here! I heard a poor, painted, lost thing sing the "Holy City" in one of these dens, and while not a Christian young man, my soul sickened at the sacrilege and the pity of it.

These places were lighted brilliantly enough at night by rows of oil-lamps along the walls. At dark the music began, and a little later the dancing. Gambling never stopped. Mexican women, some of them very young, sat quietly waiting for an invitation to dance. There were a few American women, but the Mexicans predominated. One paid fifty cents for the privilege of dancing with a girl. The fee also entitled the couple to a drink at the bar at the conclusion of each dance, the woman being permitted to take a check, its equivalent, if she preferred. At midnight the crowd was largest and the revel reached flood-tide.

If no killing marred the evening, one might have looked upon a wonderful picture, which in all probability will be seen no more. The gambling-tables were crowded with "cappers" and whisky-heated players, whose operations were feverishly watched by a nondescript crowd of game-hungry humanity. Cow-boys, ranchmen, miners, teamsters, and soldiers lined the tables and staked their last dollar with a nonchalance worthy of a better cause. When a seat at the tables was vacated, it was instantly filled. Whisky was served free at the tables.

Beyond this intense scene was an animated picture. To the cracked music of a half-drunken Mexican band, gaily dressed girls were whirling in the figures of the Spanish quadrille. Their partners were men of all types representing untamed Western life. The prevailing style of dress was the wide hat, red silk neckerchief, blue flannel shirt, fringed leggings and moccasins, or plain overalls and high-heeled boots, with the inevitable cartridge-belt, revolver, and big spurs. A few of the men were dressed in corduroy or the regulation army blue. There were only two styles of hat worn

by the men, however otherwise dressed. They were the wide-brimmed, heavy, cone-shaped Mexican sombrero, and the large, soft, fine wool hat, either white (the favorite color) or black.

In the winter of 1880-81 there were many such resorts in Las Vegas and Santa Fé.

Once I saw one of these brilliant scenes vanish as quickly as if some one had cut off an electric wire. A dispute arose over a Mexican girl. The two contestants were trying to decide which merited the honor of the next dance. When the battle began, the roar of the revolvers was deafening, and in an incredibly short time all was darkness, except for the lightning flashes of the big 45's.

SHERIFF VERSUS DESPERADO.

THESE incidents of country and city life are particularly noted in order that the reader may get an intelligent grasp of the social conditions which made it possible for Billy the Kid to mark out for five years his career of crime, unmolested by law and order. It was these conditions which made it necessary, at last, to vest in one man the civil and military authority of the Territory in an effort to kill Billy the Kid and thus break up his gang. The man selected for this hazardous undertaking was Pat Garrett, who was chosen solely upon the understanding that he would kill or capture this desperado.

Garrett's election was the legal challenge from law to lawlessness. Without other preliminaries, personal quarrel, or malice, the contest was between the most dangerous law-breaker of the century and a cool-headed, clear-eyed, courageous, and resourceful man. It was to be a man-hunt to the death, and both men so accepted the coming struggle.

I met Pat Garrett at Las Vegas shortly after he became sheriff. He was a tall, spare man, with noticeably long legs and arms. He was a silent man, but nevertheless pleasant enough socially. Coolness, courage, and determination were written on his face.

Billy the Kid, on the other hand, was utterly reckless, relentless, and cruel. He was as quick as lightning with the revolver, and a dead shot. He was twenty-one years of age at the time of his death and had killed twenty-one men. He was supported by as desperate a gang of "killers" and thieves as were ever recorded in the annals of crime. This was the man Pat Garrett had pledged himself to deliver to the authorities dead or alive.

One day Garrett was missing from his usual

haunts. He had silently disappeared. The people knew that he was about to make his first move in this game of life and death, and the whole population of New Mexico awaited the issue in nervous suspense.

THE CAPTURE OF BILLY THE KID.

I WAS lounging on the veranda of the Grand View Hotel one afternoon when a man on a horse covered with foam galloped past. He shouted to Dr. Sutfin, the proprietor, as he rode by: "Garrett's got the Kid and three of the gang. He's bringing 'em in to Vegas."

In half an hour, Oldtown, usually peaceful and quiet in the afternoon, was seething with excitement.

The news of the capture of the Kid spread like a prairie fire. People began at once to line up on each side of the road by which Garrett would enter the town. As it terminated in the street in front of the Grand View, I merely moved my position from the veranda to the adobe fence which inclosed the yard.

The news was not generally believed. The capture of Billy the Kid alive was simply beyond belief. A rumor, however, was sufficient to turn the entire populace to curious expectancy.

It was a beautiful afternoon, and the elevation of the Grand View afforded a wide range of vision across the plains, stretching to the blue line of distant hills.

As the hours passed, the crowds began to grow more impatient and distrustful. All had become skeptical, when from our point of vantage we discerned a cloud of dust in the southwest. When the cause of it advanced close enough for the people to descry a wagon outfit accompanied by mounted men, a mighty shout went up. The good news was indeed true. Billy the Kid was a prisoner, and Pat Garrett was a hero.

As the wagon, pulled by four mules, approached, we saw four men sitting in the bed, two on a side, facing each other. The Kid, whom Dr. Sutfin had known in his cow-boy days and instantly recognized, was on the hotel side of the wagon, chained to a fierce-looking, dark-bearded man, who kept his slouch-hat pulled well down over his eyes, and who looked neither to the right nor to the left. This was the daring and dangerous Dave Rudabaugh, who, among many other crimes, had killed the Mexican jailer at Las Vegas a short time before, making good his escape along with the companions he released. He feared recognition, as well he might, for the

Mexican population thirsted for his blood. The other two prisoners were Pickett and Wilson, prominent members of the Kid's gang.

Billy the Kid was in a joyous mood. He was a short, slender, beardless young man. The marked peculiarity of his face was a pointed chin and a short upper lip which exposed the large front teeth and gave a chronic grin to his expression. He wore his hat pushed far back, and jocularly greeted the crowd. Recognizing Dr. Sutfin, he called: "Hello, doc! Thought I jes drop in an' see how you fellers in Vegas air behavin' yerselves."

Heavily armed deputies rode on each side of the wagon, with two bringing up the rear. Garrett rode in front. The large crowd evidently surprised and annoyed him. Fearing for the safety of Rudabaugh, he turned and gave a low order to the mule-driver, who instantly whipped up his team, and a run was made across the plaza to the jail.

Garrett heard enough during the next few hours to convince him that an attempt would be made to lynch Rudabaugh. He promptly increased his force to thirty men, who guarded the jail that night. In the meantime he planned to take the prisoners next day to Santa Fé for safe-keeping. Not a suspicion of this move was allowed to get out.

Just before train-time Garrett dressed the men in plain clothes. He waited until the train was due, and then placed the prisoners in a closed carriage and drove rapidly to the depot. He placed his men in the smoking-car, and but for the accident of a delayed north-bound train his ruse would have been entirely successful. Las Vegas was the meeting-point, and the south-bound train had received orders to side-track. The Kid was still chained to Rudabaugh, and as they brushed past me on the platform I had a good look at the wild animal, and met the gaze of a pair of round, cold gray eyes.

THE CAREER OF BILLY THE KID.

THERE were many conflicting stories about the origin of Billy the Kid. Dr. Sutfin maintained that Billy was a Chicago boot-black whose mind had become inflamed by reading dime novels. He arrived in New Mexico when sixteen years of age, and went to work on a cattle-ranch in Lincoln County. When the long and deadly cattle-men's war broke out he fought for his employer. His record

of killings began then. He was to receive five dollars per day for his services, but when the day of payment came a dispute arose between "the man behind the gun" and the man behind the cash. Billy quit ugly and dissatisfied. He swore he would get even. He became an outlaw. He ran off his former employer's cattle and killed his employees at sight. Soon he began to enlarge his operations. He gathered about him a band of reckless rough-riders and deadly pistol-shots, among whom Dave Rudabaugh was the chief and the Kid's right-hand man.

The deeds of murder, robbery, and fiendish deviltry accredited to Billy and his gang would fill a volume. His remarkable career developed only one chivalrous or generous impulse. For some inscrutable reason he gave liberally to the poor out of his murderous levies, and consequently many grateful blessings followed the little fiend as he rode from the doors of squalor, poverty, and distress. He had no other redeeming quality, unless his attachment to a Mexican girl could be so considered. His pastime, his greatest amusement and delight, was the taking of human life. The name of this youthful "killer" carried such terror into the homes of the Southwest that not a man could be induced to discuss his crimes. When a stranger introduced the subject, the host would look furtively around, and say: "Oh, Billy's all right. There are worse men than Billy. He's kind-hearted enough." Then the subject was hurriedly dropped.

The story of Billy's capture is that Garrett and his posse of carefully selected deputies, aided by a light fall of snow, tracked the Kid and his party to a lonely ranch and surrounded them. The order was to shoot the Kid dead on sight, and a young man who resembled him, coming to the door, was mistaken for Billy and instantly killed. This deplorable mistake gave the besieged knowledge of the situation. They were fairly caught. Garrett's men were all under cover commanding the only exit from the house. The Kid wanted to fight it out. He swore that he would rather be killed than taken. He raved, stormed, and cursed his men. Rudabaugh held out the hope of escape to him, and thus persuaded him to give up. Making known their desire to surrender, Garrett ordered them to leave their arms in the house and to step out one at a time with hands up. This was done, the men were shackled, and the homeward march began. Garrett had achieved the impossible.

FIGHTING A MOB.

Now this cruel, slender, boyish-looking man sat in the smoker of the south-bound train, handcuffed to Rudabaugh and chained to the seat. When the train backed in on the siding, I and a companion started back to the hotel. We had gone only a few yards when we heard men shouting, and soon met crowds of Mexicans armed with Winchesters running in our direction. It flashed upon me at once that Garrett's move was known, and that a mob was coming to take Rudabaugh.

Opposite the side-track on which the passenger-train stood, and only fifty feet away, was another siding holding several empty freight-cars. I suggested to my friend that we occupy the top of one of the cars. We could not have selected a better place. Our position commanded an excellent view of the interior of the smoker, and we could observe every movement of its occupants.

The moment Garrett was informed of the approaching danger, he requested the passengers to leave the train and seek a place of safety, which advice they were not slow to follow. Fearing that Rudabaugh might be shot from the outside, he unchained him from the Kid and moved him across the aisle, pulling down the lattice-shade. Walking up and down the car from door to door, his Winchester across his arm, Garrett calmly awaited developments.

We could see Rudabaugh through the window at which the Kid still sat, but he was not visible to those standing on the ground. He leaned back against the window-shade, quietly puffing a cigar. He did not appear to be disturbed by the thought that his life hung in the balance, and that a horrible death awaited him should the mob succeed in its purpose. His expression was that of a man absolutely indifferent to his fate.

The mob arrived and assembled between the freight-cars and the passenger-train. Two men with Winchesters were stationed at the engine. The leaders, three in number, mounted the steps of the smoker and demanded admittance. This was promptly refused, and the men were ordered off the car. They came back to the main body and demanded the prisoner Rudabaugh.

"I have reason to believe that these prisoners are not safe here," replied Garrett, "and I am taking them to Santa Fé, where they can be more securely guarded."

This explanation failed to satisfy the crowd.

"Take the other prisoner to Santa Fé," replied their spokesman, "but give Rudabaugh to us. His crime was committed here against one of our own people, and you have no right to remove him."

Slowly Garrett replied: "I have risked my life to bring these men to justice alive, and I will risk it again to protect them, for this is my sworn duty. I solemnly warn you that an attempt to take them from me will fail, unless you kill me first."

During this exciting colloquy, Billy the Kid, with his head thrust out of the window, was an amused listener. Unable to restrain himself, he began in rapid Greaser Spanish to tell the crowd what he thought of them, and judging from the interpretation of my friend, his regard for them and their forebears was not of a complimentary kind. He turned rapidly to Garrett, and said: "Pat, take these things off [holding up his manacled hands], give me a couple of guns, and turn me loose in that crowd of Greasers. If you will do that I'll walk right back in here and hold out my hands for the bracelets."

Wise old Garrett said nothing, but shook his head.

The spokesmen of the Mexicans, after considerable discussion among themselves, changed the form of their demand. They wanted Rudabaugh returned to the Las Vegas jail.

Garrett refused to yield the point.

Then there was a cry of rage. Some one yelled "Look out!" and there was instantly a hurried scattering of the mob.

The Mexicans hastily sought cover. They dropped behind piles of cross-ties, the trucks of the freight-cars, and other shelter, and then the ugly muzzles of guns covered the smoking-car from all directions.

We thought the battle was squarely on, and quickly flattened ourselves on the top of the car, expecting every minute to hear the roar of guns; but seconds passed, and not a shot disturbed the stillness. Venturing a look into the car, we saw Garrett, his face pale but sternly set, his hand upon the lever of his rifle, waiting grimly the first shot. Rudabaugh had not moved his position, but was chewing viciously at the stump of his cigar. The Kid, still begging Garrett to turn him loose temporarily, seemed perfectly wild to get actively into the excitement. He

was in his element, but for the first time in his life his hands were tied, and the novelty of the situation galled him.

Gradually the Mexicans came out and assembled for another parley. Twice more was this stirring scene repeated.

Garrett began to weary, and at last declared that at the first shot he would arm the prisoners. This settled it. A compromise was quickly arranged. Garrett proposed that two citizens, representing the Mexicans of Las Vegas, accompany him to see that he turned the prisoners over to the proper authorities at Santa Fé.

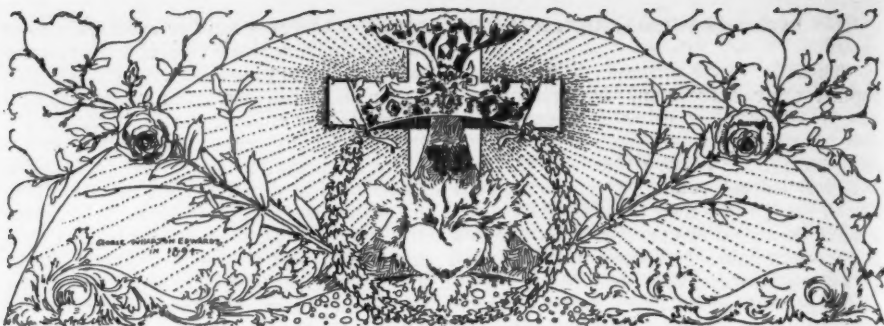
Amid the cheers of belated passengers and white spectators, the train, held up for an hour, pulled out from the station. The coolness, nerve, and resource of Pat Garrett had saved the day.

Governor Wallace's threat to use the military power to end the Lincoln County War and to break up the Kid's gang did not in the least disturb the murderous robbers. They were too well aware of the military situation at the time. The truth was that the soldiers had their hands full during the winter of 1880-81 keeping Victorio and his marauding bands of Mescalero Apaches under some sort of surveillance. The Kid, knowing this, laughed derisively at the governor's threats, and rejected contemptuously his offers of personal pardon.

I saw Billy the Kid twice after the Las Vegas incident. The first time was during his incarceration at Santa Fé. He was hobbling about the open court of the jail, his ankles heavily ironed. The second time he was on the train being conveyed back to Lincoln County, the scene of his gravest crimes.

The treacherous murder of his two white jailers at Lincoln, his dramatic escape, and finally his death at the hands of Pat Garrett, which occurred at Maxwell's ranch, near Las Cruces, has been graphically told by a writer in a recent magazine.

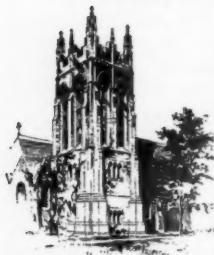
His death was the signal for rejoicing throughout the Territory. To only one living soul in all the world did Garrett's fatal bullet carry sorrow that moonlit night on the Bonito: the poor Mexican girl, his faithful sweetheart, to see whom for the last time he risked and forfeited his life, alone mourned him. He died as he had lived, a wild, untamable, remorseless human fiend. With him passed the old order of things. The reign of the revolver in New Mexico was over forever.



AN APOSTLE TO THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

HENRY BENJAMIN WHIPPLE, BISHOP OF MINNESOTA.

BY THE REV. H. P. NICHOLS.



THE CATHEDRAL OF OUR MERCIFUL SAVIOUR, BENEATH THE ALTAR OF WHICH THE BISHOP IS BURIED.

at ease whether in a frontier camp or in Lambeth Palace, this typical American, when made a bishop, became, by the force of his personality, a bishop of the church universal.

So we of Minnesota were proud to regard him, a gift to the problems of the nation and of the world. A frontier bishop became a world bishop—the sort of character America trains. Abraham Lincoln, in his work, was another such.

A typical American bishop should be in his public action fearless and comprehensive, in his private character adaptive and light-hearted. These four notes were clear marks of Bishop Whipple: courage to stand before kings, to plead his cause before the American Congress; breadth, that counted no worker for good to be outside his fellowship, no duty too difficult to be faced; adaptiveness, which placed him at ease wherever he found himself, always master of circumstances, always winning the spiritual out of the sordid; light-heartedness, which is a mark of nearly every successful American

—Lincoln the ruler, Beecher the orator, Whipple the minister.

No one who ever saw Bishop Whipple could forget his presence, could fail to recognize him as a born king. Tall, slender, erect with the splendid carriage of his Indian friends, his complexion bronzed from exposure and service, his features clear-cut, his eye penetrating, his hair, descending over his shoulders, as long and straight as that of an aboriginal patriarch, and always covered in recent years with a purple skull-cap, he used to come striding through the deep chancel of his cathedral, and down the broad aisle of the larger cathedral of the world, commanding attention, respect, and reverence.

The undergraduates of Oxford and Cambridge are keen to discover a man, and have the right word ready at hand to greet him. In due course our typical American bishop received honorary degrees from both universities. As he marched up to the front of the university theater at Cambridge, clad in the conventional scarlet gown, the cry of the delighted undergraduates in the gallery, according to the story current among us, was: "Here comes the wild red man from the West!"

Bishop Whipple himself records that "the boys cheered me like mad," and that the wild Ojibways, on his return, garbed as doctor of laws, hailed him rapturously as "Kichime-kade-wi-con-aye" ("Heap chief").

The mile-stones in the bishop's life are few. His greatness lies in the way he trod those

miles. Born in Jefferson County, New York, in 1822, he was educated at Oberlin, and engaged for a short time in business. Ordained to the ministry in 1850, he served for seven years as rector of Zion Church, Rome, New York, and for two years at the Church of the Holy Communion, Chicago. In 1859, still a man wholly unknown to the church at large, he was chosen bishop of the newly set off diocese of Minnesota. The forty-two years of his episcopate are the arena of his struggle and his fame.

We will look at those years in the light of the characteristics already mentioned.

His courage was preëminently shown in his attitude toward the Indians. He was the Indians' bishop from the first. His dignity, his reserve, the humor lurking behind the sober mien, his truthfulness and stanch loyalty,—they lovingly dubbed him "Straight Tongue,"—put him at once in touch with the Indian nature. Add to this his sense of justice, a dominant characteristic, and it was natural that the Indian problem should be almost the first problem faced on his coming to Minnesota as its bishop. Facing the problem, he fearlessly faced the Indians' enemies and their more discouraging lukewarm friends. He had to convert both the House of Bishops and Congress. He lived to see his conception of what was due the Indian, and of what the Indian was capable of, in a large measure successful.

How we loved to hear him, in public and private, talk of the Indian: now a quaint story of Indian stolidity, of unsuspected humor; now a touching tale of personal loyalty and Christian faith; now a striking record of how the Christian Indian Andrew Good Thunder (Wa-kin-yan-was-te) saved the American settlements at the time of the Sioux outbreak in 1862.

Bishop Whipple believed in the Indian; he believed all the good stories he told of him, he compelled a like belief in his unwilling brother bishops, in the prejudiced, even hostile clergy and laity and citizens of Minnesota.

The Christian Indians came to be a recognized and welcome feature of a church council. Their presence to-day, still frequently in their blanket garb, is a picturesque reminder, in prosperous St. Paul and Minneapolis, in commercial Duluth and in educational Faribault, of the former masters and recent civilization of those proud cities.

Enmegahbowh, baptized John Johnson, is a name familiar in missionary circles through-

out the whole American church. He was an early convert, a stanch friend of the bishop, and his companion on many arduous journeys. He is still living, the rector emeritus of St. Columba, White Earth.

Mad-wa-gon-a-wint, whom, while still a wild Indian, the bishop won over as a friend on one of his official visits, stands forth as a very noble type of character. After the acquaintance thus formed, which was at first a political one, he walked one hundred and fifty miles to interest Bishop Whipple in wrongs done him and his people by the government, and Bishop Whipple traveled all the way to Washington on the business thus committed to him. His interviews with the authorities reveal the man.

"I spent two weeks pleading for these Indians, and failed. I went to the Indian Office, and said to the commissioner: 'I came here as an honest man, to put you in possession of facts to save another outbreak. Had I whistled against the north wind I should have done as much good. I am going home, and when you next hear from me it will be through the public press.' The next day the commissioner waited upon ex-Senator Rice, and said: 'I do not want a fight with Bishop Whipple. What does he want? If it is money for an Indian school, we will help him.' Mr. Rice laughed, and answered: 'You don't know Bishop Whipple; I do. All that he wants is *justice* for these Indians, and he will have it. If he has made accusations, you may be sure that he possesses the proofs.' The treaty was made that day, but only after one of the severest personal conflicts that I have had in my life.

"From that time Mad-wa-gon-a-wint was my devoted friend, and the next year he visited me at my home. We had long conversations upon religion, and finally he said to me: 'I want your religion for my people. I can see it; it is good. I like it for two reasons: I hear that when you plant a mission you *stay*. You are patient, and make the *trail plain*.' We planted a mission at his home, Red Lake, and called it St. Antipas. In the Book of Revelation it speaks of 'my faithful martyr Antipas, . . . where Satan dwelleth.' Mad-wa-gon-a-wint became, from the first, a regular attendant upon public worship. After due instruction he was baptized and confirmed, and from that time to the day of his death he faithfully kept the 'praying-day,' and sought to lead his people to the Saviour."

With such friends among the Indians, little wonder that the bishop thought them

safer frontier companions than the whites. He was telling me, within a month of his death, of a band of Christian Indians traveling in his company and leaving their baggage unprotected while they went off on a side hunt. "How do you dare leave your possessions without a guard?" he asked. "Safe enough," grunted his friends, sentimentously; "no white man within eight miles."

He was a welcome advocate of his cause and truth everywhere, as a preacher in great English churches, as a guest in great English homes. He was presented to Queen Victoria, and among the trophies in his spacious Faribault library are her picture, her autograph, and a presentation copy of "My Life in the Highlands."

It was a pleasure to hear Bishop Whipple present the cause of missions and preach his missionary sermon. His familiarity with the whole missionary story, his own personal experience in difficult frontier and savage fields, his splendid memory of persons and details, his gift at picking out telling facts and putting them in captivating fashion,—all these qualities set on fire by a glowing love for man,—made a sermon of which an audience could not tire. He marshaled the facts and arguments for missions in a way to compel assent. Of their truth and power his own story and his place in the church and nation were themselves the best witnesses.

All this greatness seemed to come naturally to him. He was the same simple, unconscious, direct man in it all. At a church club in St. Paul, speaking on some question of American church polity, he enforced his point by saying: "I received yesterday a letter from Mr. Gladstone which has something to say on this subject that may interest you." Drawing the letter from his right-hand pocket, and reading the passage, he added: "And, last week, in writing me on another matter, the Archbishop of Canterbury gave his opinion of this question in these words," whereupon he drew another letter from his left-hand pocket. All this as if letters from Gladstone and the Archbishop of Canterbury were in the pockets of every member of the club.

His was the courage of prevision that saw great results afar from infinitesimal beginnings. A boys' school, a girls' school, a divinity school, a cathedral crowning the heights above the prosperous city of Faribault, themselves precursors and models for splendid State institutions on the same

heights, have made, in forty years, Bishop Whipple's cathedral city world-famous as an educational center.

Akin to his courage, and its bulwark, was his breadth.

THE bishop was a broad churchman in the best sense; that is, in no partizan way. He was by tradition and temperament an old-fashioned and strict churchman. He loved a stately ceremonial for its picturesqueness, though he never let dignity yield to display. But he valued Christian faith and Christian service above all doctrinal definition or ecclesiastical usage. Again and again he said: "I love all who love my Master and Saviour. I love all whom he loves." This love he put into practice. He welcomed to his diocese churchmen of every type, so long as they were earnest in the Master's work. He never refused to speak where his voice might do good for the cause of Christ. He was not merely the bishop of the Episcopal Church in Minnesota: he was the bishop of the State of Minnesota. The Episcopal Church is respected throughout Minnesota, in all its hamlets, even where other denominations have the entire field, as perhaps in no other State of the Union, because of Bishop Whipple's broad Christianity.

The bishop's hosts on his early episcopal journeys were pioneer men who knew nothing of the church, but who welcomed strangers and who encouraged all efforts to set forward their new communities.

Detained at an inn by a four days' freshet, holding service every evening in the school-house, he called for his bill when at last able to get away, and was reproachfully answered by the landlord: "Bishop, I am a wicked man, but I have n't come to that."

A SUCCESSFUL pioneer bishop must be able to adapt himself. He must be equal to any emergency, alike serenely master of all.

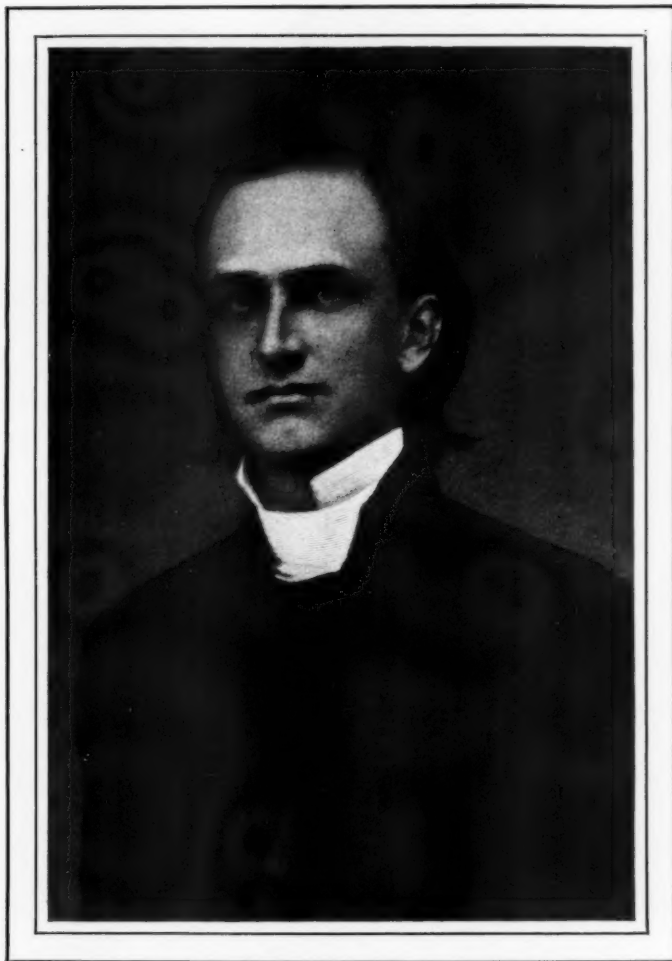
His early promise was in other lines than ecclesiastical. Thurlow Weed said of him, when he became a candidate for holy orders, that he hoped a good politician had not been spoiled to make a poor preacher. His early political friendships served him in good stead in his struggles to secure justice for the Indians.

A "good politician" he remained always, adding the serpent's wisdom to the dove's gentleness.

When called to take up the new mission of the Holy Communion, Chicago, he found busy railway-yards close to his chapel. He

asked the chief engineer how to reach railway operatives. "Read Lardner's 'Railway Economy' until you are able to ask a question of an engineer and he not think you a fool." So instructed, he dropped in, one

The bishop was just the man for a new country—its stage-coach travel, its rough sleeping-places, its wind-swept prairies, its enterprising people. Hardships were his daily portion, and he counted it joy to meet



ENLARGED FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN PARIS IN 1865. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

BISHOP WHIPPLE IN 1865.

day, on a group cleaning an engine, and ventured a question: "Which do you like the better, inside or outside connections?" A torrent of discussion followed on connections, steam-heaters, exhausts; and at the end of a half-hour he remarked, in leaving: "Boys, I have a free church in Metropolitan Hall, where I should be glad to see you." The next Sunday every man was there.

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them. Unloose his tongue on the subject of Bashaw, his horse, own cousin to the celebrated Patchen, and there was no binding it till we heard how that horse saved his life, on lost tracks, in prairie blizzards, and forgot the trials in the glory of the achievement.

BUT through all his life his one shining mark was light-heartedness.



DRAWN BY GEORGE T. TOBIN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RUSSELL AND SONS, LONDON.

HENRY BENJAMIN WHIPPLE, P. E. BISHOP OF MINNESOTA.

The bishop's conversation on a visit made the visit an epoch. There was never one commonplace topic, thought, or word. Great and widely related themes were lighted up by a fund of anecdote, a sparkling wit, a kindling eye, a personality wholly possessed by the theme in hand. His stories are hard to reproduce. They should be heard from his lips—heard with laughter melting into

In everything, anecdote or sermon, private conversation or public mission, Bishop Whipple made the one impression, that he was a man of God, serving his generation with every grace and gift as a messenger of his Heavenly Father.

He was buried the day after President McKinley's mighty funeral. The same solemn vestings served for both. The same



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. B. ANDERSON.
HENRY WHIPPLE ST. CLAIR,
A FULL-BLOODED SIOUX.

tears, as humor went hand in hand with pathos, as an appeal to the conscience followed swiftly on some mirthful narrative.

An old couple, hosts to the bishop on his wanderings, were very dear to us hearers. The old man had been on a lake steamer in a storm when "she ran ag'in" a rock and punched a hole in her bottom."

"And what did you do?" asked the bishop. "I went to dippin' water," was the answer. "I thought God would think just as much of me if I was dippin' water to save those miserable critters as if I was a-whinin' and a-snivelin' over my sins." Very late in life he became convinced of his Christian duty, and met the bishop with, "It's all there, plain as print, and the old woman and me are goin' to be baptized." Coming forward for the rite, his rheumatism made kneeling difficult. He looked up with this remark: "Bishop, I put it off too long; I ought to have done it when my knees were limberer."



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY R. E. GRANTHAM.
THE REV. J. J. ENMEGAHBOWH.

Traveled from the White Earth Reservation to be present at the last great service, although he is so afflicted with rheumatism that every step is torture.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY R. E. GRANTHAM.
THE REV. FREDERICK LAUTH
A FULL-BLOODED CHIPPEWA.

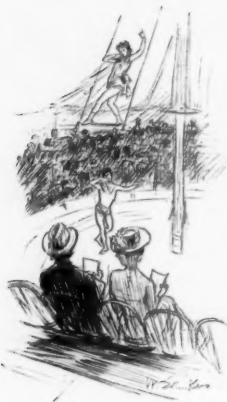
burial service that had been said for the President in countless churches in the land was said for the bishop in the Cathedral of Our Merciful Saviour, Faribault. It was impressive, but it was simple. All business stopped. Cities sent special trains. Schools gave a chorus and a guard of honor. Eight bishops mourned their brother. Most appropriate

was the company of Indians from two tribes, lamenting "Straight Tongue." Inside the cathedral the hymn "Asleep in Jesus" was sung by the Sioux in the Dakota tongue. At the great west door the funeral procession paused in the presence of the multitude thronging the square for whom admission to the cathedral had been impossible, while the Chippewas from his loved White Earth sang in their own tongue "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," and Bishop Tuttle of Missouri led in the Lord's Prayer, and offered the supplications of the people in language of his own choosing.

DE CIRQUE AT OL' STE. ANNE.

BY WALLACE BRUCE AMSBARY.

IN the early fifties, Father Chiniquy, a Jesuit priest of Montreal, with a colony of fifteen hundred French Canadians, settled in Bourbonnais Grove, Kankakee County, Illinois. Here, on the broad prairie, where the land was low and the soil thick, with a promise of faithful crops, the colony grew and prospered, and showed vitality until the leader and a number of his followers seceded from the Church of Rome. They are industrious, simple, and religious, and as they retain the language and traditions of their fathers, assimilation with their American neighbors has been slow. It is estimated that the colony now numbers about five thousand. The village of Ste. Anne, in the vicinity of which these people dwell, is sixty miles south of Chicago.—W. B. A.



I.

I 'M ride ovèr from Papineau, première-classe cirque for see,
Dat 's advertise for come Ste. Anne an' mak' some fun vid me.
I 'm tak' along my Julie gairl, I 'm get her on de vay;
Ve 're off for have une jolie tam, a full all holiday.

II.

Ve see de anamal so vil'—grand lion in de cage
He 's valk it up an' down aroun' lak he vas in a rage;
Regardez monkey an' jiarafe vit neck so long an' slim
You 's almos' need a telephone to say "hello" at him.

III.

I 'm buy pop-corn, also peanut, donnay to my Julie;
Ve 's eat it all togedder up. Oh, my, ve have une spree!
Nex' t'ing ve sat in hippidrome, in deux grand reserve seat—
I 'm pay ten cent extray for dem; for view dey can't be beat.

IV.

So mooch for see dat 's goin' on, I 'm get all mix up yet;
It 's all so good I can't mak' out jus' where my eyes for set.





Beeg man vas up on high trapise, an' pretty lady—oo!
She 's hang by teeth an' hair; by gar, t'row kisses at you, too!

V.

An' ven my eyes light on dat gairl, Julie vas got jellous,
She 's mak' de lips go poutin', so, vid rage she 's nearly bus';
An' den I tak' her sof' white han' an' hol' it gentle, so,
An' try to feex it up all hright, but fin' it quite hard go.

VI.

Julie vas feel mooch better ven dat lady 's go away,
An' laugh vid me at funny clown, at all de t'ings he say.
Mos' excentrique, come elephan', stand right out on his head,
An' den he lay upon de groun' preten' dat she is dead.

VII.

De acrobat he 's tumble roun' all ovèr de whole place;
De ring man shout an' crack his whip at horses in de race.
Den ve take in de concert grand, an' like dat might' vel,
too,
An' when ve see de peoples go, ve know dat show vas t'roo.

VIII.

An' when I 'm takin' Julie home—dat night de moon vas
shine—
I 'm mak' it to her mighty plain, I 'm ax her for be mine;
But Julie say she very 'fraid I 'm love Ma'm'selle Trapise,
Because she grand an' t'row de kiss (I 'm no like Julie
tease).



IX.

An' so I up an' tole her dat I love jus' her onlee.
 Her cheeks dey blush de color rouge, her eyes flash lak de sea,
 Her lips vas lak de grand sunset, I can no long' keep 'vay—
 I 'm mak' de smack right on de spot. Oh, vat a holiday!

X.

I 'm mak' de marry quite ver' soon, an' now you understan'
 Pourquoi I take my Julie gairl pour cirque at ol' Ste. Anne.



THE STRIKE ON THE SCHLAFEPLATZ RAILROAD.

BY JOHN LUTHER LONG,

Author of "Madame Butterfly," "The Prince of Illusion," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY FRANK VERBECK.

I.

C H U F F

"MY mem'ry works while I sleep," laughed Hannikin Chuff, as he rose.

That of his daughter did not. He tapped on her door as he passed. She murmured sleepily within.

"Sleep yit?" he asked, laughing.

"Ye-es."

"Well—you nefer mind. I'll git it myself."

He referred to his breakfast.

But before he returned from the spring she had the fire going.

"Oh, t'at 's bully!" laughed Hannikin Chuff. "Sought you 'd forgot. *My* mem'ry works while I sleep. Now I kin saw wood."

This he did.

After breakfast Chuff sawed more wood—for his engine. That is why he had risen an

hour earlier. He did not saw wood every day. He filled the tender from the pile he had made, and always kept, in his forehanded fashion, then pumped the boiler full and the cistern empty. When the fire got going he stood off and looked at his engine.

"Guess I'll clean her—a little," he said, though she really did not need it.

There were four brass hoops about the boiler, which he kept ineffably



"SLEEP YIT?"

bright. The one about the top of the stack he brought a ladder to reach. He set the safety-valve at eighty-five pounds, and opened the ticket-office. Then he filled the tin basin with water from the cock in the tender, and washed, and combed his hair. Finally he



"CHUFF SAWED MORE WOOD."

took off the jeans which belonged to the engineership, and put on a blue cap marked "Ticket-agent."

Presently there were three passengers, a woman with an enormous waist and a basket of apples first.

"Morning," greeted Chuff, busily.

"Ticket!" she puffed into the small window.

"One way?"

"Well, I want to come back."

Chuff cut her uncertainty in two:

"Excursion."

He wrote the date on the ticket, and kept his hand on it guardedly.

"What 's the price?" sighed the fat woman, emptying a netted purse on the sill.

"Sirty-two cents."

"No change yit?"

"No."

"Eggs is down."

"Tickets ain't."

"It 's soon time," said the woman.

"T'ey been t'e same for sirty-sefen year," said Chuff, irrelevantly.

The next was a Dunkard with hair parted in the middle and trimmed straight across. He put a tin ear-trumpet into the window.

"What did you charge her?" he whispered hugely.

"Sirty-two cents."

"What kin I git a ticket for?"

"Sirty-two cents."

"But—t'at 's t'e same!"

"T'is is a one-price railroad," said Chuff.

"Iss it alwayss sirty-two cents?"

"Forefer."

"An' alwayss will be, I expect," complained the Dunkard.

"I expect."

"I 'fe heered 'at some people rides free?"

"Directors an' employees."

"T'ey call it—"

Chuff helped him:

"Dead-head."

He counted out an unwilling thirty-two cents.

"I sought account I was a kind a relative I could also be a deceased-head."

"My Sis pays her fare efery time."

The Dunkard turned hopelessly away.

"An' helps at t'e ingine yit," Chuff flung after him cumulatively.

II.

CHILL

THE plain young man said:

"Schlafepplatz and return."

He put down the exact change, then stood with his hand on his hip haughtily.

Chuff gave him his ticket without a word.

"Check for my baggage, please."

Chuff put on a cap marked "Baggage-agent," and gave him his check. His baggage was a green canvas suit-case. Chuff

closed the ticket-office and swung the case rudely into the baggage-compartment of the passenger-car. The tin clock showed the time to be eleven minutes past seven. Schedule time was 7:14 A.M. He looked at his watch. Sometimes the two varied. They agreed today. He had set them the night before. The safety-valve was blowing gently. He put in a stick of wood and closed the valve. He went over the tender to the baggage-compartment, where he got a cap marked "Conductor." He stepped down to the platform.

"All aboard!" he shouted superfluously.

There was some jockeying before Chuff got his engine off and steadied down to her gait. Then he tied the lever with a twine, and collected the tickets.



"COMBED HIS HAIR."

"Ain't you going fearful fast?" asked the woman with the apples.

"Why, no, Mrs. Gull," said Chuff, with secret pride; "only 'bout sefen miles a' hour."

"Most as fast as a horse!"

Chuff laughed.

"Oach! A horse kin do fourteen. I 'fe run her t'at fast, though, when she wass young—an' I wass."

"Fast as a horse?"

This was hard for Mrs. Gull to believe.

"Why, some ingines kin go as fast as two horses!"—Chuff's cunning way of saying that they could go twice as fast.

"Heth Chill"—she looked fearfully around, and saw that Chill was at the rear of the car (he was the young man with the green suit-case)—"says he kin run a' ingine."

"He can't run t'is one."

"Why?"

"I growed up wiss her. I know all her works—chust like I know my own. She would n't mofe for him. No more 'n I would! She knows me, an' I know her. Chill! Gosh-a-mighty! He don't know a squirting-walve from a windmill! Chill! He worked in a' ingine-shop in Schlafepplatz for sree days or so, an' now he sinks he knows t'is ingine I growed up wiss! Chill! Did you see his tam' little green trunk? An' he yit wants a check! You might as well git a check for you' apples. She 's about a sousand yearss old. So am I. She gits rheumatism in her connecting-rods. So do I. She gits mad an' plays sunder wiss sings sometimes—like me. Also she gits balky an' won't go. So do I. She 's



"TAM' LITTLE GREEN TRUNK."



"SCHLAFEPLATZ AND RETURN."

held toget'er mostly wiss strings an' wire—like me. Yit—she an' me 's been friends efer since. She knows me t'e minute I come about. An' you kin chust bet 'at I know her. Heth Chill! She would n't mofe a' inch for him! I bet a doller she 'd bust on him."

"Some day mebbe she 'll bust on you," sighed the woman, ominously. "I 'm always afeard."

Proud as Chuff was that his reckless courage should make her fear, he yet comforted her gaily.

"You sink she 'd hurt me! Look-a-yere;

as long as I run t'at ingine you safe. She an' me air friends. Some day she 'll play out, I expect. But so will I. Don't you worry. I got strings an' wires enough to make her last as long as I do. When she plays out she 'll chust stop."

"An' I got to walk home?"

"Chust so."

"After paying my fare?"

"Well—if you 'd rat'er be blowed up—Say,"—now Chuff was serious,—"*she* would n't hurt *no* one if she would blow up. She 'd jist bust t'e strings an' wires, an' separate."

Chuff reached the Dunkard by luffing.

III.

F L I C K E R

A RED cow sans horns was grazing at the side of the road-bed. She looked up at the train familiarly.

"Flicker," said Chuff, affectionately.

"Yes; nossing like pastur' airly for cows," remarked the deaf Dunkard.

"No!" shouted Chuff.

"She 's fat."

"As butter."

"How much?"

"Twelve pounds a week."

It was always easier to join the deaf man's misunderstanding than to correct him.

The Dunkard took out his pencil and figured.

"Sree sixty a week!" (Three thirty-two was the correct arithmetic.) "You 'll be rich next you know."

He looked out of the window.



"SHE LOOKED UP AT THE TRAIN FAMILIARLY."

"An' you git more hay t'an you kin feed, I hear."

"Ten tons more."

The Dunkard figured again.

"Hunderd an' twenty dollers a year." It was only a hundred and two.

"Yes."

"Goshens!"

"Goot hay, too. I don't squirt no steam on t'e grass."

"T'e railroad 's a goot sing for you."

"Yes. I got a farm two an' a half mile long an' sirty-sree feet wide!"

The railroad man looked proudly at the haycocks dotting the roadway.

"An' it don' cost you nossing to haul it."

"Not a cent."

He added:

"An' I cut it by moonlight."

"Blinsinger 's kicking up a fuss, too. Says you 're t'e only man 'at 's making any money out of t'e road."

At this Chuff only laughed.

"Well, t'ey kin

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pay me a selery an' take t'e hay," he said, laughing recklessly.

The Dunkard, whose name was Eberhard Drouse, now asked:

"How kin a' ingine run itself, while you an' me wisit?"

"Well, she can't. Chust she an' me we understand one anot'er. She does what I want. An' she 's tied wiss a string."

The engine gave a sigh.

"What 's t'at?"

Chuff said he did n't know, but he did. He hastened to get Chill's ticket. Chill pretended to have mislaid it. Chuff stood stoically by. The engine sighed again. Then there was one long, hopeless sigh, and she stopped. Still Chill searched for his ticket. The train began slowly to run backward down the grade.

"Gife up your ticket," shouted Chuff, "or I 'll pitch you off!"

Chill suddenly gave it up.

"Mebbe t'e string slipped," said the Dunkard, in fear, as Chuff flashed past him.

Then, in panic, he hurried back to Chill, whom he thought uncannily wise.

He put one end of his trumpet at his mouth and the other into Chill's ear.

"What 's t'e matter?" he shouted.

Chill shied and gently reversed the machine.

"Nothing," he said, in the proper end.

The Dunkard kept the trumpet in his own ear now, but hovering perilously about Chill's face.



"AN' I CUT IT BY MOONLIGHT."

"Ain't we going packvard?" he asked.
 "Yes," said Chill.
 "T'at 's not nossing!"
 "Pretty near it. Maybe it 's a little less."
 "I got a mind to chump off!"
 "Don't jump," said Chill; "walk."



"WHAT 'S T'E MATTER?"

"It 's no danger?"
 Chill laughed odiously.
 "She runs better backward than forward."
 "Young man," said the Dunkard, "do not scoff vhen danger is nigh."

The thick-waisted woman was standing in the aisle, listening for their wise conclusion of the matter, ready to fly if the Dunkard should. She had forgotten her apples.

BUT Chuff had put on the hand-brake and stopped the train. Then he got off and worked for a while at the right piston with a monkey-wrench. Presently the sighing of the escaping steam ceased. The train moved forward.

"I 'll show Chill a sing or two," said Chuff. "I 'll make up efery minute of t'at time."

Not on that up grade, but on the next, the down grade. The momentum of the train was frightful, its rocking perilous.

The Dunkard again became panicky.

Again the thick-waisted woman stood in the aisle, ready to follow him.

"Gosh!" gibed Chill. "He must be making ten—"

"Ten!" gasped the Dunkard.

"Ten miles."

"Ten miles?" cried the woman, in vague horror.

"An hour! Don't you know *anything*? Never mind. It won't be for long. She 'll be off the track in a minute."

"Off t'e track!"

The two other passengers cried it together. The Dunkard hurried to his seat, as if safety were there. He held on desperately with hands and feet. The thick-waisted passenger did precisely the same thing in the seat just behind him.

But nothing immediately happened.

"It won't hurt," shouted Chill. "She does it nearly every day. She 's a lobster."

They did not understand this. The Dunkard chided Chill in a shrill, tragic voice, without looking round at him:

"Young man, you shall mend your vay. I haf trafeled ofer t'e railroad afore, an' she has not gone off t'e track."

To show his faith in Chuff and his engine and himself, he relaxed his hold. The woman did likewise.

"She always does when I travel on her," said Chill, with melancholy.

"It iss a varning unto you, young man. Mend your vay."

"Chuff 'd better mend his. But, when he does, it 's on Sunday. That 's what 's doing it—"

At that moment the engine left the rails. Chill laughed. The Dunkard flew into the seat in front. The apples from the fat woman's basket rolled suddenly forward, then backward, along the aisle. She had heavily subsided to the floor.

"If he did n't hate me so I 'd go out and help to get her on," mused Chill.

"Why does he hate you?" asked the Dunkard, rearranging his long hair. "You haf told t'e truth. It does not hurt." The woman remained safely on the floor.

"Because I know more about his old lobster than he does."

"Twice you haf spoke t'at strange word. I understand it to be a fish. By what similitude do you liken Mr. Chuff's unhappy ingine unto it? Explain these."

"Oh, she 's a lobster—that 's all. You see, when I 'm aboard Chuff tries to show off. Then his old crab slips, and he 's got to

get out an' put her on. That 's not so hard, though. She never runs a foot after she goes off. She only weighs a ton or so. I could get her on with a fence-rail. Some day she 'll fall apart. She's a lobster, you see."

But even then the Dunkard did not see.

Chill was looking out of the window at Chuff. He had got the hand-jacks out of the cab, and was putting the engine on the track with the skill of long experience.

"If he does get her off he can get her on, too," said Chill, with unwilling admiration.

THE train reached Schlafepplatz without further incident, and in the evening, at 6:46, it started back to Strasburg, reaching there as usual. The distance was two and a half miles.

IV.

ERMENSTRUDE

THIS was on the 30th of June. On the Fourth of July Chuff had his daughter for a passenger. And again the melancholy Hetherington Chill bought a ticket. He raised his hat surlily to the girl, and then turned his back on her.

"I'm sorry," said Chuff to his daughter, "that you 'fe got to haf him for company—" "Company!" gasped his daughter.

Chuff laughed hugely.

"Oach! I don' mean for no beau,"—he grinned at the absurdity of it,— "chust on t'e train. But he always sets on t'e hind seat, an' you kin set on t'e front, an' he won't bot'er you—it 'll be sirty-sree feet between yous—chust—chust—he 'll see t'e back of you' head." He laughed, and then looked at it himself. "Yit—t'at's wort' looking at—not so, Sis?"

He got Chill's ticket, —which the young man surrendered promptly, to Chuff's disappointment,—and then, as he passed on to his engine, said to his daughter:

"He 's a sundering—sing! Ain't he, Sis?"

"Yes," faintly whispered his daughter.

"No goot whatefer!"

"No"—faintly.

But when he was gone she went back to the melancholy young man, and kissed him and said she loved him. And he kissed her and said he loved



"SHE KISSED HIM AGAIN."

her. She sat on the arm of his seat, where she could see the cab of the engine. He put his arm around her, watching the cab of the engine. Having done this, he said again:

"I love you, Sis."

(But her name was Ermentrude.)

"More 'n you lofe Pink?"

This was sheer subtlety.

"Yes. I've loved you more than her ever since—"

He stopped and looked away reminiscently.

"Efer since I changed my hair," sighed Ermentrude, happily.

This referred to the time, the summer before, when Ermentrude had made her first trip to Schlafepplatz, and had seen a young woman at the hotel altogether like the pictures in the newspapers, and had copied her.

"Poor Pink!" said Ermentrude. "Mebbe if *she'd* change her hair—"

"Never!" answered Hetherington Chill, quite as she wished.

She kissed him again. Then she saw her father coming over the tender. She lingered perilously while he changed his cap. When he arrived, however, Chill was whistling sadly out of the window. Ermentrude was inspecting her finger-tips.

"Next stop, Schlafepplatz!" said Chuff. "Passengers change for points nort', east, sout', and west!" To his daughter he said



"NEXT STOP, SCHLAFE-PLATZ!"

unofficially: "Sank God! he ain't got t'e little green trunk. If I had to gife him a check to-day I'd smack him—t'e vay he 's treated you!"

"Yes," she said, and laughed.

Chuff laughed too.

And Chill laughed—when Chuff was gone.

"Gosh! If he had seen my arm—"

"Sh-h-h!" whispered Ermentrude.

Chuff changed his cap once more and returned to his engine.

When they had completely arrived, Chill went one way and Ermentrude another. But each passed a shop where certain frocks were displayed in the window. Then they met behind the fence of the hotel.

"The green one," whispered Chill, watching northward.

"Yes, t'e green one," agreed Ermentrude, watching southward and eastward.

The fence was on the west.

He put his arm around her. She kissed him.

"If he had n't stopped in t'e baggage-place to put on his conductor-cap—"

Chill laughed sardonically to Ermentrude.

"We'd been ketched."

This referred to the last exchange of caresses as they had left the train.

"An' you might be—dead!"

"Mebbe," doubted Chill.

She kissed him again. Then they flew apart.

"He 's shut off steam!" whispered she.

"He 's got to shut off a lot of other things yet. No hurry," answered Chill, bravely.

But Ermentrude would not take the risk of further delay behind the fence of the hotel.

SHE took Chuff to the same store.

"She gits whatefer she wants, Sis does," said Chuff. "But t'is—say, can't you make it four ninety-eight?"

The saleswoman briefly refused to do this.

Chuff decided to take it. But he did not have the money. He proposed to hypothecate his hay and butter. The saleswoman called in the proprietor. He looked at the dress. It was faded down the front where the sun had shone on it.

"I ain't got no money," laughed Chuff, happily. "but I got hay and butter a-plenty. My Sis gits whatefer she wants, efen if—"

"I 'll take your hay and butter," said the merchant, hastily.

Chuff gave him a promissory note for it, to be paid in butter and eggs or money.

Then, since it was so easy, Ermentrude suggested a line of lingerie, and things

which, at another time, would have bankrupted Chuff. But to-day it was excessively easy. He bought everything she wished, and gave another and very much larger promissory note.

When they left the store Chuff was laughing.

ON the way home Chill whistled very sadly out of the window. Ermentrude looked, smiling happily, at her pink finger-tips. Chuff was thinking.

"Say," he said to his daughter, "I guess I 'm a little frightened. I nefer gafe no promissory note afore. It 's got to be paid—sometime?"

Ermentrude did not know.

"An' chust suppose Flicker should go dry? Gosh!"

The engine began to slow down, and Chuff, much depressed, hurried over the tender and pulled a lever.

Ermentrude went and sat on the arm of Chill's seat.

"Ain't it lofely!" she said callously.

Chill sadly kissed her.

"Oh, *but* I like t'at!" said the girl.

"Why?" asked Chill.

"I mostly got to kiss *you*."

"Oh!" said Chill.

"I got eferysing I wanted."

"You all ready?"

"An' some sings I did n't ast for."

"You all *ready*?"

"Oh—*yes*!"

"Well?"

"An' it 's too late to make me take 'em back. I got 'em on t'e train! Yere! T'e note won't git due for sirty days, you know, an' afore t'at we 'll—be—" She sighed happily.

"Too late," agreed Chill, happily.

Now, the Pink of whom Chill and Ermentrude had spoken was a Miss Pestifer to whom Chill's affections had been somewhat engaged before Ermentrude changed her hair. When she heard of the green frock, Pink at first cried, then reflected, then watched.

Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned.



BLINSINGER

ONE day, when the train arrived, Chuff observed something posted on the brick part of the barn where the ticket-office was:

NOTICE

TO THE EMPLOYEE OF THE
SCHLAFEPLATZ RAILROAD

From this date it is ordered by the President and Board of Directors of the Schlafepplatz Railroad that no cows or other domestic cattle shall be allowed to graze on pasture on the road-bed of the said railroad, the said grazing on said pasturing being dangerous to both the said domestic animals and the rolling-stock of the said company. Also that the hay growing thereon is the property of the said company and to be cut, cured, and sold as such, and the receipt therefrom accounted for to the company by its employee.

By order of the Board,
B. BLINSINGER,
President.



"FOR A MOMENT CHUFF WAS STUNNED."

For a moment Chuff was stunned. Then he put on his civilian clothing and went to see President Blinsinger.

"What in sunder does it mean?" demanded Chuff, savagely.

It was all he asked.

"Chust what it says," answered Blinsinger, stiffly. "We haf sold t'e hay a'ready cut. Haul it to Brinker's varehouse to-morrow. You understand? You 'll git a selery."

Chuff said he did, but he did n't. On the way home he said only:

"Tat promissory note! Sunder! Selery! Lightning!"

That night Chuff, without the assistance of Ermentrude, who nearly always did what might be called the lighter literary duties that fell to him as the employee of the railroad, com-

posed a letter to the president and board of directors.

There was no honorary opening. It plunged in the middle:

For thirty-seven year I haf ben the employee you mention. I took your old goat of a ingine when she was new and growed up with her. I mended the road-bed on Sundays when you went to church and praid. You nefer put a cent in her since. The tracks is held down with stakes and fence-rails which I found an put in myself. The ingine is held together with wires and strings which you nefer paid for. The only selery you efer pay me was the hay an the pastur. The only trouble we efer had was ofer a Canadian ten-cent pice which I tuck in and I made that good with one of myown. Well you kin

go to sunder. The first man at runs that ingine 'll git blowed up. She wont stand no one but me. An he wont understand the wires an strings. And I wont run her no more till I git the hay and pastur back. I growed up with her he dident. An you kin keep your hay an I'll keep my cow. You are hereby notified that I Hannikin Chuff have struck.

Respt. yours,

HANNIKIN CHUFF.

The next morning the placard of the company had beside it one done in a bolder hand, on stiffer paper:

STRIKE ON THE SCHLAFEPLATZ
RAILROAD!!!!

The Community is hereby notified that the Employee of the Schlafepplatz Railroad has Struck!

HANNIKIN CHUFF,
Employee.



"CHUST WHAT IT SAYS," ANSWERED BLINSINGER."



"CHUFF WAS IRON."—I.

So the train did not leave the next morning; the engine was cold, the ticket-office was closed, the hay rotted in its cocks. And, as the days went by, Strasburg desperately felt the strike. Eggs could be had for the asking. Butter was not worth the making. Milk was milked and poured out on the ground, for the well-being of the cows. At first Chuff stalked among them like an avenging god; then he stayed at home and cut the grass in his yard closer and closer for Flicker. From time to time those who owned cows or chickens (some owned both, and upon these the rigors of the strike fell with greatest severity) would create committees to call upon Chuff with a view to compromising the affair. President Blinsinger was always ready to be approached. Chuff was iron. To all overtures he replied:

"T'e pasture, t'e hay, or nossing!"

Presently a rumor prevailed that the company had approached Chill with

a proposition. That night Chuff stuffed the safety-valve with soft paper.

"It 'll blow him to sunder t'e first time!" said Chuff, as he stole away in the darkness.

And at this Chuff had an unholy thrill; for he hated the wordless Chill.

But Chill's answer to them who seduced him was:

"Say, I ain't no blank scab!"

It was some time before any one learned what a "blank scab" was. Then they remembered that Chill had been in the railroad strike at Schlafepplatz, had lost his job, had come to live in retirement at Strasburg.

Chuff was disappointed. He had hoped that Chill would try to run the engine. He still hoped this as he grew more morbid and savage. Not only did he not remove the soft paper: he put more in, and stuffed it harder.

LATER a collector knocked at Chuff's door. He had the two promissory notes.



"WHAT T'E TEFIL YOU TALKING ABOUT?"



"CHUFF WAS IRON."—II.

"Misfortunes nefer come single," quoted Chuff.

"We *thought* it was for a wedding," grinned the collector, misunderstandingly.

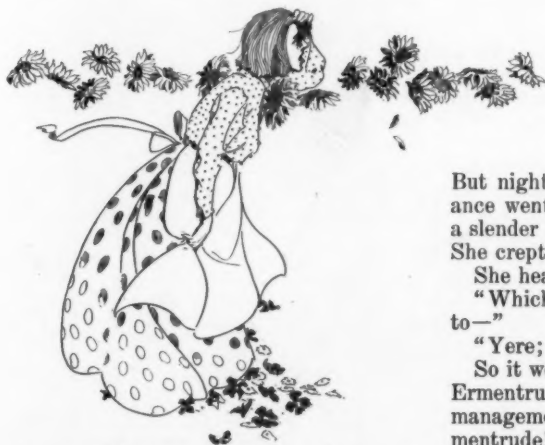
"What wass for a wedding? Who?"

"Why, the things you bought."

"What t'e tefil you talking about?"

"Well, were n't they?"

"T'ey wass for my Sis, an' none too good for her t'en, no matter what 's happened since."



"PINK PESTIFER WATCHED HER RECREANT LOVER."

"Did n't she get married in 'em?"

"No."

"Maybe it is n't the time yet?"

"I guess not. You crazy. My Sis don't sink no more about gitting merried t'an you do."

"I 'm not thinking about it," said the man, smiling.

"I expect not," sneered Chuff, inhospitably, as if he had said that no woman would have him.

"I am married." He smiled again.

Chuff was put out for only an instant.

"I' sorry for t'e woman."

"Those are the things we usually sell for brides. I only thought—"

"Stop sinking. Take anysing you kin lay you' hands on. I ain't got no money, nor no hay, nor butter. T'at 's what I wass to pay in. I 'fe mowed t'e roots of t'e grass out. An' I 'fe struck. You want ole Flicker? I expected to put t'e hay in her an' git t'e butter out. Take her an' do it yourself," said Chuff, desperately.

The collector said he did not want Flicker. He knew nothing about the process of turning hay into butter by putting it through her.

There was some more Chuffing, as it was called in that vicinity, and the collector went away threatening Chuff with jail.

Chuff said he did n't care. But he did, mightily. Now, also, his memory worked while he slept. He had never been in jail. He fancied it much worse than it is.

VI.

P I N K

PINK PESTIFER watched her recreant lover. One night she followed him to the lifeless engine. It was opaquely dark, but she could vaguely hear him familiarizing himself with its machinery. She did not know what it meant.

But night after night the strange performance went on. Then, one night, she saw a slender figure in a green dress with him. She crept up and listened.

She heard Chill ask:

"Which is the reverser? It's too dark to—"

"Yere; an' t'is is t'e—"

So it went on. Hard as it was to believe, Ermentrude was instructing Chill in the management of the sleeping machine. Ermentrude! Pink understood the mystery of the green dress now.

She started for Chuff's house. But it was a mile.

"Mr. Chuff," she gasped, "Ermentrude—Chill—"

Chuff jumped into his clothes.

"An' his army pistol!"

She brought the horse, but not the pistol. She did not want Chill killed.

At parting Chuff said:

"Say, you keep still about t'at—t'at—tros—t'at trosser. It can't be so. My Sis would n't—Gosh-a-mighty! Trosser!"

He was off.



"HE HAD FOUND THE NOTE."

"Ermentrude Chill!" he shouted.

"T'at 's what she 'll be unless you get t'ere sooner"; and Miss Pestifer laughed hysterically.

Chuff was already in his daughter's room. He lighted a lamp. The bed had not been slept in. Her clothing was gone—the dress, all the lingerie he had given his note—his more than all—for!

Pink Pestifer was at his side by this time.

"Yes," she cried; "it was a trosseau."

"What 's t'at?" demanded Chuff, fiercely.

"T'is is no time to be highfalutin!"

"Wedding-sings," said Pink.

"Oach! you lie!" said Chuff. But he remembered what the collector had said.

"T'ey 're starting up t'e ingine. I saw 'em. She's showing him how. You showed her—"

But Chuff did not hear her. He had found the note. It said:

Forgive me, dear father. I love him so. I go from your arms to hisn.

"You' daddy has a horse," cried Chuff. "Git him—quick!"

As she was going, Chuff said again:

VII.

F I N I S

THE engine *was* gone. He could neither see nor hear them. He dug both heels into the ribs of Pestifer's surprised horse. The moon rose rapidly—dim and full and ominous. After a mile he had them in sight. He heard the sighing of escaping steam that he knew so well. Presently he could see Chill frenziedly at work with the monkey-wrench. Ermentrude, with the sleeves of the green dress recklessly rolled up, was helping, directing, as he himself might have done.

"Open t'e safety-walve!"

Chuff shouted it till he was too hoarse to shout any more. But they did not hear him, and saw him only as a menace. And if they *should* succeed in stopping the escape at the right piston!

"It 's stuffed!" he yelled again.



"CHILL WAS PLEASANTLY WAVING HIS HAND."



"AND PESTIFER'S HORSE WAS DONE FOR!"

The sighing of the steam ceased. The engine moved. Chuff groaned. If Chill had learned how to run he could beat Pestifer's horse, that was certain. Especially was this the case with the safety-valve stuffed and the leak in the piston closed.

And Chill was pleasantly waving his hand as the engine pulled away from him!

"Say—I don' keer! Do whatefer you' up to. Chust—chust— T'e safety-valve is stuffed! She 'll bust! You 'll git killed—mebbe!"

So it was formulated in his mind; but he could not say it. He lacked breath.

They were on even terms for the next half-mile, and Chuff began to hope. Then they cut off the passenger-car and pulled away from him. Down the next grade they gained, too. But, as he knew, the coming up grade would take all their steam. Again he had them almost within calling distance. They cut the tender. He could see the green dress fluttering in the cab. The moon cleared her face as if to help him. He could see Sis putting their last wood into the furnace. Once more they were gaining, though on the heaviest up grade on the road. They must be carrying over a hundred pounds of

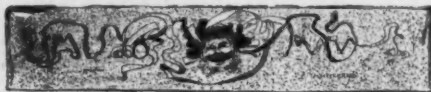
steam. Ninety pounds was the extreme limit. They were disappearing, and Pestifer's horse was done for!

THEN the end came. There was a sudden wild shriek,—woman or engine or both,—and Chuff saw the smoke-stack languidly mount the air.

When Chuff arrived, the engine was still breathing, like some dying thing, through two ragged holes near the place of the smoke-stack. A ruffle of the green dress restrained the reversing-lever, as his twine had been wont to do while he collected the tickets. But Hetherington Chill and Ermentrude Chuff were nowhere to be seen.

Chuff searched about madly. There was nothing but that shred of pale green on the reversing-lever. He circled the prone machine for some possible thing which one might drop in a hurried flight through the air. Nothing. He lengthened the radius of his quest. Pestifer's horse lay weakly down against the nearest fence.

THE rising sun found Chuff a mile from the dead engine, still fruitlessly searching in an ever-widening circle.



PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

BY W. GORDON McCABE.

IT may not be impertinent for me to state at the outset that these personal recollections of the late Lord Tennyson were not written with a view to publication. Shortly after his death, at the instance of one very dear to me, I jotted them down, as leisure allowed, for my own boys, making constant use of letters written home from "Farringford" and "Aldworth" (1884-92), when my inconsequent talks with the old poet were fresh in my mind. That they were so written down in careless fashion will, I trust, excuse in great measure the familiar manner in which they are here presented.

Some additions have been made in the present paper, while here and there I have "Blair-ed up" (as the dear old "Autocrat" was wont to say, with a twinkle in the kindly eyes) a passage too slipshod to be pardoned even in a schoolmaster; but I have deemed it best to leave the recollections, in the main, as originally written down some eight or nine years ago, untouched by all the wealth of detail concerning the poet's life and work given to the world more recently in the charming "Life" by the present Lord Tennyson.

My simple lines scarcely cross the more ambitious ones of that stately and authoritative biography, and, indeed, it is with much misgiving that I put these recollections into print at all, though long before the appearance of the "Life" I had Lord Tennyson's sanction to do so whenever I saw fit.

I need not say that I have no taste for that "valet literature" so much in vogue in these latter days of "yellow journalism," when the most outrageous license in prying into the private life of famous men and women is airily justified with the flimsy contention that "the public has a right to know."

It would be, indeed, but a shabby return for the hospitality which I ever met under the roof-tree of one who, in his own noble verse,

for me to rend the veil from the sanctities of the beautiful and gracious life of that home circle which was to him, in truth, his only world outside the realm of poesy.

There is not, it is true, much of substantial value in these recollections of mine. Indeed, when first asked to tell my story, I instantly bethought me of Canning's "Knife-Grinder," and his

Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, sir.

But so great is the place that Tennyson fills in the world of letters of his century,—surely, in poetry, the foremost place (*pace* all "Browning Societies"),—so keen is the eagerness of us all to know something of the daily life of the masters whose books have become an essential part of our intellectual life, that it has finally seemed to me that I might, perhaps, without any great impropriety, seek to interest "Tennysonians" outside my own home circle, by recalling some of the personal traits and familiar talk of the great poet, whose personality was little more than a name to ninety-nine hundredths of his own countrymen, so jealously did he guard his seclusion from the outer world.

And who shall censure this natural craving to know something of the daily life of those whom the celestial flame of genius has "hedged" round with a "divinity" no longer recognized in any mortal among men, unless he be in truth an intellectual "king"? Even brave old Thackeray confesses to it in a way. "I should like to have been Shakspeare's shoe-black," he says, "just to have lived in his house, just to have worshipped him—to have run on his errands, and seen that sweet, serene face! I should like, as a young man, to have lived on Fielding's staircase in the Temple, and, after helping him up to bed, perhaps, and opening his door with his latch-key, to have shaken hands with him in the morning and heard him talk and crack jokes over his breakfast and his mug of small beer."

Bore without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman,

But when I think of Tennyson's own de-
testation of anything of the kind, my mind,
I say, misgives me, lest from the happier
land the dead look down and feel still some
touch of "finer scorn" for what he was wont
to call "the publicities and gabblings of
the nineteenth century." Who of us does
not remember his lines about

the irreverent doom
Of those that wear the Poet's crown?

He gave the people of his best;
His worst he kept, his best he gave—
My Shakspeare's curse on clown and knave
Who will not let his ashes rest.

The first time I ever met him he railed
against personalities touching men of genius
as only Tennyson could rail when deeply
stirred.

I had just come to the Tennysons from a
visit to my old friend Mrs. Richmond Ritchie,
Thackeray's daughter, who at the time
was sorely perplexed as to what should be
done in the matter of a biography of her
illustrious father, inasmuch as so many
apocryphal stories of his private life were
finding their way into the London journals.

Just before the great novelist died, he
was reading one day some fulsome biography
of a certain man of letters whom he had
known, and on her entering the room, he
had held up the book, and said with unwonted
vehemence: "Remember, Annie, when I am
gone, there is to be nothing of this sort
about me."

This she regarded in the light of a dying
injunction, and has ever since so held it.
But these apocryphal stories greatly dis-
tressed her, and, in her perplexity, she had
talked the matter over with me and done
me the honor to ask my advice.

I unhesitatingly advised her to write her
father's life, for she was not only his daugh-
ter, but his closest friend, and, as we all
know, possesses the practised hand. Con-
ditions had arisen, I said, which he had not
thought of, and I believed he would approve
the step could he know all.

On my first visit to Aldworth, I mentioned
this conversation to Tennyson (for Mrs.
Ritchie was one of his closest friends) and
the reasons for my emphatic counsel to her.
But he would none of it.

"I thank God we know nothing of Shak-
spere more than we do," he growled out.
"Why can't people be satisfied with a man's
books?"

I differed with him promptly, and then

began one of the many friendly and delight-
ful "disputations" I was destined to have
with the old poet.

He was very vehement in his anathemas,
but I stood my ground, inexorable as a Greek
chorus. I told him plainly that a "Life" of
himself was inevitable when he should have
passed away, and that, if he wanted the
truth told about him, instead of a "pack of
lies" (a favorite phrase of his), the most
sensible thing to do was to intrust the work
to some one who could speak with authority,
and thus forestall the "free-lances," whose
apocryphal stories were sure to be of such
startling and "infinite variety" as would
make him turn over in his grave.

I shall never forget the way in which he
boomed out his reply: "I don't want to be
ripped up like a hog when I'm dead."

The truth is that the man was by nature
so thoroughly a recluse, shrinking instinc-
tively from publicity of every kind, and that
his privacy had been so outrageously invaded
by utter strangers, that he had become mor-
bid on the subject.

Some of the worst offenders were, I am
sorry to say, American tourists, and when
he has told me of their ingenious and ex-
traordinary devices and stratagems to secure
sight or speech of him, I have more than
once felt with Walpole: "I should love my
country if it were not for my countrymen."

But the English were almost, if not quite,
as bad, and I remember, just the summer
before he died, he told me, with much vehe-
ment denunciation, how a certain popular
English man of letters, who shall be name-
less here, had come to him for a day, had
been hospitably entertained, and had then
gone away and "printed a pack of lies about
him in some American magazine." "Why,"
exclaimed he, "he said that I pointed out to
him the very spot, just beyond the gateway
there, where I had shaken hands and said
good-by to 'Chinese Gordon'; he detailed
what I said and what Gordon said, and the
fact is, Chinese Gordon was never at Ald-
worth in his life."

Every little scrap of information touching
him personally, or in regard to his forth-
coming books, was eagerly caught up by the
London press and expanded with a fertility
of imagination that made him fairly rage.

As we shall see later on, the great poet
was intensely human.

But "to begin at the beginning," as the
children say, only pausing to remind my
readers that these recollections must of ne-
cessity be frankly egotistical, and that I do

not presume to offer any criticism on Tennyson's poetry or on his poetic methods.

More than sixteen years ago it was that, at the instance of a dear old friend of mine in England who was also a close friend of the Tennysons, I received an invitation to Aldworth, the poet's country-seat on the border-line of Surrey and Sussex.

It is always somewhat trying to a shy man to go into a country house where all the people are strangers to him, and my shyness was not diminished in the present instance by recalling more than one story that had been told me of Tennyson's brusquerie to visitors. Still, my experience of English hospitality had been for many years so uniformly charming that I had no very serious misgivings.

The elder D'Israeli tells us, in his "Curiosities of Literature," that "Fortune has rarely condescended to be the companion of Genius," and—there are not a few of us who sadly admit this dictum to be true.

But it was not so in the case of Tennyson—at least, after he had passed middle age. As we all know, he was one of a family of twelve children, the son of a country parson, whose living at Somersby in Lincolnshire brought him in but the slender stipend of two hundred pounds a year. But though inheriting virtually nothing, and living for years the ideal life of the poet, in tranquil seclusion, "far from the madding crowd," sedulously devoted to his art, minutely correcting, revising, polishing, as is the wont of true genius, that does not disdain "long days of labor and nights devoid of ease,"—publishing only at long intervals until the days when he had become famous,—he yet achieved a substantial fortune, and when he accepted a peerage in his old age, was able to support in becoming fashion the adventitious dignity of his rank.

About 1867 the poet purchased some thirty or forty acres of land near Haslemere in Surrey, and determined to build there—in part to escape, as he said, the London cockneys, who swarmed over his lawn at Freshwater in summer, but chiefly because the air of the Surrey hills, tonic with its scent of heather, was peculiarly invigorating to his wife, who for many years had been an invalid, and whom, as did his own "Geraint" in the case of "fair Enid," he always "compassed with sweet observances."

His friend James Knowles, long editor of the "Nineteenth Century," was his architect. This place he called Aldworth, and there, for the last twenty years or more of

his life, he lived for the greater part of the year, still keeping up Farringford, his place in the Isle of Wight, whither he went to reside soon after he was created Laureate in 1850.

Aldworth, one of the loveliest homes in a land of lovely homes, is situated on the lofty range of Surrey hills known as "Blackdown." It lies perched on a steep incline, high up on the mountain-side, much of the level space on which it stands having been wrested from nature by enormous labor. Behind it to the northwest rise sheer the lonely downs, covered with bracken and gorse, shutting out the bleak winds of winter, while to the south the Sussex wealds and Kentish hop-fields, dappled with light and shade, lie spread out in smiling beauty at one's feet.

From the stately south terrace, with its ivy-covered stone balustrade and its huge vases filled with flaming roses, one may look clean away for full sixty miles—the bold chalky outlines of Leith Hill gleaming white in the distance to the left, in the foreground the dreaming spires of Petworth soaring aloft amid clustering English elms, while, far beyond, above the wooded copses of Arundel Castle, home of the Howards, dukes of Norfolk, one may catch the shimmer of that "silver sea" which Shakspeare sung as fitting setting to the "tiny mother-isle."

One, standing there, could but remember instantly his own description of the view he loved so well, in the lines addressed to Sir Edward Hamley:¹

You came and looked and loved the view,
Long known and loved by me,
Green Sussex fading into blue
With one gray glimpse of sea.

On a clear day, indeed, one may catch a glimpse of Fairlight, overlooking Hastings, and mark the very spot where Norman William landed with his bold barons, a D'Eyncourt in his train, to wrest the land from the Saxon.

Short of sight as was the old poet, he apparently knew every foot of the historic landscape, and once, as we stood together, looking southward from the great library windows, when I thoughtlessly asked him of some place in the direction of Pevensey, he answered promptly, "Oh, that—nothing special there now, but there lay once the 'Silva Anderida' of Tacitus."

Without, Aldworth is fair indeed to look
¹ Prologue to "The Charge of the Heavy Brigade."

upon, with its old-fashioned pleasaunces and rose-garden, where the poet, with his passionate love of flowers, always delighted to wander, its dense coppices and wide expanses of velvet turf, such as one sees nowhere outside of England.

Within, it is the ideal home of the wealthy man of letters, with its busts and portraits and paintings. Everywhere there are books, and over the chimneypieces in the stately rooms are emblazoned the arms of the Tennysons d'Eyncourt; for, though the Laureate sung in "Lady Clara Vere de Vere" that

The gardener Adam and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent,

he was yet possessed of that proper pride in being sprung of an ancient and honorable race common to every man of gentle birth. The note of genuine English comfort is everywhere dominant, while to a man of culture it is a veritable "Palace of Art." Such was the English home at the doors of which I alighted on that August day more than sixteen years ago.

The poet had not returned from his long daily tramp over the downs, but I was shown in at once to Lady Tennyson, who received me with such charming cordiality that within a few minutes I was chatting away as gaily to her, as she lay on her lounge, as to some old gentlewoman in Virginia who had known my mother and all my "people." In a few moments, in stalked the poet, just returned from his walk, and gave me grave and courteous welcome.

I need hardly describe to my readers that face and figure so familiar to them from photographs. (I may say here, in passing, that, to my mind, the best of these photographs is that by Barraud, though the poet himself and his wife and son preferred the one by Mayall,¹ a copy of which he kindly volunteered to give me after I came to know him well.) He was clad, as always when I saw him, in a gray suit, "cynically loose," as Carlyle neatly said—a powerfully built man, yet "loosely made," as the homely phrase is, but with not a trace of awkwardness in his movements.

One may not be certain, but I think that, even had I not known who he was, I should have recognized the "king among men"—the head finely molded; features massive, yet delicately chiseled; a noble brow; dark-brown eyes, grave, and at times keenly penetrating, otherwise heavy-lidded; his hair, still very

dark, falling away from his brow; his beard somewhat straggling, and, as Horatio hath it, "a sable silvered," beneath which one readily divined the stern-set jaw—a face of resolution, dashed with melancholy.

Then the gong sounded for luncheon, and we went in at once. At luncheon my misgiving melted away in great measure, and I ventured on one or two mild stories, to which the great man seemed to take kindly, and then, the repast over, we went off to the summer-house, perched on the cliff, for a smoke. Cigars he never smoked, but "infinite tobacco" still, as in the old London days, when Carlyle found him "such company over a pipe." There, over what Thackeray calls "that great unbosomer of secrets," the ice was fairly broken, and in exchange for the pure gold of some most delightful stories about famous men long passed away, I gave him in return of my own base coin.

But I ask any old soldier of our Civil War, North or South, who could resist such a chance? None of our ancient war stories, none of the rough-and-ready wit of our Southern soldiers, had drifted across the seas, and here was virgin soil. One may be sure that I "worked" it "for all it was worth." And so I warmed up mine antique martial chestnuts—jokes of a hoary antiquity, which may, for aught I know, "have cheered the Aryan hordes on their weary westward march from the table-lands of Asia."

I remember (one sees that I am keeping to the "frank egotism") that he chuckled much over my Christopher Columbus story, a story with which I afterward "paralyzed" the latter's august descendant, the Duke de Veragua, when his Grace was presented to me at Chicago. And he specially delighted in a little story about a man in my own town, which he begged me (as an Englishman would) to "send to 'Punch,'" and which I sometimes tell late in the evening, when punch has been sent to me.

He also liked the story (new to him) of the Poughkeepsie man who battered out the brains of his dear wife with a heavy oaken frame inclosing the worsted-worked motto, "God bless our home."

Of all the talkers I have ever met he was, "taking him all round," as we say, the most interesting, when "i' the vein," which was commonly near midnight, in his den and over a pipe. Swinburne (*tantum vidi*, I may say) is a more brilliant talker, especially when moved by a subject he loves and

¹ See the frontispiece of this number of *THE CENTURY*; also the number for February, 1893. Portraits by Mrs. Cameron appeared in August, 1889, and December, 1897.

knows well, such as the early English dramatists. Browning (who, to use an expression which Tennyson detested, was "awfully kind" and hospitable to me) just won your heart, and your brain too, by the simple honesty, the infectious boyishness of his talk. Matthew Arnold, too, was always to me, whether in the whirl of London society, or in a quiet corner at the Athenæum, or in his modest Surrey home at Cobham, one of the most delightful of men to listen to. He was so cordial, so full of kindly simplicity, that I never once detected in the genial flow of his conversation that academic note which some have objected to.

But delightful as were all these, Tennyson's talk was far and away the best and the most enjoyable I have ever listened to, with its dry humor, shading off suddenly into vehement earnestness; its felicity of epithet, that at times flashed out like a search-light, and lighted up the whole subject of discussion; its underlying vein of robust common sense; its wealth of apt quotation and charming reminiscence.

Like every other author whom I have ever known, Tennyson was, I think, pleased at some apt quotation from himself.

When I went away from Aldworth at the end of this first visit, he sent the carriage ahead and walked with me past the entrance-gate (or, as an irreverent old crony of mine enviously said, he "saw me off the premises").

"You must come again," he said as we shook hands.

With unblushing effrontery I pressed him to come to me at Petersburg, Virginia, where, as my introduction told him, I was then head master of the University School, and assured him that Oriental splendor awaited him at "Dotheboys Hall."

• "Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great,"

I quoted from the "Idylls." He laughed, but I saw that he was pleased.

Once, I remember (to wander again, yet not altogether inconsequently), Swinburne, while showing me a rare edition of a Greek classic given him by Walter Savage Landor, said, rather listlessly, I thought, to put it mildly, "You know Landor was a great Grecian."

"No," said I, boldly, "I know nothing of the sort. He was a good Latinist, but not even a fair Grecian. His themes were often Greek, but his treatment of them Vergilian, *longo intervallo*. It seems to me, Mr. Swinburne, that you very happily hit

him off in your 'Centenary Ode,' when you say,

And through the trumpet of a child of Rome
Rang the pure music of the flutes of Greece."

"Why, bless me!" cried the poet, smiling in a sort of pleased surprise, "do you remember that?" And so we got along "like a breeze" after that lucky shot. But to return.

I shall never forget my joy when, on the eve of my going away from Aldworth, the poet slipped into my hand a dainty little copy of "Harold"—that "Tragedy of Doom," as he called it—with my name written on the title-page, "from Tennyson," saying with kindly simplicity, "My wife suggested that you would like to have some little remembrance of your visit." My confused and somewhat incoherent thanks at the unexpected gift seemed to please the kind old heart far more than could any neatly turned expression of gratitude.

That first visit to Aldworth was followed by another the next summer to the poet at Farringford, and thereafter, every year when I went to England, I was cordially bidden to one place or the other.

There was one salient characteristic of Tennyson that must have struck the most unobservant, and that was his direct honesty and simplicity in things small and great. On the pavement of the entrance-hall at Aldworth is the Welsh motto in encaustic tiles, "The Truth against the World." It was not idly placed there. Such was, indeed, the spirit that informed every act and utterance of the master of Aldworth. He hated shams of every sort; and that is, in great measure, as Mr. Knowles has observed, the key to his detestation of what we call "society." Its "small insincerities," without which it could not exist, repelled and disgusted him. He had a quick, almost an imperious way of flashing round on one with a sudden question, somewhat embarrassing to shy folk.

A downright answer, or downright confession of ignorance, would win him to most delightful and instructive talk, but pinchbeck omniscience he would exploit relentlessly. As all lovers of his poetry know, that passion for truth and fidelity of detail underlies all his poetic art.

Whether describing the shifting aspects of nature in her varying moods, from storm to sunshine, on land or sea, whether depicting almost at a stroke with winged epithet some flashing insect or "skimming swallow," his touch is always the sure touch of trained

observation, and over all this minute knowledge of the specialist is cast the glamour of genius.

Once we were talking of battle lyrics, and I was praising Campbell's stirring "Battle of the Baltic."

"Yes," he said, "'t is fine. But you remember the lines,

By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!

Now, there 's no 'steep' at Elsinore; the coast there is as flat as your hand."

And as I had just come back from Denmark I had to confess, with a laugh, that he was right.

Speaking of Campbell reminds me that, once, in talking with Tennyson of the mysterious separation of Lord and Lady Byron, the poet said to me: "I said one day to Tom Campbell, 'I am told that you are, perhaps, the only man in England who really knows why Lord and Lady Byron separated.' Campbell did not affirm or deny, but said significantly, after a pause, 'You may be sure, Tennyson, of one thing—that Lord Byron was a very bad man.'"

He first met Campbell at one of Rogers's famous breakfasts, which had come to be regarded in London as the symposia of the Immortals in letters. Of Rogers himself he told me many interesting stories. One I will repeat. The venerable author of "The Pleasures of Memory," with whom he was walking, was descending on the substantial comfort it was to a poet to know that posterity, at least, would value aright his work and yield him his meed of praise. "Yes," said Tennyson, "that 's all very well, but how is one to feel sure of that?" "I feel quite sure in my own case," modestly replied Rogers.

Vanitas vanitatum! I wonder how many even of the reading men and women of our time have ever read through "The Pleasures of Memory."

Rogers, at another time, quite oblivious of his own self-complacency, said to Tennyson: "Tom Campbell is a curiously self-satisfied fellow. I said to him t' other day, 'Campbell, when you wrote the line,

Roll on, roll on, ye raptured years of influence, roll,
you surely must have meant, "ye rapturous years of influence, roll." Campbell calmly said, 'I 'd like to see the man who 'd dare correct any line I've written.' Whereupon," said Rogers, with a hopeless look, "I said nothing."

But I must add that Tennyson always spoke kindly of "old Rogers," who was, he said, "a very good man."

Tennyson was an omnivorous reader—a great novel-reader, I may add, as have been so many illustrious Englishmen,—churchmen, soldiers, jurists,—and his memory was prodigious. In his deep voice, when walking over the downs, or at night, in his den and over a pipe, he would roll out his favorite passages,—Latin, English, Italian,—repeating certain lines again and again out of sheer enjoyment.

Scott he held to be the greatest man of letters of the nineteenth century. Milton and Wordsworth he apparently knew by heart, and he would roll out, in his hearty bass, from Burns:

My heart 's in the Highlands, my heart is not
here,
My heart 's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer,
and cry out, "Ah, who writes such poetry nowadays!"

It might be, perhaps, a passage from one of his own poems that he would thus repeat with gusto, and those who did not know the absolute simplicity of the man, and how entirely he was regarding the passage from an artistic point of view, would perhaps have considered his implied praise of his own work as strongly savoring of vanity. The fact was, he was never thinking of himself at all.

Many and many a time, in reading to me some one of his poems, he has paused and said, "That 's a fine line." Of course I never misunderstood him, and he well knew that I understood.

Thackeray, whom I, unlike Tennyson, hold to be far and away the greatest man of letters of the nineteenth century, once said to an old friend of mine: "When I finished that chapter in 'Vanity Fair' in which Rawdon Crawley surprises Becky and her elderly lover tête-à-tête and hurls to the floor the Most Noble the Marquis of Steyne, I just struck my fist on my desk and cried out to myself, 'By God, I 'm a genius!'"

Such is the simplicity of the really great.

It seemed to me that Tennyson never forgot the most trivial remark. Once he and Hallam and I went for one of our long walks, and in some way our talk was of Homer and of his translations of Homer, the two fragments familiar to us all. I regretted that he could not spare the time to give English-speaking and English-thinking folk some adequate reproduction of the *Iliad*.

"Oh," said he, with a certain almost boyish satisfaction, "I only wanted to show the critics that the thing *could* be done."

He had walked ahead of us in the narrow path, and I said to Hallam that certain lines in "Tithonus" were, to my mind (with the possible exception of "Sohrab and Rustum"), here and there, the nearest thing to Homer that we had had since Homer's time—probably the finest lines his father had ever written. Of course I did not mean him to hear, but his sense of hearing was abnormally keen. Wheeling suddenly in the path, and coming up very close to me, he said:

"Eh, what do you consider the best lines I've ever written—something akin to Homer?"

And so, compelled by his piercing look, I repeated those words of Tithonus to Aurora, as she guides her immemorial steeds to usher in the dawn:

Thy sweet eyes brighten slowly close to mine,
Ere yet they blind the stars, and the wild team
Which love thee, yearning for thy yoke, arise,
And shake the darkness from their loosen'd manes,
And beat the twilight into flakes of fire.

Long afterward we were smoking late at night in his library, and he had been, as usual, reading to me, and then, in some way, the talk drifted to the problematic value of the French Revolution.

Suddenly he said: "You once said that certain lines in 'Tithonus' were the best I ever wrote. I will repeat to you what I hold, if not the best, certainly one of the best lines I have ever written."

"Write it for me," I cried. And so he turned to the table and, picking up a bit of paper, wrote, and then read out slowly in his deep voice:

Freedom free to slay herself, and dying while they
shout her name.

As one may imagine, he was constantly importuned, almost beyond human endurance, for his autograph. Every day brought him, so he told me, a request for an autograph, and that from people whose own autographs were eagerly sought after; and not seldom a manuscript poem from some obscure versifier, asking that he would "kindly read the inclosed at once and give the writer his candid opinion." Who of us that has "come to forty year" does not sadly know what the request for a "candid opinion" really demands.

His dismay at these demands for autographs was almost comic, for under the grim exterior beat the kindest heart in the world.

I used to begin, "Now, I want you—"

"Oh, yes," he would groan, "I know; how many?"

"Only four this time," I would say cheerfully and reassuringly, and invariably he would turn to his table and write the autographs for me in the kindest manner.

Once, when he was telling me how he had been specially bothered in this way, and when I had assured him, with a gravity that would have done credit to a bench of bishops, that no one ever importuned me for my autograph, except occasionally to a promissory note, when "the unspeakable scoundrel who had lent me the money" was vulgarly uneasy because of non-payment, I said to him, with an ingenuous and infantine air, as one seeking unselfishly to make some sort of reparation for the importunities of others: "What 'cheek'—'side,' you English say—these men and women must have! I have no patience with that sort of thing. But this is fair: you write out for me *my* favorite line in the 'Idylls,' and then write out for me *your* favorite line in the 'Idylls,' and, as we say at home, you and I'll 'call it square.'"

*Freedom free to slay herself, & dying while they
shout her name.*

Tennyson

Aug 25th - 91.

The brazen effrontery of my "childlike and bland" innocence and American fairness simply "paralyzed" him. He looked at me fixedly and sorrowfully, and my gaze was as guileless as that of the Sistine Madonna. Slowly taking up his pen, he said feebly:

"What's your line?"

"Thro' the thick night I hear the trumpet blow."

Much has been written about his impressive reading. Mrs. Ritchie has written about it in her charming "Records of Tennyson, Ruskin, and Browning." Another friend, Dr. Henry van Dyke, who has written a very sympathetic volume on Tennyson's poetry, and who, some ten years ago, spent a day with the poet and heard him read, had an article on the same subject in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for

Thro' the thick night I hear the trumpet blow

Tennyson

Augt 8. 1889.

I doubt whether any mortal man had ever before spoken of that line to him. One must have been an old artilleryman in the days when all our Southern land was girdled with steel and fire, and have heard that sudden blare through the murky dead of night (*intempestiva nocte*), and have felt from long knowledge of war its instant meaning, to have cared for such a line. He looked at me keenly.

"Ah," he said, "I see that you are still a soldier before anything else."

I nodded.

"And now for your line."

And so he wrote:

He makes no friend who never made a foe.

February, 1893. Tennyson's old friend James Knowles has also touched upon it in his delightful article entitled "Personal Aspects of Tennyson," published some seven or eight years ago in the "Nineteenth Century."

I do not pretend to be a critic of reading, nor, indeed, of anything else. I only know when it pleases me and when it pleases me not. I thought Tennyson read some things superbly, others monotonously.

Lowell told a friend of mine (though, I confess, it sounds incredible) that "he wished he could have plucked up heart enough to ask Tennyson to read."

Holmes, in his chatty "Our Hundred Days in Europe," writing of the single day he spent at Farringford, says:

'He makes no friend who never made a foe'

Tennyson

Augt 8.th - 89.

I still count among my few priceless possessions these two slips of note-paper on which he wrote that summer day these lines from the "Idylls."

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I am sorry that I did not ask Tennyson to read or repeat to me some lines of his own. Hardly any one perfectly understands a poem but the poet himself. One naturally loves his own poem as no

one else can. It fits the mental mold in which it was cast, and it will not exactly fit any other. For this reason I had rather listen to a poet reading his own verses than hear the best elocutionist that ever spouted recite them.

This was eminently true in Tennyson's case. He threw himself utterly into the poem he was reading, pausing from time to time to give some explanation or to draw attention to some subtle, underlying motif. If Lowell or Holmes wished to hear Tennyson read, they had, I am sure, but to ask and have. My decided impression is that he enjoyed his own reading intensely, exquisite artist that he was, and liked to be asked to read.

The first time I ever went to Farringford, when we had gone up into his den in the top of the house, late at night, for a smoke, he said genially, as I curled myself up contentedly in one of the deep, luxurious chairs, "Well, have you everything you want now?"

"No," I replied. "I want to hear you read some of your poems. Mrs. Browning says that 'poets are ever ill at reading their own verses,' and I want to see if 't is so."

"What shall I read to you?" he asked.

"The 'Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.'"

He read it, and read it superbly.

It is a picture I can never forget—the softened gloom of the room, the walls of which were lined with books; the tall wax candles on the reading-table; the old poet holding the book close, very close to his face, the light making a sort of gloriole above the massive vatic brows of his finely molded head; his deep voice rolling out the sonorous music, like some mighty organ; and then, when he came to the lines,

For this is England's greatest son,
He that gain'd a hundred fights,
Nor ever lost an English gun,

his grand old face shone out, almost transfigured by his English pride in England's glory, his voice vibrant with the passion of his noble threnody, while, in the pauses, one might hear, as fit accompaniment, the long Atlantic surges breaking in solemn thunder on the beetling crags hard by his island home.

After he finished, in referring to the lines,

No more in soldier fashion will he greet
With lifted hand the gazer in the street,

he said: "I never saw the Duke but once; that was in St. James's Park as he rode out of the Horse Guards. I lifted my hat, and

he saluted me in quick military fashion. Once at Bath House, where I was for a little while at some sort of entertainment, Monckton Milnes wanted me to stay and be presented to the Duke, who was coming on later. But I said, 'What the devil do you suppose the Duke wants to see me for?' and went away. That reminds me," he continued, with a chuckle. "When the Duke was a very old man, president of the Privy Council, he had walked up one day from Downing street, instead of riding, as he usually did. He walked up the left-hand side of Piccadilly, along St. James's and the Green Park, and when he came to a point opposite Apsley House, the old soldier could n't cross the street safely owing to the number of carriages and hansoms that were whirling past. At last a well-dressed man recognized the Duke in the crowd, and divining his trouble, went up to him and said, 'Will your Grace allow me the honor of escorting you across the road?' 'Thanks,' said the old hero, laconically. This was safely accomplished, and 'Thanks,' said the Duke again. But the patriotic Briton, standing uncovered, said: 'My Lord Duke, this is the proudest moment of my life. I shall tell my children, and they shall tell their children, that I once had the distinguished honor of escorting across the street the hero of Waterloo.' The old Duke, with his aristocratic beak and military whisker, glancing down at his effusive friend with his eagle glance, said dryly, 'Now, don't make a d—d fool of yourself,' and forthwith vanished."

But to go back to Tennyson's reading. I remember asking him the same night to read to me the "Bugle Song" in "The Princess"—perhaps the finest lyric since Shakspeare. It is certainly one of the most difficult poems in all literature to read effectively, and I recall that, in making the request, I put it frankly, "I want to see if you *can* read it."

This, too, he read admirably, and thereafter he always read to me whenever I went to visit him.

The summer before he died he read to me, late one night at Aldworth, with great gusto and thrilling effect, "The Revenge," far and away, I think, the noblest ballad of the nineteenth century, not excepting "Hervé Riel." One could but remember Carlyle's characteristic remark when he heard him read it, "Eh, Alfred, but ye've got the grip of it."

Speaking of Carlyle reminds me, just here, that the poet said he "did n't believe all that stuff about Mrs. Carlyle's being so unhappy and Carlyle's being such a selfish tyrant. I

was constantly there during those years that Froude writes of, and I never saw anything but the greatest affection between them."

I thought his reading of "Maud" monotonous, but he undoubtedly elucidated the perplexing motif of the poem as no one else could. He also told me, with great satisfaction, that some "mad doctor," as he called a famous specialist, "had written him that he had delineated in 'Maud' the various stages of his hero's insanity with greater scientific fidelity than any writer since Shakspeare."

He was especially happy in reading his dialect poems, such as "The Northern Farmer," and was manifestly proud of his minute knowledge of the rustic Lincolnshire dialect,—the soft bur of which might, at times, be heard in his own speech,—and he would pause from time to time to translate for me when he saw from my puzzled look that I did not understand. I recall his reading to me, one summer morning at Farringford, with almost boyish delight, one of these dialect poems, not then published, though it is now included in the latest edition of his works. The subject, I remember, was a rural churchwarden's advice to a young curate to "creep along the bottom of the hedge" (i.e., be humble to his betters), and he'd die a bishop.¹ "And it's all true," he cried in genuine glee, "every bit of it's true!"

As one may imagine, I asked him endless questions about perplexing allusions in his poems, and he always answered with the readiest kindness. I remember asking him what he meant by the lines in "In Memoriam" touching Arthur Hallam:

And over those ethereal eyes
The bar of Michael Angelo.

"Oh," replied he, "those are almost Hallam's own words. You must have noticed in all portraits of Michael Angelo the bulging, bony ridge over the eyes, technically called by artists the 'bar.' Hallam had this bony ridge very prominent, and one day, when we were at Cambridge, he came into my room, and while talking, passed his fingers across his brow and said, 'Alfred, I've got the real "bar" of Michael Angelo.'"

In replying to my many questions as to the genesis of certain lines, he always said they "came to him."

It reminds one of Cædmon and of the first

¹ "But creep along the hedge-bottoms, an' thou'll be a bishop yit."

The Churchwarden and the Curate.

true English poem in all our literature, that "came to him" in Hild's monastery, which looked down on the landlocked harbor of Whitby: "And when the learned men had heard him tell his dream, they all said that the song had come to him from the Lord."

I said to him, "Did you beat out word by word, and work over and over, such onomatopoeic lines as those in 'Sir Galahad'?"

The splinter'd spear-shafts crack and fly,
The horse and rider reel."

"No; it all came to me."

This is simply wonderful to us less-inspired mortals, but so is all such poetry, and none may doubt the word of a man so simple in his truth. But his *curiosa felicitas* was, I think, undoubtedly, in the great majority of cases, the result of the most careful and minute workmanship, and he seemed never tired of revising and reconstructing, of erasing and polishing. The exquisite precision of diction in his poems was fairly matched by what Macaulay was wont to call his "scrupulosity in pronunciation" in everyday talk. More than once he has stopped me in my headlong talk and said, "Why do you pronounce that word as you do?" Sometimes I would fight for a while as almost any man will on an imputation of mispronunciation or of snoring, but he was invariably right. But there was not a tinge of pedantry about him. I never knew a man freer from that curse.

For every nuance in sounds his ear was marvelously quick and sure, and his knowledge of scientific metrics was minute and exact to the last degree, while his wealth of apposite illustration as to nice metrical points from both ancient and modern classics was ever ready. In April, 1887, he published his "Carmen Saeculare," or "Jubilee Ode," which the critics fell foul of with great unanimity. I was at Aldworth in August of that year, and he spoke of the criticisms with marked annoyance when he kindly gave me a copy of the ode. "The critics," he said, "don't understand it at all, and their criticism lacks intelligence because they are always confounding accent and quantity. Read it carefully, and you will see that the meter is quantitative. Much of it will recall Catullus to you, if you've studied him carefully."

There was the rather unusual custom at Aldworth of every one's leaving the dinner-table, when the time came for the ladies to rise, and going into an adjoining room, where the men sat down at another table

piled with fruit and flowers. On this second table, too, were placed crusty port and Madeira that had doubled "the Cape," and here, as a special favor, and as being one of Charles Lamb's "blest tobacco boys," I was allowed a cigar. If the weather were at all cool, there was a bright fire of logs, and Tennyson, wearing his black velvet skullcap, as he always did indoors during the latter years of his life, sat at the board as supreme as "rare old Ben" at the "Devil in the Strand," or John Dryden at the "Rainbow," and poured forth such talk and reminiscences as I never expect to hear again. I remember with special delight the after-dinner talk between the poet and his lifelong friend and brother-in-law, Edmund Lushington, one of the greatest Hellenists in England, whom he has immortalized in the epilogue to "In Memoriam":

As gentle; liberal-minded, great,
Consistent; wearing all that weight
Of learning, lightly like a flower.

I may mention here that ninety-nine hundredths of the readers of "In Memoriam," not knowing that Tennyson had several sisters, have felt a sort of sentimental shock that she for whom the poet prophesied "perpetual maidenhood" in the beginning of the poem should have accepted the usual consolation of orange-blossoms in the epilogue, even though "thrice three years" had been numbered since Arthur Hallam's death. It will, no doubt, be somewhat of a comfort to those who still believe in the immortality of first love to know that the reference in the epilogue to "the bridal flower,"

That must be made a wife ere noon,

is to the younger sister, Cecilia, who married Edmund Lushington, and not to Emily, Hallam's fiancée. Emily, however, did ultimately marry Captain Jesse of the royal navy, and her two sons are still alive in England. Dr. Lushington, whom I met only that single time, and who had recently retired from the professorship of Greek in the University of Glasgow, had one of the loveliest old faces I have ever seen, and spoke with that clear-cut yet softly modulated intonation that makes the mere sound of a well-bred Englishman's voice a joy to the listener.

He and Tennyson had been at Cambridge together as young men. Both had been members of that famous band of young enthusiasts derisively known as the "Apostles," and could count among their contem-

poraries in the sacred fold Arthur Hallam, George Venables (the composite original with Archdeacon John Allen of George Warrington in "Pendennis"), Frederick Denison Maurice, James Spedding (the future biographer of Bacon), Thompson (afterward the brilliant Master of Trinity, whose sarcastic mots are treasured and repeated to this day, not only in Cambridge, but in all England), Trench and Alford, Charles Buller and Sterling, and Richard Monckton Milnes (better known to us as Lord Houghton).

It would be beyond my power to reproduce, by any poor words of mine, the subtle aroma of the brilliant yet genial talk—talk without effort, and therefore doubly charming—of these veritable *Noctes Ambrosianae*. But I may be pardoned for giving Tennyson's version of Carlyle's mot anent Monckton Milnes's famous breakfasts, inasmuch as Sir Wemyss Reid, in his delightful "Life of Lord Houghton,"¹ has entirely missed the point of Carlyle's fling.

As we all know, Monckton Milnes, the young poet and man about town, aspired to grasp the social-literary scepter falling from the withered hands of Rogers, and to gather around his breakfast-table in Pall Mall men of the most diverse personalities, creeds, and tastes. In fact, the chief requirement for securing an invitation to these breakfasts, which soon became the talk of London, seems to have been that the guest *must* be a lion of some sort. Men of such pronounced differences as Count d'Orsay, the elegant dandy, and rugged Thomas Carlyle, Sydney Smith, the brilliant wit, and Connop Thirlwall, the grave historian, sat there side by side; and had Colonel Cody, commonly known as "Buffalo Bill," burst upon the town in those days, he would undoubtedly have rubbed elbows in Milnes's hospitable menagerie with Tom Macaulay and Aubrey de Vere. "Yes," said Carlyle, in his broad Scotch, "if Jesus Christ were in London, and Milnes met him in Piccadilly, he'd at once invite him to breakfast and then rush off to try and find the devil to meet him."

After an hour over "the walnuts and the wine" at this second table, we used to go up into the library, and then over his pipe the poet was more interesting than ever.

All sorts of apocryphal stories have been told of his smoking "countless pipes," and there have been ignoble hints touching his over-fondness for old port, with the usual Addisonian reminiscence. Nothing could be

¹ Vol. I, p. 187.

more untrue, certainly, during the years that I saw him in his home. In the latter years of his life, indeed, owing to gout, he was not allowed even a single glass of wine, and used to make the most comic protests against Hallam's "soft invincibility" in the matter. The story of his breaking his chalk pipe after

He very rarely, in latter years, wrote even a note, Hallam answering all letters; but invariably I received, under his own hand, an acknowledgment of my annual little present. Here are two out of the number. One is dated from Farringford, February 12, 1888:

Farringford,
Freshwater,
Isle of Wight.

My dear Mr MacCabe

I have received this' your friend Mr
Agas your kind present, & whenever the
smoke of your Durham ascends to Heaven
from my pipe, I shall remember the giver.
I wish him health & happiness

Yours ever

Tennyson

Feb 12

- 88

All here send you their
best & kindest remem-
- brances: Come again when
you will.

every smoke and relighting a fresh one is equally without foundation.

After I came to know him well I every year sent him his tobacco, and he seemed to prefer it to any other.

"Lone Jack," he once wrote me, "is a very good fellow—not over-strong"; but toward the last he found it so, and there- after I always sent him "Durham."

MY DEAR MR. MACCABE I have received thro' your friend Mr. Potts your kind present, & whenever the smoke of your Durham ascends to Heaven from my pipe, I shall remember the giver & wish him health & happiness

Yours ever
TENNYSON

All here send you their best & kindest remem- brances: Come again when you will.

When I came back to England in 1889, from a trip through Russia, I went to Aldworth, as usual, and, as the carriage swept round the drive in front of the house, I descried the poet, in his broad-brimmed felt hat and great flapping cloak, crossing the lawn. He waved his sombrero in friendly welcome, and cried out, "I've been telling one of your stories to-day at the flower-show, which I attended to please the neighboring farmers."

Then I jumped down, and after we had shaken hands, he gave me a bit of white heather in bloom, which I had noticed he was holding in his hand.

"I found to-day in my walk, and have brought home for you, what is not found here in the south of England once in ten years—white heather in bloom. It means good luck, and so I'm going to give it to you."

One remembers the lullaby in "Romney's Remorse":

And gather the roses wherever they blow,
And find the white heather wherever you go.

I thanked him, and as I did not wish to go up to my room at the time, hid it behind some books on one of the drawing-room tables, cautioning Lionel Tennyson's two boys, Eton lads, who were at Aldworth for the holidays, that if they laid a sacrilegious finger on it there'd be another "slaughter of the Innocents" on the spot, compared with which that of Herod was mere child's play.

Then I forgot all about it.

I paid my visit, and was in a railway-carriage on my way to an old friend's in Sussex, when something made me remember it. Then I telegraphed Hallam from Guildford Junction, and wrote him two letters, in hot haste, describing exactly where I had left it, and asking that it be sent on to my lodgings or club in London. It now hangs framed over the chimneypiece in my library in Richmond. Months afterward I sent Tennyson some tobacco, and straightway received this note, dated Farringford, December 19, 1889:

MY DEAR WHITE-HEATHER MONOMANIAC Hallam has brought me from London that which makes my memories of you still more fragrant than before, i.e. the Durham

Yours ever
TENNYSON

It was on this visit, when, as I have said, I had just come back from Russia, that he told me the following curious story.

"My father," he said, "was a most impulsive man, and spoke out whatever was

uppermost in his mind. Soon after the assassination of the Emperor Paul he went on a tour through Russia, and stopped at Moscow, where the court resided, and where Lord St. Helens was English ambassador. He and my father had been friends at Cambridge, and so my father had the freedom of the embassy while in the Russian capital. One night St. Helens had a grand dinner, at which were all the foreign ambassadors and many Russian notables, not one of whose names my father had caught.

"In some way it came about that a guarded allusion was made, during the dinner, to the death of the late czar. My father, who caught it, leaned over, almost across the breast of some Russian dignitary covered with decorations, who sat next to him, and cried out in his quick, impulsive way, 'Why, St. Helens, what's the use of speaking so gingerly about a matter so notorious? We know well enough in England that the Emperor Paul was murdered in the Mikhailovski Palace, and we know exactly who did it. Count Zoffo knocked him down, and Benningesen and Count Pahlen strangled him.'

"An appalling hush fell for a moment upon the table, and then Lord St. Helens at once rushed into some subject discreetly foreign to the sixth commandment.

"It's the custom, as you know," continued he, "in Russia not to sit over the wine, as is usual in England, but to go into another room where the samovar is, and there have tea, or more wine or vodka, and a smoke. As the company rose, Lord St. Helens, standing by the door as the guests filed out, gave my father a meaning look to drop behind the rest. As my father came up to him, he said in a hurried whisper: 'Don't go into the next room, but fly for your life. No flag can protect you in such a country as this. The man next you, across whose breast you leaned, was Count Pahlen, one of the most powerful nobles in Russia. Zoffo was at the table, too, and you have publicly charged both of them with being assassins. If you don't get away to-night, you'll be inside the dungeons of St. Peter and St. Paul within forty-eight hours. Go to a Scotch merchant's, whom I know, just outside of Odessa' (giving him the name), 'and he will conceal you until I can contrive to get you out of the country, if it be possible. Post to-night—the fastest horses you can get. I'll keep the company as late as I can. Don't even stop to change your clothes.'

"My father rushed away to his hotel, called up his courier, and made him order a

four-horse droshky, while he literally pitched his clothes into his portmanteau. He posted all night and the next day still in his evening clothes, weather bitterly cold; but he had a clever courier, and found his Scotchman, in whose house he lay perdu for weeks.

"St. Helens managed to get a message to him to be on the alert, and when he heard the horn of the 'Queen's Messenger' blown three times to be ready to go with the man who gave the signal. At last, one stormy night, he heard the welcome sound, and, disguised as a servant of the messenger, who was being sent home with despatches (which, by the way, he lost, as he was very drunk, but which were found by my father), and for whom an English frigate was waiting at Odessa, got safe on board and so back to England."¹

The hours of work of a great master have always been a matter of interest to literary craftsmen, and I have often been asked about Tennyson's.

Mrs. Ritchie, who saw much of the poet fifteen or twenty years ago, says: "Lord Tennyson works alone in the morning." Mr. Knowles, on the contrary, tells us that he would shut himself up with his pipe "two or three times a day, his 'most valuable hour,' as he told me, being the hour after dinner." Each statement was, no doubt, true as to Tennyson's working-hours at different periods in his life.

When I was staying at Aldworth, I never knew him to come down until between eleven and twelve in the day, and I always understood that he was working. After dinner he retired for an hour or two, and generally worked from about nine until eleven. Then he was ready for a pipe and a long talk in his den until past midnight.

As this matter of an author's working-hours possesses, as I have said, such general interest (and as this is but a rambling paper), some of my readers may care to know what were Thackeray's favorite hours, though it must be remembered that he was the most procrastinating of men, and that it often required agonizing appeals from the printer's "devil" for "copy" to induce him to settle down to his task. Several years ago I purposed writing, with Mrs. Ritchie's express sanction and encouragement, a paper, quite as unpretending as this, on the personality of the great novelist, and I then wrote to her touching this point.

In a letter, now before me, she says: "My father worked at all hours, but chiefly of a morning early. He sometimes began at five or six o'clock. He very rarely wrote at night. He used to say that he liked the hour or two before dinner as much as any. He used to come from his club, order a cup of tea, and write from six to seven-thirty. Latterly he did most of his work by dictation, pacing up and down. The 'Roundabout Papers' were not, I think, dictated, but many chapters of his novels were."

I may add that Thackeray seems to have settled firmly in his mind exactly what he meant to say, and made but few corrections in his manuscript. I am fortunate enough to possess a portion of the original manuscript of "The Virginians," which Mrs. Ritchie gave me, saying I "ought to have it as a Virginian," and there are, in the whole of it, a surprisingly small number of erasures.

No sketch of Tennyson's personality, even so slight a one as this, can ignore the poet's extraordinary sensitiveness to adverse criticism, no matter how obscure the quarter from which it came.

I never but once heard him refer to any praise of his poems, and that was one day when we were speaking of Thackeray, and he sent Hallam to fetch for me to read the noble and beautiful letter² written to him by the great novelist soon after the appearance of the "Idylls of the King"—a letter full of enthusiastic admiration, in which, I remember, the writer said that the book had given him the greatest delight that had come to him since he was a young man.

"I am very proud of that letter from old Thackeray," said the poet, simply.

One day he was harping, almost querulously, on some foolish adverse criticism made by an obscure nincompoop, and I broke out, forgetting, for a moment, in my impatience, that I was talking to one of the Immortals: "What in the world do you care about such rubbish as that for?"

In fact, he could not himself have told why he should have cared.

"Yes, I know," as he said to "old Knowles," "I'm black-blooded, like all the Tennysons—I remember everything that has been said against me and forget all the rest."

On my last visit to him, but six weeks before he died, I recall that when I made

¹ Written in 1899. The end of the story is told somewhat differently by the late Lady Tennyson in the "Life," Vol. II, pp. 147, 148. But I set it down "as 't was told to me." ² Written in 1899. Now published in the "Life," Vol. I, pp. 444-446.

some reference to a recent English book in which a splenetic free-lance traced nearly every fine line in the Victorian poet back to some classic analogue, Hallam gave me a significant look, and I quickly turned to something else. "I could n't bear for him to see that foolish book," said this tenderest of sons, after the poet had left us.

Tennyson expressed to me his strong repugnance to the scheme of his publishers for bringing out a series of annotated editions of his poems for the undoing of English school-boys. I heartily sympathized with him in this aversion to anything of the kind, and told him that I had never really enjoyed "Paradise Lost" since I had become a man, because of the untold misery I had suffered in having to parse it when a boy, and how I used to swear I'd never, never look into it again.

I have often thought what a genuine god-send it must have been to a man who was so constantly meditating on the deepest and subtlest problems of life that he was possessed habitually of so keen and delicate a sense of humor in his *horae subsicivae*. It flavored, indeed, all his familiar talk, unless he were discussing some question to which humor was of necessity foreign, and the playfulness of this great genius with his grandchildren was a lovely thing to see.

Like many other scholarly men, a misprint in his books was to him an annoyance so keen as to seem disproportionate to less delicate and careful craftsmen. I recall with amusement the abysmal groan that Matthew Arnold uttered when I pointed out to him a passage in my favorite "Tristram and Iseult":

Gazing seaward many an hour,
From her lonely shore-built tower,
While the knights are at the war.

The word "knights" was printed "nights"! "Tut, tut!" cried the great poet-critic, raising both hands (a favorite gesture of his). "This is abominable, abominable!"

I told Tennyson of it soon after.

"Oh, that's nothing," he said, chuckling (and Tennyson's chuckle was worth going three thousand miles to hear). "You remember the passage in 'The Princess' in which I compare the Lady Ida and her train of maidens, as they trip across the park, to a herd of lightly stepping does? The lines run:

... and as the leader of the herd
That holds a stately fretwork to the sun,
And followed up by a hundred airy does.

Well, whether the printer was a cockney or possessed some slight knowledge of natural history, I know not; but in the first (King & Company's) edition 't is printed 'a hundred hairy does.'"

His defective eyesight was ever an acute annoyance to him, and added greatly to his innate shyness of meeting strangers and going into society. He constantly referred to it, and once said to me: "It led to rather an amusing incident a few years ago. Hallam and I went with Mr. Gladstone as Sir Donald Currie's guests on a cruise in the *Pembroke Castle* among the Hebrides and thence on to Denmark. While lying in the harbor of Copenhagen we were invited to dine at Fredensborg with the King and Queen of Denmark, and the next day the whole royal party came on board to luncheon. There were the king and queen, 'the princess,'¹ the czar and czarina, and their attendant ladies and gentlemen. After luncheon 'the princess' asked me to read one of my poems, and some one fetched the book. I sat on a sofa in the smoking-room next 'the princess,' and another lady came and sat beside me on the other side. The czar stood up just in front of me. When I finished reading, this lady said something very civil, and I thought she was Andrew Clark's daughter, so I patted her on the shoulder very affectionately, and said, 'My dear girl, that's very kind of you, very kind.' I heard the czar chuckling mightily to himself, so I looked more nearly at her, and, God bless me! 't was the czarina herself." I fancy that it was the first time that august lady had been patted on the back and called a "dear girl" since she had left the nursery.

But with all his dislike of society, and despite his grim exterior, he was possessed of that genuine spirit of courtesy which can come only from a thoroughly kind heart. I was strolling slowly with him once on the terrace at Aldworth, during one of my earlier visits, when the first gong sounded for dinner.

"I'm off," I cried, "to get into my clothes."

He detained me a moment, saying kindly: "You must excuse my not dressing for dinner. I never dress for anybody. My old friend Argyll was here last week, and I said to him, 'Argyll, I can't dress for you, for I never dress for any one, and if I made an exception and dressed for a duke, my butler would set me down as a snob.' We must keep well with our butlers, you know," he laughed, as I sped away to change.

¹ Of Wales.

At another time a dog-cart and single groom had been sent to meet me at the station, instead of the carriage with its array of footmen, and he fussed and fumed about it when he found it out, and grumbled at Hallam's explanation that one of the coach-horses had gone lame. Had I been a great nobleman or some famous man, he would n't have "cared tuppence." Much cheap republicanism has been aired in this country about his having accepted a peerage, and I have heard a well-known American, who (as I happen to know) "dearly loves a lord" in his secret heart, declare that he had lost much of his admiration for Tennyson "since he had condescended to take a title." The fact is, as I heard from Tennyson's own lips, that when a peerage was first offered him, he was strongly opposed to accepting it, having thrice before declined a baronetcy, and told Mr. Gladstone that he preferred to remain a simple commoner. But the veteran Prime Minister urged that, as such a signal honor had never before been actually conferred for distinction in literature pure and simple (for Grote had declined the overture, and Macaulay's case was not identical), he owed it to the literary gild to accept this recognition, on the part of the queen and her ministers, of the dignity and worth of letters. When put to him in that light, he felt it his duty to his craft to accept.

When I went down to Aldworth late in August of 1892, on my return from Greece, I at once saw a great change in the dear old man, though he was still cheerful, and when we went every day for our walk, his talk was as full of quips and as entertaining as ever. But his step was feebler, the walks were shorter, the massive brows seemed sunken, and his hearing was noticeably impaired. His dread of meeting strangers was more acute than ever.

The day before I left, Burne-Jones (prince of "good fellows," as he was prince of painters), with his daughter and her husband, Mr. Mackail, whose delightful "Greek Anthology" must be familiar to many of my readers, were to come to luncheon, driving across country from the place they had taken

for the summer. They did not turn up at the hour, and after waiting twenty or thirty minutes, we went in to luncheon.

Hallam always kindly placed me next his father at table, but on that day he had suggested that I should give up my usual seat to Burne-Jones, so that the latter might have more direct talk with the poet. We had not been at the table more than ten minutes when the great hall-bell clanged sharply, and we knew that our guests had arrived. They had lost their way, and we heard their laughing voices explaining their adventures to Hallam, who had gone out into the hall to greet them. As I jumped up from my seat next the old poet to go over to the seat first assigned me, he clutched at my sleeve, and said, with rather a pathetic insistence: "Sit still, sit still; why do you want to leave me?" But I shook my head laughingly and darted around the table to the other side.

I can never forget the day I left Aldworth that fateful year—the last time I ever saw him. I was to go up to London in the afternoon, and we had walked before luncheon and had much talk (his most interesting, touching English smugglers in the "Great French War," I remember), and then after luncheon Hallam and I had gone out on the south terrace for a smoke.

After finishing my cigar, I went up into the library to say good-by. He was sitting near the great south windows reading, wearing his black velvet skullcap, the book held close to his face, just as I had so often seen him.

"Well, I'm off," I said cheerily, "and have come to say good-by."

He took my outstretched hand in both of his,—I remember noticing at the moment what sinewy, carefully kept hands they were, with long, nervous fingers,—and then he said very gently and sadly: "I am a very old man now. You may never see me again, but always come to us here when you come to England. God bless you!"

Such were the last words I heard fall from the lips of Alfred Tennyson, and the gentle old voice still lingers in my ears as a benediction.





“THE ROSE LIGHT LINGERED ON THE HILL.”

BY WINSTON CHURCHILL.

THE rose light lingered on the hill,
And turned to wine the waters at our feet.
The leaves that prattled by our sides were still.
This day—how sweet!

The sun fell down behind the crest,
Uplifted dark against the western sky,
And it stood brazen-lined, in azure drest.
Within my heart—a cry.

Before her time, the silver moon
Crept shyly, all ashamed, into the light.
A star beyond the hills arose—too soon.
Then spread the Night

Her veil of mist to hide the deeps
That once were warm. Upon our spirits, too,
A silence fell, e'en as the cool air steepes
The grass with dew.

Yesterday! So the ages roll
Unmoved. And yet I yearn that thou shouldst know
How lingers still thy presence in my soul—
An afterglow.





A CALIFORNIA BANDIT.

MY THREE MEETINGS WITH VASQUEZ.

BY THE REV. O. P. FITZGERALD, D.D.,
Methodist Episcopal Bishop of Tennessee.



It was Sunday in Sonora, in the southern mines of California, in the winter of 1853. The camp was so named because of the fact that among the motley crowd that flocked to the rich diggings on Wood's Creek were many Mexicans from the state of Sonora, most of whom were of the very lowest class. The men were gamblers, thieves, and highway robbers; the women were mostly of the kind who consort with such characters. These Mexican Sonorians helped to make Sonora in California a lively place—lively in all manner of wickedness peculiar to a community in which gold-dust was plentiful and good women scarce. The "Long Tom" saloon was the chief resort for gambling, drinking, and kindred vices. Two squares above it was the "Tigre," a fandango-house in which homicides were so frequent that had a week passed without a shooting or stabbing scrape it would have been concluded that Sonora was losing its prestige as a live camp. Other places of like character dotted the town. Every day and night in the week the miners crowded these haunts, and on Sundays they poured in from the hills and gulches until all Sonora was a seething mass of long-bearded, red-shirted men, drinking, gambling, trading, and fighting.

On this particular Sunday the camp was

wild with excitement. Felipe, a Mexican desperado, had killed a policeman named Sheldon, a tall, handsome fellow from Pennsylvania who was ready to drink, joke, or shoot with anybody at the shortest notice. Felipe had stabbed the poor fellow to the heart without a word of warning, in payment of a grudge growing out of Sheldon's interference in an affray at the Tigre in which the treacherous Mexican was a party. Had he killed his man in open and fair fight, the offense would easily have been condoned; but the assassination of the jolly, generous, and popular policeman roused the miners to frenzy. Major Solomon, the sheriff, after an exciting chase, had overtaken and captured the assassin near Big Oak Flat on the Tuolumne River, and was bringing him in for the purpose of lodging him in jail to await his trial for the crime. More than a thousand men, many of them drunk or half drunk, met him as he entered the town, and but for the precautions taken by the officer they would have made short work with Felipe. Bareheaded, with a red sash around his waist, casting quick and malignant glances on either side, he was hurried along the middle of the street, guarded by a posse of twenty men with the sheriff at their head. The mob, yelling like demons, pressed close upon them, but no one dared to break through the line.

I had joined the crowd, impelled by curi-

osity and that mysterious impulse that draws men together when they are in any way excited. As I was borne along with the mob, my attention was arrested by a young Mexican who, standing in his shirt-sleeves in the door of the Tigre, as the crowd was sweeping past, muttered through his clenched teeth:

"*Malditas Yankees!*" ("Cursed Yankees!")

I caught his eye as he spoke, and bracing myself against the pressure of the moving mass, stopped to look at him. I had never before seen such power of malign expression in so young a face. He was but a youth, slender but compactly built, and of fairer skin than is common with Mexicans. The whole countenance expressed malevolence, but his eyes were nature's special label of one of her malignest creations. Only in two other human beings have I ever seen such eyes as those that glared upon me from that doorway. One was Wirsén, the snake-charmer, and the other was Seth Kinman, the old California bear-hunter and Indian-fighter. It was the eye of a wild beast, the baleful glitter you have seen in the eyes of snakes, panthers, catamounts, or other creatures of the reptile or feline kind.

"Who is that young Mexican?" I inquired of Drury Bond, a miner from Dragoon Gulch, as he was brushing past me.

"That is young Tiburcio Vasquez, the cunningest, sauciest little devil you ever saw. He would as soon put a dirk into you as to pare an apple. He is the chap who stabbed big John Davis for rudeness to his sister when he was drunk at the Tigre, one night last winter."

The scowl upon the young desperado's face deepened as the sheriff rode past at the head of his posse.

"Curse him! He shall have a taste of Mexican lead or steel yet!" he ejaculated fiercely.

It was perhaps well for him that this threat was not heard by any one but myself. Burning for vengeance, and inflamed by whisky, that mob was in no humor to be trifled with. The sheriff, a brave and capable man whose service in the Mexican War had won for him his title of major, had incurred the hatred of the lawless element in the mines by unwonted sagacity and energy in dealing with the offenders who had defied or eluded his predecessors. He was a quiet, low-voiced man of easy and even elegant manners, whose coolness, tact, and desperate courage had proved equal to every emergency, and who had made several hair-

breadth escapes from death at the hands of these fellows.

I had met the young sister of Vasquez, Anita by name, in the little school that had been opened by my wife in the camp. The pupils were of many nationalities and shades of complexion, but they were molded into delightful unity by the kind, patient, and unselfish little schoolmistress. The Mexican girl was the beauty and pet of the school, having gentle ways, a pretty face, and a voice of remarkable sweetness. At that time social lines were not very rigidly drawn in Sonora, and little Anita was not held responsible for the wild doings at the Tigre. As she grew in stature and beauty, many were the conjectures as to what would be her fate.

Saved from the mob by the coolness and courage of the sheriff, Felipe was tried, convicted, and hanged according to law; but there was no abatement of crime in Sonora and its vicinity. The highwaymen, or "road-agents," as they were facetiously called, became so daring that they actually robbed the banker D. O. Mills within sight of his banking-house in Columbia, a neighboring camp which was a rival of Sonora both in the laxity of its morals and in the richness of its gold diggings.

It was suspected and whispered among the miners that Vasquez, the young Mexican, had a hand in these robberies, and the Tigre was known to be a favorite resort of a number of desperate characters who lived nobody knew how, coming and going mysteriously between sunset and sunrise.

A robbery and murder of peculiar boldness and atrocity at Algerine Camp, a rich mining district a few miles west of Sonora, roused the whole country round about, and the perpetrators were pursued with such spirit that most of the band, including both Americans and Mexicans, were captured. It was discovered that Vasquez was one of the gang, but he managed to escape. The ill-famed dance-house, the Tigre, still kept going, and maintained its evil name, but the sinister face of the precocious young criminal was no more seen in Sonora. Rumor said that he had joined Joaquin Murieta, then at the height of his notoriety as a highwayman. A ranchman affirmed that he had seen him near Knight's Ferry on the Stanislaus River, on the day following a stage robbery near Vallecito. "I know it was Vasquez," he said positively, "for no other human creature ever had two such eyes as his." Murieta's name, at this time, was a terror in Cali-

fornia. Daring, cunning, and merciless, he ravaged a wide territory, defying small parties sent in pursuit of him, and eluding larger ones by flight. It was now well known that Vasquez was his companion and lieutenant, having shown himself an apt scholar in the school of crime. It was also said that since his accession to Murieta's band their robberies had been even more audacious and their murders more cruel than ever before. The cunning brain and relentless hand of a diabolical genius were apparent in his plans and methods.

When Murieta was at last run down and shot on Kern River, Vasquez took his place as chief. Unlike Murieta, who disdained to hunt small game, Vasquez pounced upon all that came within his reach—express messengers, ordinary travelers, and even teamsters. At the least show of resistance or hesitation on the part of his victims he shot them down. It was afterward said that he boasted that he had killed fifty-four persons, from first to last, with his own hand. The sheriffs of several counties made extraordinary efforts to stop the career of the daring and cruel bandit, and more than once they seemed to have him in their power; but trusting to his knowledge of the country and the speed and bottom of his powerful, clean-limbed pinto horse, he was always able to get away. To Major Solomon he sent saucy messages of defiance and threats of vengeance. Once, in the wind-swept gap called Patterson's Pass in the Coast Range, when in flight after one of his raids, in which he had been closely pushed by the doughty sheriff, he said to the old man who lived there: "Tell Solomon that when we meet he shall die the death of a coyote!"

Not long after these events I was invited to be present at a notable wedding at the delightful country-seat of Mr. Charles S. Fairfax in Marin County. The Fairfax villa was situated on the landward side of Mount Tamalpais, that lifts its rocky height some thousands of feet above the sea-line, stretching northward parallel with the Golden Gate. Here was dispensed a hospitality refined by the presence of his cultured and queenly wife, yet democratic enough to include many sorts of people—traveling celebrities, politicians great and small, tourists, hunters, artists, and now and then an author. The impending wedding had been announced in the San Francisco newspapers, the bridegroom being a well-known citizen of princely fortune and generous nature, the bride a blooming young widow who had been quite

a belle among the upper circles of the city. Among the invited guests was a live English lord—the name now escapes me—who, learning that Fairfax was of the old Virginia family of that name, descended from the Lord Fairfax who was a notable figure in the early history of the colony, had shown more interest in him than in any other person he had met in California. The noble Englishman had presented Fairfax with a magnificent blooded horse which was the admiration of many professional and non-professional horse-fanciers, to which latter class I belonged. Another guest was Major Solomon, who had removed to San Francisco on his appointment to the office of United States marshal.

It was a gay wedding, with all that wealth and wit and beauty could impart to give zest to the occasion. The next morning a riding-party was proposed, and knowing my weakness for a fine horse, Fairfax said to me:

"Would you like to take a gallop on the back of the big bay you so much admired yesterday?"

"Just the thing! Bring him out."

The splendid animal was soon brought out, and as I sprang into the saddle I felt the thrill that always comes back to a country-bred boy when he feels under him the spring of a spirited steed.

It was an April morning of perfect loveliness. The fogs sweeping in from the ocean, rising to the bare, bleak summit of Tamalpais and enveloping its sharp cones, rested there, never sinking to the valley below—thus giving to the locality a climate having all the tonic qualities of the cool salt sea-air without its dampness and chill. The beautiful blooded bay and his rider were agreed at once: he wanted to go, and I was willing. Taking at first a road that wound along parallel with the mountain-range, we dashed ahead at a gait that soon left the rest of the party behind. The horse was hard-mouthed as well as long-winded, and I made no effort to check him until I came to a point where the road, crossing a little creek, made a sharp turn to the right, leading toward the middle of the valley. Yielding to the impulse of the moment as I cast my eye along the slopes to my left, that rose one above another until they met the rocky bluffs that marked the point where the timber-line ended and the scrub and scanty mountain growth began, I reined my horse in that direction, and began the ascent in a diagonal line, at every step more keenly feeling the

exhilaration of the air and more exquisitely enjoying the scenery as the altitude increased and the view widened. The steepness of the ascent caused me to rein in the bay, though he seemed to be as fresh as he was at the start. I was just passing a point where there was a sharp projection of the gray-colored rocky bluff that rose perpendicularly on my left, when my horse gave a snort of alarm, and sprang to the right with a suddenness that came near unseating a rider who had flattered himself that he was no mean horseman. Recovering my seat, I turned to see what was the cause of the horse's fright, and on a narrow ledge that projected from the overhanging mass there stood in full view a California lion. It was a splendid creature, one of the largest of its species, and looked as if it were half minded to pursue the unwelcome intruders upon its haunts. But I had no time to study natural history just then, for my horse was frantic with terror, and was plunging forward madly, crashing through the chaparral, clambering over the rocks, and leaping the gullies that seamed the mountain-side. Taking his own course, the animal was bounding on at this mad pace, when I heard the whistling of bullets close to my head, and the quick reports of firearms, just as three horsemen galloped down toward me. With my full consent, my noble bay flew onward as if he understood the nature of this new peril. Looking back over my shoulder, I saw that the three horsemen were in full pursuit. One of them, being better mounted than the other two, kept far in advance of them, and, tremendous as was the pace at which I was going, every time I turned to cast a glance behind, there was my pursuer coming right on. My plan was to cross the creek at some convenient place, and then make for the first settlement to be found in the valley; but the steep, high bank, covered with a thick growth of vines and bushes, made it impossible to do so, and before I was aware of it, my further flight was arrested abruptly, the creek whose course I had followed running directly under the bluff which rose perpendicularly above it. The chase, I saw, was ended, and turning the horse's head, I reined him in and awaited the approach of my pursuer. Being unarmed, I did not think of resistance. I had not long to wait. With his bridle in his left hand and his right grasping a pistol, he came dashing on, slacking his pace as he drew near, and keeping me covered with the weapon.

"Make any movement, and you are a dead man!" he exclaimed, and with a few bounds he was at my side.

There was a mutual surprise. The face was that of Vasquez! The eyes were unmistakable, and it was a pinto horse on which he sat.

"*Tonto de Abril!*" ("April fool!") he said, breaking into a sort of laugh, as he motioned his companions to come forward.

There was no explanation asked or given on either side. I thought it prudent to give no intimation that I recognized the bandit upon whose head a price was set, and he seemed to take the whole affair as a joke. To this day I am doubtful whether this exciting chase after me was a piece of grim humor on his part, or whether he had mistaken me for his old enemy, the former sheriff of Tuolumne County. The fact that I had several times been told that there was a marked resemblance between Major Solomon and myself makes the latter supposition at least probable.

Vasquez rode forward to meet his companions, and after a brief conference with them, he waved his hand to me, saying, "Adios," and galloped away.

The relation of my adventure at Fairfax's excited much interest and some merriment at my expense, and gave a fresh impetus to the efforts of the officers of the law to bring the wily and saucy Vasquez to justice.

It was not long after this that the robber was at last taken. The robbery of a store at Tres Pinos, in Monterey County, the murder of its inmates in broad daylight, and the wanton killing of an Indian lad who had come up just as the robbery was finished, produced an intense excitement. Vasquez was hotly pursued, and overtaken in Los Angeles County, his swift-footed pinto having carried him three hundred miles from the scene of his crime in an almost incredibly short time.

Vasquez was lodged in jail at San Francisco. The newspapers of California were filled with the particulars of his arrest, and the details of his bloody career were narrated in the prevalent sensational style.

In the midst of the general outburst of execration of the wretch I somehow found a sort of pity for him rising in my heart. I have felt something of the same feeling toward a hunted mad dog. When everybody else seems to be arrayed against a fellow-creature, my impulse is to give him at least my compassion. Acting on this feeling, I asked and obtained permission to have an

interview with the robber. The jailer quietly intimated to me that I had better hold the proposed conversation from the outside of his cell, seeming to think that the unarmed desperado was a dangerous room-mate even for a few minutes.

At the call of the officer Vasquez came forward from the farther corner of his cell, where he had been sitting or lying. Though heavily ironed, he moved with a catlike lightness of tread, and as he came more fully into the light I was not sorry that the grating was between us. That he regarded me as an enemy was evident, his whole manner betokening distrust and dislike. His eyes were those of a caged catamount.

"Good morning, señor," I said in a kindly tone.

"Good morning," he dryly replied, eying me keenly and darting quick glances around as if to see whether any other persons were within hearing.

"I have met you before in Sonora," I said.

"No!" he ejaculated fiercely, "I never was in Sonora"—drawing back as he spoke, evidently suspecting that I was seeking in some way to entrap him.

"You need not fear me," I continued; "I am neither a detective nor a lawyer, but simply a fellow-man who is ready to do you a good turn if he can. I lived on the hill above the Tigre in Sonora, and I knew little Anita when she attended the school taught by my wife."

"Poor little Anita!"

He shuffled up to the grating as he spoke the words, and looked wistfully into my face.

"What became of her—little Anita?" I asked after a pause.

He made no answer, but dropped his head upon the window-sill, and I saw that his chest was heaving. When he lifted his head his eyes were wet, and he said to me gently:

"Thank you, señor, but you can do me no good."

He turned away and sought again the farther corner of his cell, and I left him sitting with his face buried in his hands. Thus ended my third and last meeting with Vasquez.

Within a few days he was removed to San José, the county-seat of Santa Clara County, where he was duly tried, convicted, and hanged. Even after his death he was the subject of a current sensation, it being alleged that the jail was haunted by his ghost. The inmates declared that they heard strange and fearful noises in the cell lately occupied by the murderer, and the newspapers made the most they could of the matter.

San José at that time was rife with the excitement of modern spiritualism, and there were not a few who were ready to believe that a spirit that could make such a stir while in the body could manifest its presence and power after it was disembodied. Be that as it may, he never manifested himself to me. I never met him the fourth time.





JAN KUBELIK.

BY H. E. KREHBIEL.

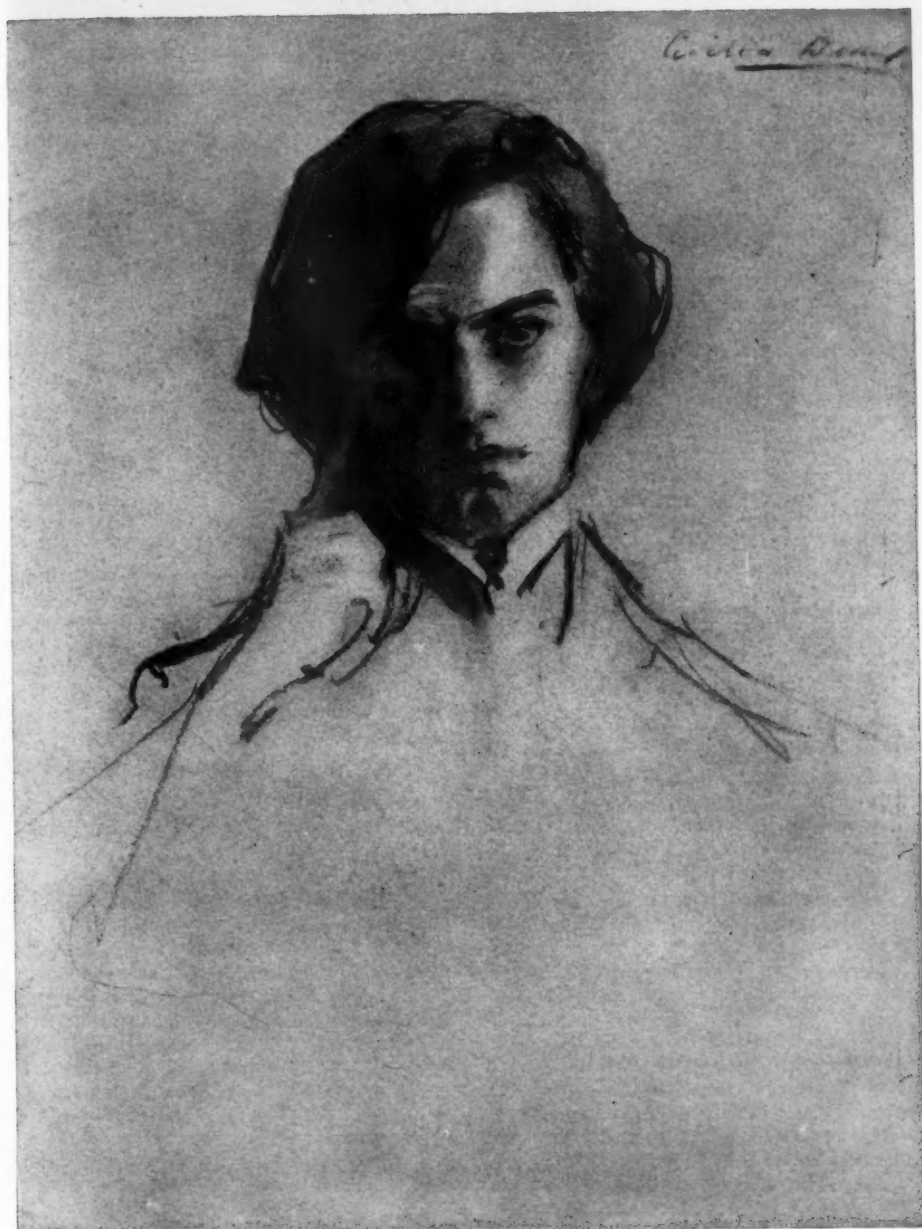
WITH A PORTRAIT SKETCH BY CECILIA BEAUX.

FOR a year the English-speaking world has rung with the name and fame of Jan Kubelik, a marvelous violin-player, who is keeping bright the lustrous traditions of his native Bohemia and provoking dreams of me-tempsychois and the reincarnation of Paganini and other wizards of the bow. He is a mere youth, yet younger in all outward evidences of worldly and emotional experiences than his years betray. A lad of humble origin, like his great countryman Dvořák, but one whose physical characteristics tell of election, selection, ordination, and predestination by nature for the large rôle which he has begun to play in the history of musical virtuosship in the twentieth century: a face singularly gentle and sensitive, but always collected and reposeful; a body lithe, supple, shapely as a fabled wood-nymph's; sinewy arms such as a violinist needs must have, for there is much concentrated athleticism in his work; fingers which do not outwardly betray their nervous muscularity, fleet in movement, automatically accurate in action, long and tapering, so that they may dance over the finger-board fleetly, daintily, securely, dividing off the vibrating segments of the strings unerringly, fluttering in the trills with the tremulous rapidity of a locust's song. His bearing on the stage, obviously unstudied, proclaims individuality in every phase. He walks and stands with the upper part of his body pitched forward. He violates one of the fundamental rules of violin technics by disposing the weight of his body between both feet instead of resting it solidly on the left side where the tone is formed, thus leaving the right, whose mission is tone-production, free and flexible. With his right foot advanced, he rocks back and forth under the stimulus of his music

instead of swaying sidewise, as is the distressing habit of so many violinists; but the movement is slight and not disturbing to enjoyment.

Kubelik was born son to a poor market-gardener in a village near Prague on July 5, 1880. Music is almost an essential element in the life of the Czech, and it is not strange that the poor gardener was an amateur violinist and set his son to studying the instrument when he was five years old. The keen eyes of parental affection had foreseen the bent of the child's genius, but they closed in death just as the lad of eighteen put his foot upon the threshold of his career. The father died in poverty, but in the conviction that wealth and fame awaited his son. The boy studied six years at the conservatory in Prague, and stepped out of its doors a master of the technical part of violin-playing in 1898. Budapest, Vienna, and other cities in Austria, Italy, Hungary, and Rumania were the scenes of his first triumphs, but fame and riches greeted him with fabulous generosity when he appeared in London in June, 1900. There he became an object of adoration, and such he remains to-day.

As an artist Kubelik embodies the spirit of the age into which he was born. Musically this is not a creative age. It is the age of science, of politics, of commerce. It is shod with iron. The flowers of art do not and cannot spring up in its path. Indescribably brilliant, but hard and cruel, are the sparks which it strikes out in its thunderous progress. It is in all things the period of tremendous technical achievement; and such a period, since the world began and in all the arts, has been contemporary with a period of decay in production. The age of the virtuoso is not that of the creative artist. In music, performance is not exposition



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

Jac Zubeck

26. X. 1901

merely; it is also creation. The productive act does not stop with the composer as it does with the painter, sculptor, and architect; it is carried over to the interpreter, whose work must be in a lofty sense re-creative if he wishes to lay claim to the proud title of artist. In this aspect of the case Kubelik is disappointing, as most youthful virtuosi are.

He has not yet learned to think maturely, nor been made to feel profoundly. But his is a prodigious capacity for expression. There is nothing that the violin has been asked to say that he cannot bring to utterance in a manner that compels amazed attention. His genius is, as yet, unclarified and unconscious of the whole loftiness of its mission; but it is amazing. It comprehends and masters all technical means. It evokes a tone essentially beautiful and wondrously large. It speaks with a voice like that of the daemon of Socrates, but also like that of the demon that Paganini used to delight in conjuring up. The ease with which he conquers the most appalling difficulties is bewildering, and imbues his music with a fine sense of repose, which,

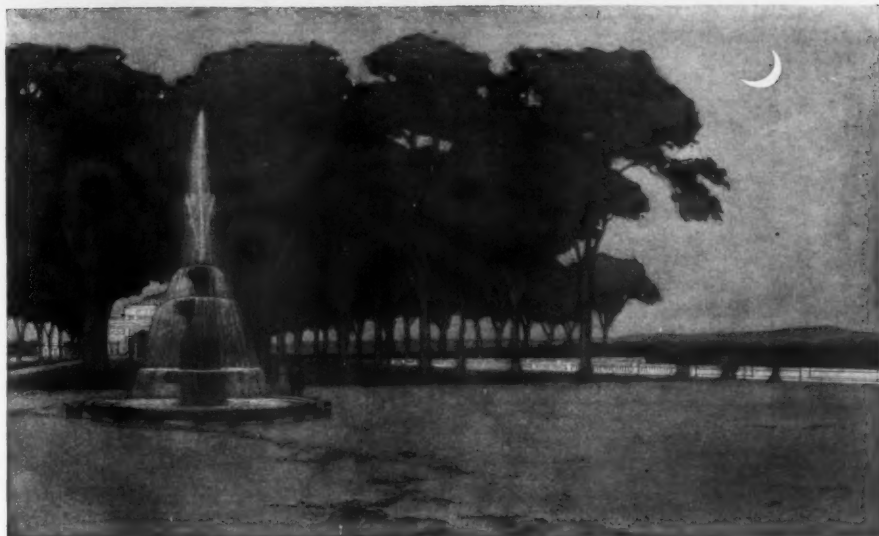
however, departs more and more as the music approaches the simple, soulful song-style. When broad, cantabile moments are reached the immature Oriental sentimentalist comes to the fore. He is young and living in the excitement of a phenomenal success. His violinistic legerdemain has turned the heads of thousands, and he takes somewhat too great delight in the mere vanquishing of difficulties; but the attributes of greatness are always evident in his playing even when the music is paltry. He is imperturbable in his maintenance of tempi and his command of rhythms. His double-stopping is impeccable. No player of recent years has approached his mastery of harmonics. The accord between his bow-arm and left hand is automatically perfect, and his tone a miracle in its fullness and sonority, also in its purity and sensuous loveliness when unforced. In short, he is a wonderful youth, a reincarnation of Paganini rather than any master of the last half-century; and if he shall turn out to be the greatest violinist of the next half-century his severest critics to-day will not be surprised.



THE MELTING OF THE ICE.

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

STEALTHILY toiled the dark, warm-breathing Night,
 Far up the silent land where Winter lay
 Forging unmeasured fetters frosty-white,
 Which now the streams did snap and hurl away.
 So, down our river, all the genial day,
 The ice went drifting to the sea's broad breast:
 Drifting, it borrowed morning's rosy ray,
 Drifting, at noon in diamond glamour dressed,
 And, drifting, changed to gold, beneath the golden west.



DRAWN BY JULES GUÉRIN. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

VIEW OF THE MONUMENT TERRACE, LOOKING SOUTHWEST.

THE IMPROVEMENT OF WASHINGTON CITY.

SECOND PAPER.

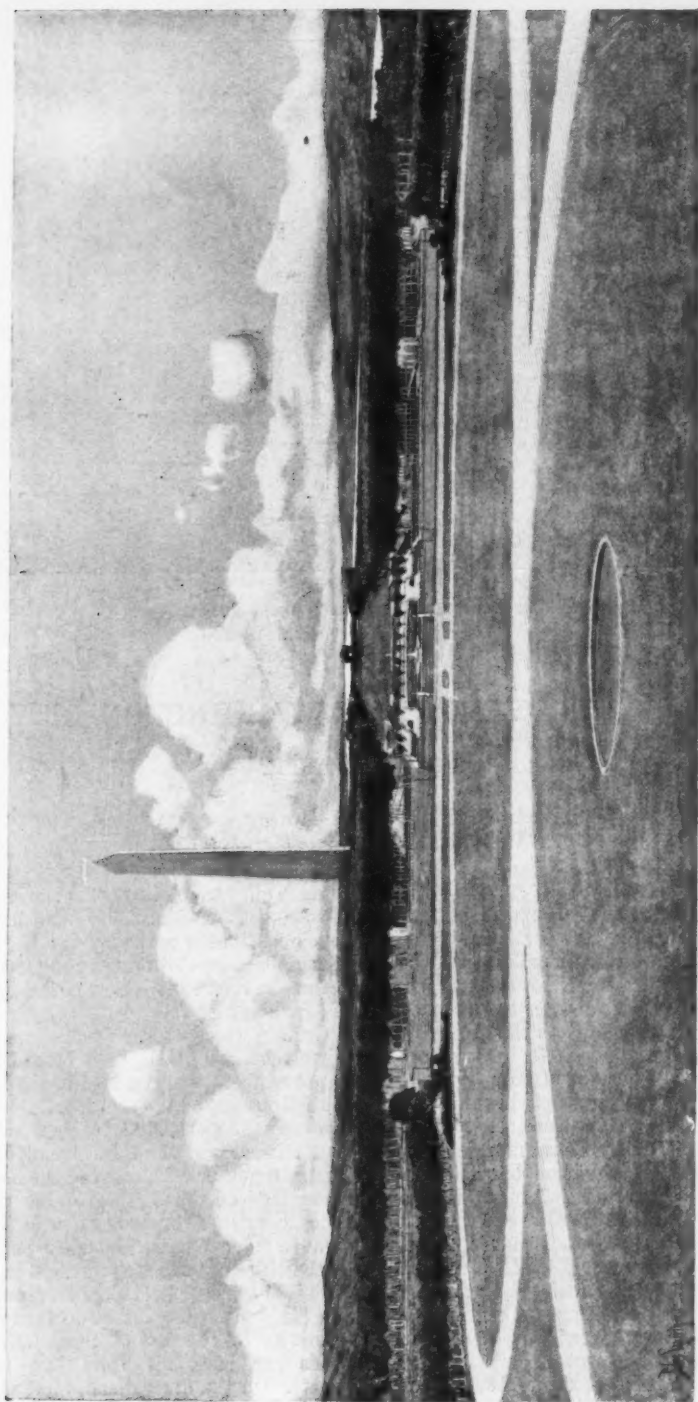
BY CHARLES MOORE,

Clerk of the Senate Committee on the District of Columbia.

ALBERT GALLATIN, writing from Washington in 1801, expressed the optimistic opinion that the portion of the Federal City near the President's house might, in a short time, form a town equal in size and population to Lancaster or Annapolis, a prediction based mainly on the proximity of the locality in question to the well-established tobacco port of Georgetown. Mr. Thomas Twining, an English traveler who visited the site of the capital city in 1795, thought that Georgetown must share the advantages of Washington, but be independent of its failure. If Twining and Gallatin could revisit the national capital and stand on one of the antiquated bridges that span Rock Creek, they would look down into the deep ravine and see nearly the same conditions that met their gaze when first their eyes beheld that thread of water twisting between steep banks overgrown with trees. Officially the name of Georgetown is obsolete; but not until that portion of the Rock

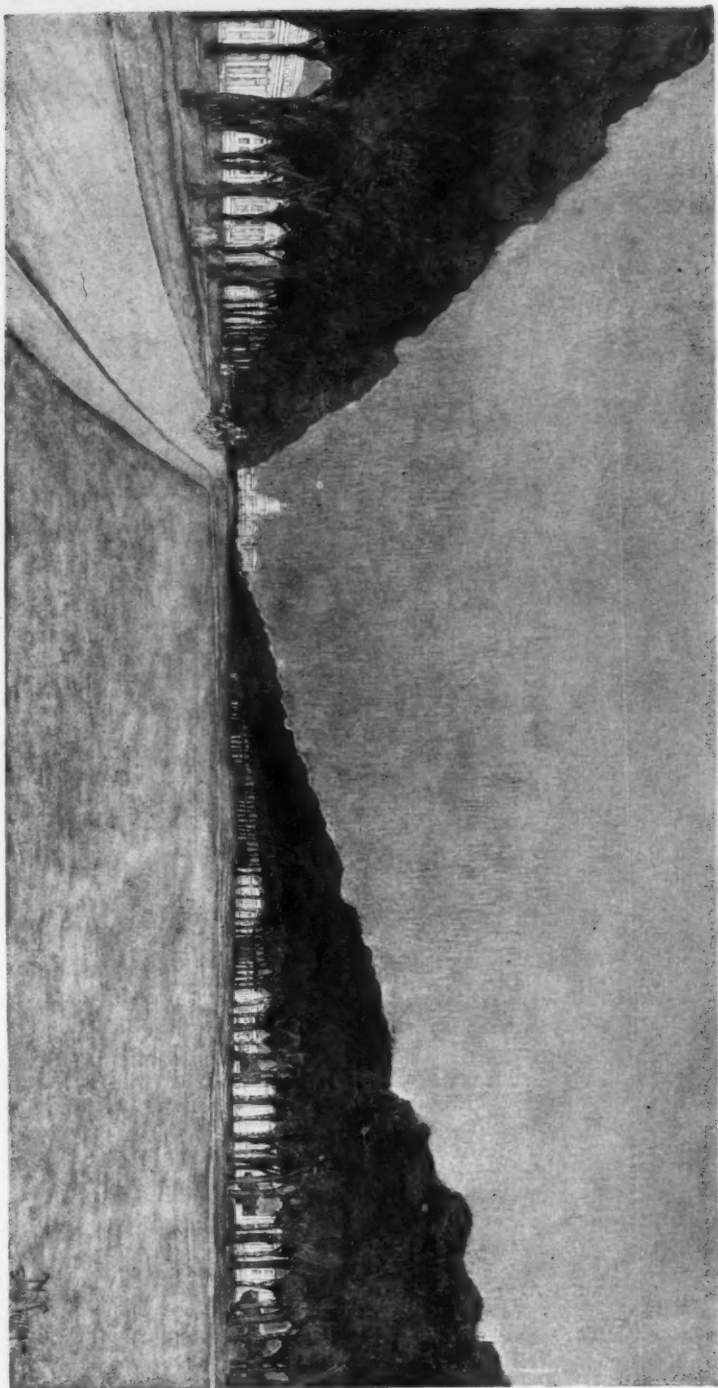
Creek Valley which lies between the ancient town and the modern city shall have been developed into a parkway will the line of demarcation be obliterated and Georgetown become in fact, as it is now in theory, a part of Washington.

Certain Georgetown families still keep alive traditions of the days before the seat of government was removed to the banks of the Potomac; and upon proper introduction one may be permitted to gaze on priceless miniatures of the piquant Martha Custis, together with many of the household belongings of the Father of his Country, relics cherished by persons who have the right to refer to those illustrious personages by the titles of intimate relationship. These families have ever held aloof from transitory Washington society as quite beneath consideration on the part of those whose title-deeds run back in direct line to royal grants. On the other hand, in Washington itself, of late years, several social circles



DRAWN BY JULES GUÉLIN. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLIER.

THE MONUMENT AND THE TERRACE AS SEEN FROM THE WHITE HOUSE.



DRAWN BY JULES GUÉMIN. HALFTONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. M. WELLINGTON.

VIEW OF THE MALL, LOOKING TOWARD THE CAPITOL.



DRAWN BY HENRY McCARTER. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

A SMALL TEMPLE IN THE MONUMENT GARDEN.

have developed quite independently of Presidents, cabinet ministers, and senators. With a few notable exceptions, the great houses of Washington are occupied by those who have no direct connection with the government; and high officials are welcome guests at these houses, not so much because of their position as because they also are in pursuit of social pleasures.

Then, too, Washington has a winter population numbering thousands of persons drawn thither from all parts of the country by the comparative mildness of the climate, and the fact that it is the only city in the country where a man may have an interest in what is going on without being himself actively en-

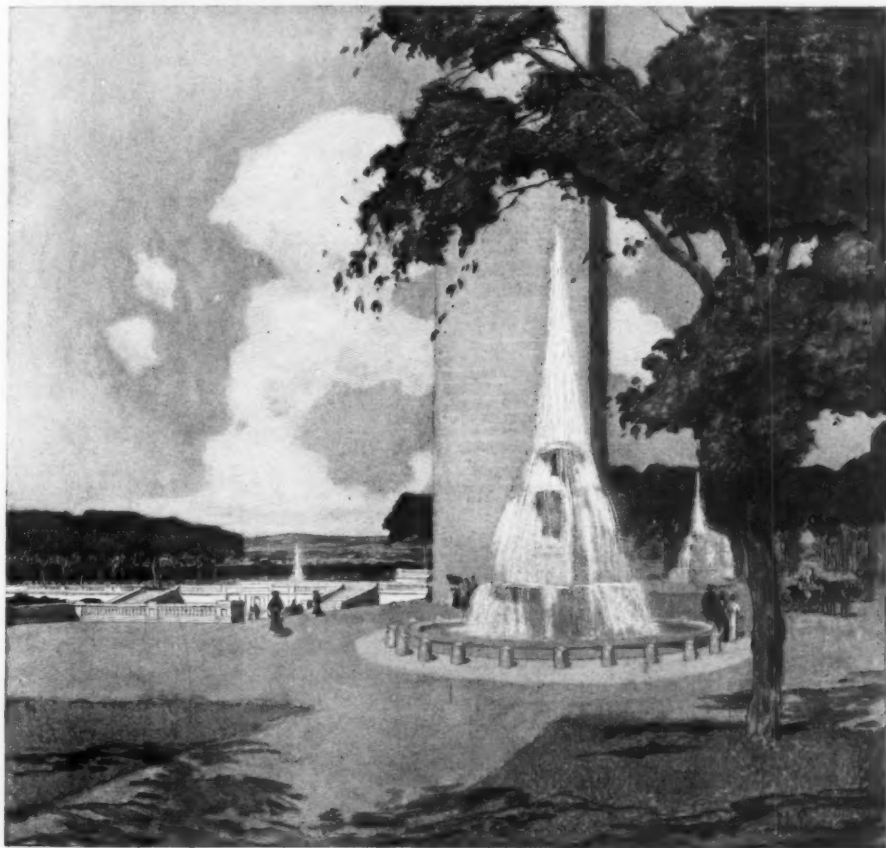
gaged in any pursuit. The debates in Congress, questions of foreign and domestic policy and the like, furnish subjects for conversation at the round of official receptions which occupy the first four afternoons of each week, and which any respectable person is privileged to attend; so that the sojourner at the capital is sure to make acquaintances at the homes of the representatives of his State, and speedily one's social circle may be enlarged as inclination and length of purse may dictate. Also, there are the retired army and navy officers who regard Washington as the home of their declining years; and the scientific people, a greater body numerically than is to be found in any

other city, at least in this country; and the thousands whom public business or pleasure calls to the capital for a few days or weeks at a time. So that Washington has become the representative American city; and any improvements which Congress may undertake in the District of Columbia will be made not alone for the benefit of the comparatively few permanent residents, but for the much greater number of American citizens who have a just pride in seeing that the capital of the United States is made worthy of the advancing power and taste of the people.

Primarily, however, the District of Columbia was created for the seat of government of the United States. The city of Washington, its public buildings, its parks and drive-ways, its great library, even its municipal government, all are maintained to serve the

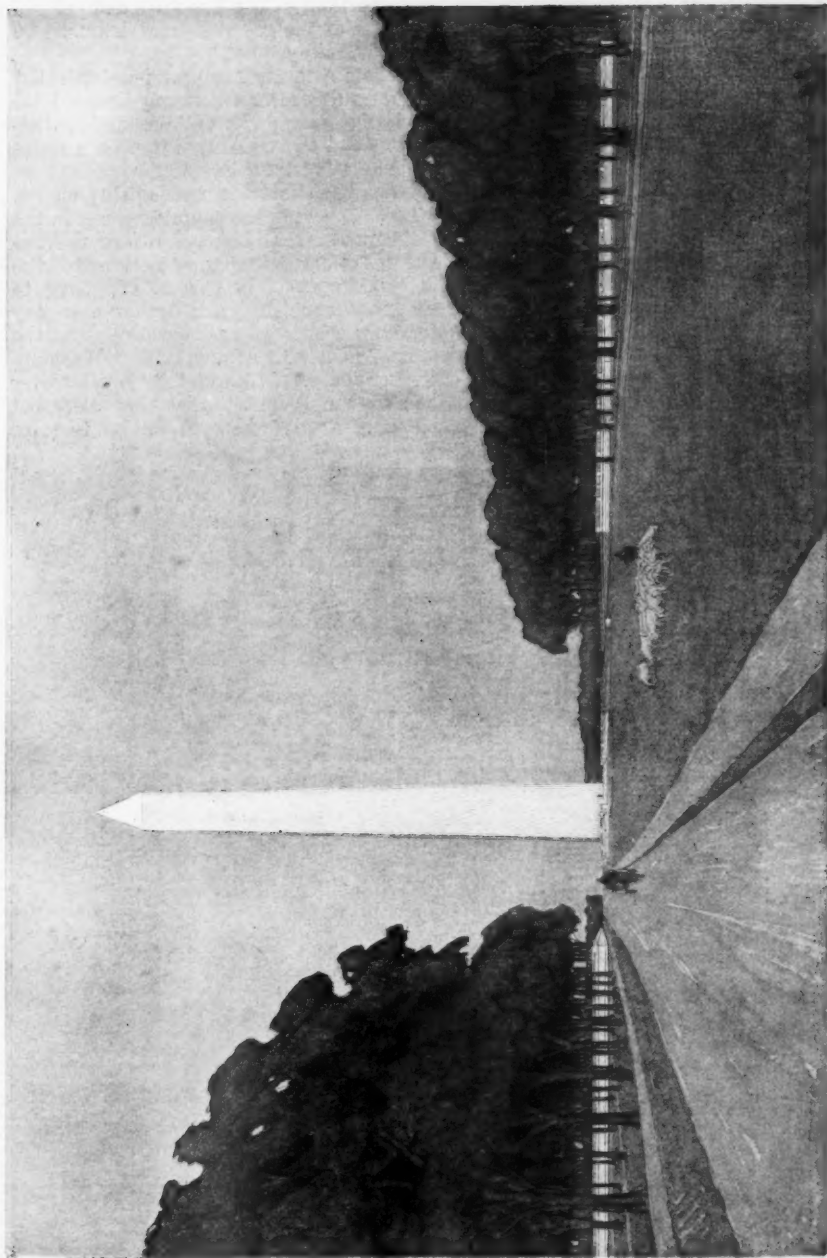
purposes of the national legislature and of those portions of the executive and judicial branches of the government which must be located at the capital.

Of late a theory has been put forth that the federal government simply finds a local habitation in the city of Washington, District of Columbia, and that there is a reciprocal relation between the government on the one hand and the municipality on the other. This view has support neither in the Constitution nor in history. Indeed, the capital was removed from New York and Philadelphia for the very purpose of giving to Congress exclusive jurisdiction over any territory which might be selected as the seat of government; and neither Washington nor Jefferson, L'Enfant nor Ellicott, ever had even a suspicion that they were not planning a city which in all its features



DRAWN BY JULES GUÉRIN. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

VIEW FROM THE TERRACE, LOOKING NORTH.



DRAWN BY JULES GUÉRIN. HALFTONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

VIEW OF THE MONUMENT AS SEEN FROM THE MALL.

should be the expression of the stability, the dignity, the taste, and the wealth of the government of the people of the United States. So that while the District of Columbia may offer attractions to private citizens, or opportunities to business and professional men, the District is, first of all, the abiding-place of the highest representatives of the people, and its development should be prosecuted in accordance with this fact.

The work of improvement is by no means a new enterprise. For years Congress has been laying the foundations. Those very necessary measures of civic housekeeping, a perfect sewer system and an adequate supply of pure water, are rapidly nearing completion; and lands have been either purchased or reclaimed for all the larger parks, so that what now remains to be done is to develop areas already possessed, and to make suitable connections among them. The city that L'Enfant planned has outgrown its boundaries, and now the task is to extend to the entire District of Columbia as comprehensive and as well-considered treatment as he gave to the forests and plains with which he was called to deal.

In a former paper the Senate Park Commission's scheme for the treatment of the Mall and the Monument grounds so as to restore the axial relations planned by L'Enfant was outlined. Leading from the Lincoln memorial site, at the western end of the Monument grounds, the improvement plans contemplate a roadway skirting the Potomac and carried on a higher level than the wharves, so that one may look down on the busy and interesting scene of commercial activity. On reaching Rock Creek, the driveway turns up the valley and skirts the stream, while the street-cars and the general traffic continue to be carried on bridges spanning the narrow ravine, and the great thoroughfares of Massachusetts and Connecticut avenues cross the valley on stone viaducts already in process of construction. Two miles of parkway bring one to the Zoölogical Park, a well-developed tract of one hundred and seventy acres, where the Smithsonian Institution aims to preserve specimens of those animals which advancing civilization threatens with destruction. Adjoining the Zoölogical Park is the Rock Creek Park, throughout the length of which a single road winds along one bank of the stream to the boundary of the District. Across the park run a few country roads; and on its wooded knolls stand a few ancient stone houses, among them the Klinge place, one of the

owners of which, on his wedding-night, returned to town on an errand, and, within sight of the lights and hearing of the voices of the merrymakers, was drowned in the torrent into which a sudden storm had turned the creek. Tumbling over boulders, darting around corners, spreading itself over shallows, Rock Creek is a picturesque stream; and no matter how thickly populated the District may become, Congress has provided for isolation and quiet within the long, cool valley.

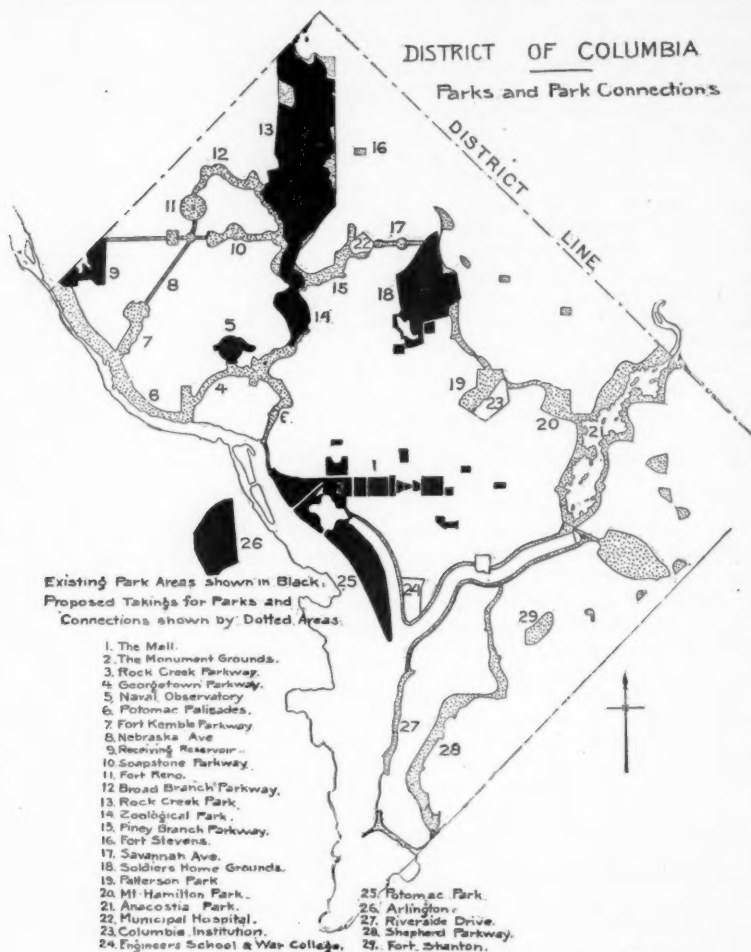
The region between Rock Creek and the northwestern line of the District has so many natural beauties that the Commission found difficulty in restraining their desires to acquire a very considerable portion of it for park purposes. Washington, following the rule with cities, is growing most rapidly toward the northwest; and already the pick and shovel of the real-estate speculator are at work tearing down wooded hills to fill picturesque valleys, after a fashion that called forth the vehement protest of Cicero against those who, in his day, were making monotonous the surroundings of Rome.

A permanent system of highways, approved by Congress, regulates the subdivision of lands in the District, and the engineers have paid more or less attention to topography in their plans for this section; but for the most part the only possible recourse is immediately to acquire those ravines and heights which will afford the most desirable park connections, and leave to government or other public institutions and to seekers for villa sites the preservation of a few from among the multitude of natural beauties.

Already the ample grounds of the long-established Georgetown University command the Potomac and the Virginia hills; and farther to the north gleam the white buildings of the Naval Observatory, standing in a circle encompassed by Massachusetts Avenue. The observatory, one of the most satisfactory of Richard M. Hunt's creations, can be seen for miles across the District, affording a fine example to be followed in future building. The newly established Bureau of Standards (by means of which the United States purposes to create a set of standards that will make the manufacturers of this country independent of Germany and England) has acquired a fine site in the northwest section, where are also located the Episcopal Cathedral Foundation, which includes the Phoebe A. Hearst School for girls; and the American University, for which the Methodists have already gathered several millions of dollars.

Here, too, the District has placed a high-service reservoir on the beautiful and commanding site of Old Fort Reno, one of a chain of fortifications that protected Washington during the Civil War.

army, suddenly appeared at Rockville, ten miles from the District of Columbia, and the next morning marched down the Seventh street pike to capture the capital. At Fort Stevens Early was met by the Sixth Corps,



MAP OF THE PARK SYSTEM OF WASHINGTON CITY.

When the highway system was laid out all of these abandoned forts were connected by streets; and the Park Commission advise that the grass-grown earthworks be brought into the park system, because the same reasons that made them available for fortifications now make them desirable for small parks. One of them, Fort Stevens, possesses a unique interest. On July 10, 1864, General Jubal Early, with Ewell's corps of Lee's

which had been detached from Grant's army and sent up the Potomac for the protection of Washington. Surprised and baffled by finding a veteran body of men where he had reasonably hoped to encounter only department clerks and the remnants of regiments left in Washington, Early was himself attacked, and in the hot engagement that followed, one of the coolest and keenest observers who stood on the parapet of Fort Stevens,

amid whistling bullets and screeching shells, was Abraham Lincoln. When a surgeon standing by the President's side was wounded by a Minié ball, General Wright ordered Lincoln down. The President reluctantly obeyed the order; but nevertheless he would persist in climbing up again and again to have a look at a real battle.

Along the eastern side of Rock Creek Park extends Sixteenth street, running in a mathematically straight line from the White House to the District boundary. Where the street surmounts the hill, a mile and a half from the President's house, is a superb site for a great memorial arch or column, whence the beholder may command the entire panorama of the city, dominated by the graceful dome of the Capitol and the serene shaft of the Monument, and having for a background the long silver band of the river and the purple hills of Virginia. The beauty of the scene is marred to a degree by the restless roof of the State, War, and Navy Building, and by the impertinent tower of the city post-office, as insistent as a spoiled child, both architectural warnings for future guidance.

Near the northern boundary of the Zoölogical Park, the Piney Branch falls into Rock Creek; and not only is the wild valley of the tiny tributary highly picturesque, but also in its westerly course it cuts across both the great thoroughfares of Sixteenth and Fourteenth streets, and thus it is fitted by nature to form in part the parkway to the Soldiers' Home. Where Piney Branch Valley rises to the level of the plain is a tract of thirty acres recently purchased as the site for a group of municipal hospital buildings; and by a suitable arrangement these proposed structures may be brought into reciprocal relations with the new building to be erected at the Soldiers' Home, so that by widening the connecting avenue a fine parkway may be completed between the parks on the axis of the White House and those on the axis of the Capitol.

The grounds of the Soldiers' Home, now five hundred acres in extent, are highly developed in an informal manner, with borders of forest and great central meadows, through which flows a small stream that forms ponds and miniature cascades. The white stone buildings on higher land at the northern end of the grounds command an extensive view of the city. For years the Soldiers' Home was the only driving-park in the District, as it is now the only one of any considerable extent. The original purchase

was made in 1853, with the proceeds of the indemnity that General Scott exacted from Mexico for the benefit of the soldiers of the United States army. During the Civil War Lincoln often used the quarters of one of the officers as a refuge from the cares and worries of the White House, and on hot summer evenings he found strength in the cool of the hills and serenity in the wide prospect. To-day the grounds are the favorite drive alike of Washingtonians and of visitors, while the blue-coated soldier inmates of the home willingly share with the black-gowned students of the neighboring Catholic University of America the enjoyment of well-shaded walks and wide stretches of meadow.

From the Soldiers' Home westward the parkway extends to the high wooded hill adjoining the extensive grounds of the Columbia Institution, a national college for the higher education of the deaf and dumb; thence it continues until it strikes the Anacostia or Eastern Branch of the Potomac, including in its course one or two tree-topped elevations that should be acquired for breathing-spaces, in anticipation of the not distant day when the growth of population will lead to the occupation of the entire District.

There was a time when the town of Bladensburg, at the head of navigation on the Anacostia, disputed with Georgetown and Baltimore for preëminence as a shipping-port of tobacco. In 1755 a portion of Braddock's army was quartered on its people, and from thence marched to death on the banks of the Monongahela. There, too, was the famous dueling-ground which claimed Commodore Decatur among its victims. And in Bladensburg streets was fought a disastrous battle of the War of 1812, after which the British marched unopposed to burn the Capitol and the President's house. For General Ross, who committed the vandalism of destroying the public buildings of a nation, a place in Westminster Abbey was prepared, and his family were permitted to add to their titles that of Ross of Bladensburg.

It is many decades since the meanest wood-scow went up with the tide to the wharves of Bladensburg; and of late years the sewage-polluted flats of the Anacostia have been a menace to the health of the people of Washington, seriously retarding the growth of a large portion of the District. Subjected to the miasmal emanations from these vast stretches of tide-washed mud are more than two thousand insane

persons confined at St. Elizabeth's, besides the prisoners in the jail and the workhouse, the poor in the almshouse, the sick in the city hospital, hundreds of workers in the great gun-shops at the navy-yard, and the marines in barracks—a striking example of the cruelty of governmental neglect.

The new plans contemplate dredging these flats to create within the area a water park with encircling driveways and wooded islands. Some six hundred acres will thus be changed into a place for boating and swimming in summer and skating in winter; and, as a result, sports now indulged in but sparingly for lack of opportunity will be encouraged. In recent years the object seems to have been to push the river away from the city, and to deny to the people most enjoyable forms of recreation. A change in this particular cannot come too soon; and those who are familiar with the large use that Londoners make of the narrow Thames will appreciate how welcome to the people of Washington must be any line of improvement that shall utilize the lavish pleasure resources of the Potomac.

Where the Anacostia unites with the Potomac are the old arsenal-grounds, long occupied as an artillery post, but recently set apart by the Secretary of War for the higher instruction of the officers of the corps of engineers. Within the next few years it is proposed to rebuild the post and to add a war college, where the officers of the United States army shall receive the highest possible training in all subjects pertaining to their profession. When this work is completed the place will become a great military park, with ample parade-grounds flanked by tasteful quarters for the officers, barracks for the enlisted men of the engineer corps, and halls of instruction, the whole surrounded by a riverside drive connected with the boulevard coming from Anacostia Park.

Directly opposite the arsenal-grounds a long, low island separates the Washington channel of the Potomac from the main or Georgetown channel. The engineers have created this island out of the shoals and bars on the river-bottom, and have planted willows along the water's edge. Although the work of sucking up river-sand to enlarge the reclaimed area is still in progress, all that is necessary to turn the island into a most attractive park is a dike to keep back possible floods, a roadway on the raised land, and informal planting of the rich alluvial lands of the central space. The almost im-

mediate effect of such treatment will be a pleasure-ground that will rival in beauty and availability the famous Margarethen Island at Budapest.

By a recent decision of the Supreme Court the title to the wharf property of Washington has been decided to be in the United States as the riparian owner; and when the courts shall have determined the value of the improvements thereon, the District will enter into possession of the property. This will afford an opportunity to rebuild the wharves as permanent structures of stone, with a terraced roadway carried on masonry arches to form the connecting parkway between the proposed war college and the Monument grounds, thus completing the inner circle of park connections, and forming a continuous drive around the city.

No park system for the District of Columbia would be complete that did not include ample driveways up the Potomac, not only to the District boundary, but even to the Great Falls, sixteen miles above the city, whence comes the water-supply. A well-constructed roadway covers the conduit through which the water for the city flows; and in one place, where a deep ravine is crossed, a stone arch with a span equal to the height of Bunker Hill Monument has been constructed—the longest single span as yet built of masonry. The river for miles is narrowed between high wooded banks, whose sky-lines are as wild as they were when Captain John Smith gazed upon them. To add to the picturesqueness, a half-used canal creeps along the river's edge, its frequent locks, with the whitewashed buildings for the keepers, giving a quaint flavor to the prospect. Down the Potomac, on the Virginia side, it has been proposed to build a roadway to Mount Vernon, and in time doubtless this project also will be carried out. The plans already laid out, however, will provide work enough to employ the attention of Congress for many years to come.

The expense of almost all the improvements mentioned in this paper will be borne by the District of Columbia, and the money will be appropriated according to the Organic Act of 1878 providing a permanent form of government for the District. That is to say, one half of the amounts appropriated by Congress will be paid from the revenues of the District, which are raised by the taxation of the real and personal property (including franchises) within the District, and the other half will be paid from the Treasury

of the United States, such division having been found to be the most equitable method of providing for the expenses of the seat of government. Moreover, the projects are so arranged that the appropriations for them can be made from year to year, as the District finances may warrant and as population increases; and the increase in land valuations consequent on the improvements should provide for the additional expense by larger revenues from taxation.

There is no question that the moneys appropriated will be expended honestly and efficiently, because it is beyond question that the government of the District of Columbia is conducted with entire honesty, with a

very high degree of intelligence, and without political partizanship. This result is not reached, as most writers on the subject have assumed, because of the denial of suffrage to the citizens of the District, thus making a paradox in a republican government. The true explanation is to be found in the fact that under the express provisions of the Constitution the nation's capital is governed by the citizens of the United States, who choose its aldermen and the members of its legislature when they elect senators and representatives; and that Congress deals with the District of Columbia in an enlightened spirit, and with an understanding that comes of familiarity with large affairs.



SHADOWS OF WINGS.

BY WILLIAM PRESCOTT FOSTER.

SOMETIMES in spring, above the wave or grass,
We start to see a sudden shadow pass,

And with quick-lifted eye behold afar,
As though arrived that moment from a star,

Dark forms half lost in space, that seem to be
God's spies sent hither from infinity.

We pause and watch them—wild birds flying o'er,
Northward to Hudson Bay or Labrador.

Thus o'er the spirit's lens there sometimes pass,
Seen or half seen like shadows in a glass,

Glimpses of wild free wings that lightly fan
The upper regions of the soul of man.

With quickened breath and eager, lifted face
We watch their passage, see them fade in space.

They fade, yet leave behind some sense obscure
Of that high atmosphere serene and pure,

And great winds blowing from earth's impact free—
Some hint of God and of eternity.

THE RESCUE.

BY ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK,

Author of "The Confounding of Camelia," "A Lion among Ladies," etc.

XIII.

NEXT day, as Damier waited near the Porte Dauphine for Claire, he could reflect on his really parental situation, but feeling more the irritation than the humor of it. After all, where was his authority for this meddling? Why should they submit to it? and why, as a result, should he submit to the hearing of Claire's coming self-justification? He could spare Mme. Vicaud nothing by it, since she knew all that there was to know—and since it was better that she should know it. He had written to her the night before, on reaching his hotel, and told her of the talk with M. Daunay and of the impression it had made upon him. He wondered if she had, meanwhile, had an equally appeasing talk with Claire.

This young woman appeared quite punctually, walking at a leisurely pace along the sanded path, where the full summer foliage cast flickering purple shadows. Claire was all in white, white that fluttered about her as she walked; her hat, tilted over her eyes, had white wings—like a Valkyrie's summer helmet; her white parasol made a shadowed halo behind her head. As she approached him she looked at him steadily, with something whimsical, quizzical in her gaze, and her first words showed no wish to beat about the bush.

"You talked to him last night? I talked a little to mama, or rather she talked to me. I soon satisfied her that I did n't feel for him, *pas grand comme ça d'amour*." Claire indicated the smallness she negated by a quarter of an inch of finger-tip. "And I think I can soon satisfy you, too," she added. "He told you everything?"

"Everything."

"And you are terribly shocked that an unmarried young woman should take money from a married man who is in love with her? Must I assure you that our relations are absolutely innocent?"

In his stupefaction, Damier could hardly have said whether her first statement or the coolness of her second remark—its forestalling of a suspicion she took for granted in him—were the more striking. Both statement and remark revealed her character in a light more lurid than even he had been prepared for. He was really unable to do more than stare at her. Claire evidently misinterpreted the stare yet more outrageously. She had the grace to flush faintly, though her eyes were still half ironic, half defiant.

"I do so assure you."

"I did not need the assurance." Damier found his voice, but it was hoarse.

Claire, in a little pause, looked her consciousness of having struck a very false note.

"And now no assurance would convince you that I am not very low-minded and vulgar. Well, I am, I suppose. *Que voulez-vous*? Only don't be too much shocked by my frankness; don't be prudish. A man may be propriety itself, but he may not be prudish. Remember that I am twenty-seven, that I know my world (though how I have been able to get my knowledge with such a dexterously shuffling and shielding mama, I don't know), and that I think it merely silly to pretend that I don't know it before a man with whom I am as intimate as I am with you. Of course, on the face of it, to accept money from a married man who is in love with one does suggest a situation usually described as immoral."

Damier was feeling choked, feeling, too, that he almost hated Claire, as she walked beside him, slowly and lightly, opulently lovely, the flush of anger—it was more anger than shame—still on her cheek.

"I must tell you," he said, in a voice steeled to a terrible courtesy, "that it is you alone who inform me of your indebtedness to M. Daunay's kindness. He, I now see, did not tell me everything."

"What did he tell you, then?" she asked, stopping short in the path and fixing her

eyes upon him, in her voice a rough, almost a plebeian, note.

"That he adored you, and that he could be trusted."

"Well, he can be!" She broke into a hard laugh. "*Le cher bon Daunay!* I thought that of course he would paint a piteous picture of his woes. And now you are furious with me because I supposed that, as a man of the world, you might unfairly, yet naturally, imagine more than he told you."

Damier made no reply.

"You are furious, are you not?"

"I am disgusted, but not for that reason only."

"You think I am in love with him!" She stopped again in the narrow path. "I swear to you that I am not!" He would have interrupted her, but her volubility swept past his attempt. "If he had been free I would have married him—I own it; at one time, at least, I would have married him. I am French in my freedom from sentimental complications on that subject. I could have found no other man in this country willing to marry a dotless girl. I should have preferred, of course, a *mariage d'amour*; but, given my circumstances, could I have found anything more desirable than a kind, generous, and adoring friend like M. Daunay?"

"I should say certainly not,"—Damier waited with a cold patience until she had finished,—"but again you have misinterpreted me; I am disgusted not because you love M. Daunay, but because you do not love him."

At this, after a stare, Claire gave a loud laugh.

"Ah!—*c'est trop fort!* You can't make me believe that you want me to love him."

"I don't want you to love him; but I say that the circumstances would be more to your credit if you did."

Her face now showed a mingled relief and perplexity.

"Ah, it is the money, then—that I should accept it!"

"Can I make no appeal to you for your mother's sake—for the sake of your own dignity?"

"I can take care of my own dignity, Mr. Damier." The relief was showing in her quieter voice, her fading flush. "I see how angry you are—and only because I have not pretended with you. Let me explain. I never pretend with you: I can only explain. I must begin at the beginning to do it; and the beginning and the end is our poverty. Mama had a pittance left to her, a year or

so after my father's death, by some relations, and that, since then, has been our only *pied-à-terre*. She would never accept the allowance, quite a generous one, too, that her family wished to make her. I don't want to blame her; I know how you feel about her; I appreciate it. But it was, I must say it, very selfish of her; she should have thought more of me—the luckless result of her *mésalliance*—and less of her own pride. I really hardly know how she brought me up: though, I own, she gave me a good education; I was always at school during my father's life—she avoided *that* soil for me, you may be sure! I give her credit for all that; she must have worked hard to do it. But she owed me all she could get for me, and, I must say, she did not pay the debt." Claire had been looking before her as she talked, but now she looked at Damier, and something implacable, coldly enduring, in his eye warned her that her present line of exculpation was not serving her. "Don't imagine, now, that I am complaining—ungrateful," she said a little petulantly. "I know—as well as you do—what a good mother she has been to me. I only want to show you that she is not altogether blameless—that she is responsible, in more ways than one, for me—for what I am. Let it pass, though. When I came home, a young girl, full of life and eager for enjoyment, what did I find? Poverty, labor, obscurity. It was an ugly, a meager existence she had prepared for me, and, absolutely, with a certain pride in it! She expected me to enjoy work, shabby clothes, grave pursuits, as much as she did, or, at all events, not to mind them. Plain living, high thinking—that was her idea of happiness for me!" Insensibly the ironic note had grown again in her voice. "I remember, too, at first, her taking me to see poor people in horrid places—expecting me to talk to them, sing to them; I soon put a stop to that. At her age, with a ruined life, it is natural that one should wish to devote one's self to *bonnes-œuvres*; but for me, *ah, par exemple!*" Claire gave a coarse laugh. "I had not quite come to that! She gave me the best she had—all she had, you will say; I own it: but not all she might have had. And then she need not have expected me to enjoy—should not have been aggrieved, wounded, because I only endured. Again,—I am not unjust,—it was not all high thinking; she had her schemes for my amusement—*d'une simplicité!* Really, for such a clever woman, mama can be dull! And the people we knew! We had a right

—you know it—to *le vrai grand monde*. You know it, and you are trying, now, to help me to it. But mama did not try. With a little management she might have regained her place in it; but no—her pride again! She seemed to think that *she* was *le grand monde*, and that I ought to be satisfied with that! And now, with all this, you think it strange—*disgusting*—that when I saw that Daunay—*le pauvre*!—was in love with me I should ask him to continue to the daughter the aid that he had extended to the father! There again, for a clever woman, mama is dull—though her dullness has been to my advantage. She can make money, she can avoid spending it, but she has little conception of its value; she does the housekeeping, and, after that, she leaves the management of our resources to me. She is funnily gullible about the price of my clothes; the lessons I give would hardly keep me in shoes and stockings—as I understand shoes and stockings!” Claire laughed. “This dress that I have on—mama imagines it is made by a little dressmaker whom I am clever enough to guide with my taste. I take out the name on the waist-band and she is none the wiser. This dress is a Doucet.” There was now quite a blithe complacency in Claire’s voice. “And I have always considered myself amply excusable,” she went on, “in accepting the small pleasures that life offered me. Of course it has really not been much that I have been able to accept—though he would willingly—and he is not rich—give more. Jewels, for instance, I have never dared attempt—nor even many dresses; that would have been incautious. For mama, of course, must never know; she would be inexpressibly shocked. I can see her face!”

So could Damier. He was conscious of almost a wish to be brutal to Claire, physically brutal—to strike her to the dust where she dragged the image of his well beloved; but, after a moment, he said in a voice quiet enough: “You must tell her now; you must tell her everything.”

Claire stopped short in the path. “Tell her!”

“You must, indeed.” The full rigor of his eyes met the astonishment of hers.

“Never!” said Claire, and in French, as if for a more personal and intimate emphasis, she repeated: “*Jamais!*”

“I will, then; it is an outrage not to tell her.”

Their eyes measured each other’s resolution.

“If you do,” said Claire, “shall I tell you

with what I retaliate? I will run away with M. Daunay. Yes; I speak seriously. I would prefer not to be pushed to that extremity, but I sometimes think that I am getting a little tired of respectability *au quatri me*. It is n’t good enough, as you English say; I get no interest on my investment. To tell her! Now, of all times, when I so need the money, when the small gaieties and pleasures you have brought into my life depend on my having it, making an appearance! She would not let me take it. She would be glacial—and firm. Oh, I have had scenes with her! I could not stand any more.”

For once Claire was fully vehement, her cheeks flaming, her eyes at once threatening and appealing. He could hardly believe her serious, and yet she silenced him—indeed, she terrified him. Claire read the terror in his wide eyes and whitening lips. Her look suddenly grew soft, humorous. She slipped her hand inside his arm.

Involuntarily he started from her, then, repenting, for even while he so loathed her he had never found her so piteous, “I beg your pardon—but you horrify me too much.”

“Come, come,” she said, and, unresentfully, though with some determination, she secured his arm, “don’t take me *au pied de la lettre*. I am not really in earnest; you know that; I had to use a threat—had to frighten you. Come.” That she had been able so thoroughly to frighten him seemed to have restored in her her old air of complacent mastery. “You are wide-minded, clever, kind. Don’t misjudge me. Don’t push me to the wall. Don’t apply impossible standards to me. See me as I am. By nature, by temperament, I am simply a bohemian. It is n’t my fault if my mother happens to be a saint, and a horribly well-bred saint; it really is n’t my fault if she has handed on to me neither of those qualities. I am perfectly frank with you. From the first I felt that I could be frank with you; I felt that you understood me; don’t tell me now that I was mistaken.”

“I do understand you,” said Damier, “but you horrify me none the less.”

“I horrify you because I am a creature thwarted, distorted; nothing is more ugly or repulsive—but if I had had a chance!”

“What would a chance have done for you? You have had every chance to be noble and loving and happy—yes, happy.”

“But not in my own way!—not in my own way!” she cried, and now she clasped both hands on his arm and leaned against his shoulder as she looked into his face. “I needed power and wealth—all the real foun-

dations of happiness and nobility. Then—ah, then I should have blossomed. Or else, failing them, I needed liberty and joy—the life of a bohemian. I have had neither the one nor the other, and if I seem almost wicked to you it is because of that; for, to me, wickedness means going against one's nature. I have always been forced to go against mine; I have never had a chance."

Damier gave a mirthless laugh. "On the contrary, to me wickedness means going with one's nature."

"Ah, there we differ; and yet we understand."

Again he had that feeling of perplexity and irritation. Her eyes, the clasp of her hands upon his arm, irked and troubled him, and without, now, any sense of glamour in the trouble and irritation. She seemed to make too great a claim upon his understanding, and to rely too much upon some conviction of her own charm that could dare any frankness just because it was so sure of triumph. He felt that at the moment he did not understand her; he felt, too, that he did not want to—that he was tired of understanding her.

"You are an unhappy creature, Claire," he said. They were nearing the *Porte Dauphine*, and while he spoke with a full yet distant gravity, Damier looked about for a *fiacre*. "An unhappy creature with an unawakened soul."

"Will you try to wake it, the poor thing?" asked Claire. She still held his arm, though he had tried to disengage it, and though she spoke softly, there was a vague hardness in her eyes, as though she felt the new hardness in him, though as yet not quite interpreting its finality.

"I should n't know how to: I am helpless before it. It should be made to suffer," he said. A cab had answered his summons, and he handed her into it. "No, I cannot go home with you," he said. "Are you going home?"

"I am going to lunch with old Mlle. Daunay, and see M. Daunay there. I had no chance to speak to him last night." Claire, sitting straightly in the open cab, had an expression of perplexity and of growing resentment on her face; but as he merely bowed and was about to turn away, she started forward and put her hand on his shoulder.

"Are you going to make it suffer?" she asked. He looked into her eyes. He did not understand her, but he saw in them a demand at once alluring and threatening. His

one instinct was to deny strongly whatever she demanded, though he did not know what that was.

"I have no mission toward your soul, Claire," he said. For another moment the eyes that threatened and allured dwelt on his; then, calling out the address to the cabman, she was driven away.

XIV.

ON Damier's return to his hotel early in the afternoon, he found a note from Mme. Vicaud awaiting him. "M. Daunay has just been here," it said, "and destiny has strangely brought this matter to a crisis. His wife is dead, and he has asked me for Claire's hand, feeling that his false position toward me demanded an immediate reparation. He hopes and believes that she loves him; but this, as both you and I must know, is impossible. I am saddened and confused by the whole situation. I do not blame them, but to me it is all displeasing, even shocking—this haste to profit by the wife's opportune death most of all. Will you come and see me? Claire is lunching at his cousin's, and he will find her there. I told him to speak to her himself, as I felt that to act the maternal part of intermediary between them would now be mere formalism and affectation; so I am alone. You will want to speak to me, I know."

Damier, as he drove to the *Rue B—*, speculated on the rather mystifying significance of the last sentence. He always wanted to speak to her: that she must know; but why now in particular? Since his interview with Claire that morning he had felt almost too shaken by pity for the mother to trust himself with her. He would not be able to help her with counsel and consolation; he would not be able to think of Claire; and at this turning-point in Claire's life it was for that that the mother needed him.

He found her standing in the salon, evidently pausing to meet him, in a restless pacing to and fro. Her eyes dwelt on him gently and very gravely while she took his hand.

"Who could have expected this swift *dénoûment*? But it is best," she said, "and I pitied him very deeply."

"Pitied him—for the past, you mean?" Damier questioned.

"Oh, for the future more!"

Damier wondered over her eyes, over the something tremulous in her smile.

"I saw Claire this morning," he said. "We talked over the matter; she wished to see me."

Mme. Vicaud showed no surprise at this piece of information. "Ah, yes; I understand," she said.

"She certainly told me that she did not love him," Damier went on, "and yet—" He paused, not quite knowing how to put to her his hope that Claire now would reconsider the situation, his hope that she would marry M. Daunay.

It would be the solution of all difficulties, the best solution possible, and the situation could then be defined anew in terms that he more and more deeply longed for. He hardly dared, even yet, before her unconsciousness, define it, and turning away from her, he walked down the room, urging himself to a courage great enough to enable him now to speak to her what was in his heart. Mme. Vicaud was watching him thoughtfully when he faced her again at the end of the room, and with still that look of controlled emotion.

"I, also, have something to tell you," he said.

"Yes," she assented quietly, yet with the look evidently braced, steeled, in preparation for what she was to hear.

"Can you guess?" he asked.

She was standing now, strangely, in the attitude of the little photograph—leaning on the back of a high chair; and her eyes recalled yet more strangely the intentness of the picture's eyes as she said: "You have come to tell me that you love my daughter?"

He was so deeply astonished, so completely thrown back upon himself, that for a long moment he could only gaze helplessly into the eyes' insolubility.

"No," he said at last; "I did not come to tell you that."

"But you do love her?" Mme. Vicaud inquired, with something of gentle urgency in her voice, as though she helped his shyness. "Be frank with me, my friend; I have guessed so much more, seen so much more, than you told me or showed me. Even with all that saddens you, that pains you, you do love her—enough to overlook the pain and sadness?"

"No," said Damier, still facing her from his distance, "I do not love her. I have never needed to overlook anything."

Plainly it was her turn to be astonished, thrown back upon herself.

"But, from the beginning, has that not been your meaning?"

"You, only, have been my meaning."

He saw that her thought, in its disarray, could not pause upon his interpretation of

these words. She had straightened herself, both hands on the chair-back, and her wide gaze, her parted lips, and the vivid wonder and surmise in her face made her look curiously young.

"You have, from the first, been so much with her—seemed to take so much interest in her—seemed so to understand her; she was so open—so intimate—"

"She is your daughter."

"But that, I thought, added to the certainty: you must, I thought, love my daughter—"

He was forced to beat a retreat for a moment of disentanglement; and, suddenly, disentanglement seemed to demand a cutting sincerity.

"I don't, in the very least, love Claire; I have never, in the very least, loved her; I have only been sorry for her."

"Sorry for her? Because of her dull, bleak life? Ah, have I not been sorry, too?"

"But I not for that," said Damier, "not for that; but because she made me so sorry for you; because"—and he looked at her—"because you do not love her."

He was still at a distance from her, and across it her look met his in a long silence.

Then a strange, a tragic thing happened to her. He had before seen her flush faintly; but it was now a deep, an agonizing blush that slowly rose and darkened in her face. The revelation of look and blush was long before she leaned her elbows on the chair-back and covered her face with her hands.

"Forgive me!" Damier murmured. He felt as if he had stabbed her. He came to her, and, half kneeling on the chair before her, he longed, but did not dare, to put his arms around her and sweep away this complication, and all the others—ah, the others?—the years and years of them that rolled between them!—in a full and final confession. "Forgive me for seeing—it is not your fault; it is my clear-sightedness—"

She made no reply.

"You try to understand her, but she is alien to you. She tears at every fiber of you. There is nothing in her that does not hurt you," Damier said, hastening to speak all the truth, since the moment inevitably had come for it.

Mme. Vicaud lifted her head.

"I do understand her," she said. She did not look at him. Straightening her shoulders, drawing a long breath, she walked away from him to the window; there, her back to him, she added, the truth seemingly forced

from her as it had been from him, "And I hate her."

Damier remained leaning against the chair. The situation, in its strangeness, dazed him. But looking at her figure, dark against the light, he was able to say: "I even guessed that—almost."

"Yet you do not hate her," she said, after a pause of some moments, speaking without moving or turning her head.

Damier paused too. "I have not your reasons," he said at last.

"Ah, my reasons! Yes." She turned to him now, as though she saw in him an accusing world, and faced it in an attitude of desperate self-justification.

"They began with her father," said Damier.

"I hated him," she said. Her eyes looked through him, fixed on the abyss of the past. "I hated him. He was abhorrent to me. I lived with him for fifteen years—fifteen long, long years. I bore his brutality, his wickedness—I am not the woman to use the word prudishly—I can make allowances—wide ones—for temperament, environment, all the mitigating causes: but my husband's wickedness was unimaginably vile; to see it stained one's thoughts." The memory of it, as she spoke, had chilled her to a drawn and frozen pallor; it was as though the blighting breath of the past went across her face, aging it, emptying it of life.

"I bore the ruin he brought; that was nothing—a spur to love, had love been possible. I bore his serene, inflexible selfishness. The only thing I would not bear"—and she still looked full at Damier, but with the same unseeing largeness of gaze—"was his love. His love!" She turned and walked across the room. Damier felt his own flesh shudder as he looked behind the curtain her words lifted, felt his own heart freeze in the aching sympathy of its comprehension. He could not speak to her. It seemed to him that she stood at a great distance from him and would not hear him. Her voice, when she spoke again, had less of its haunting terror, but it still thrilled with a deep and tragic note: "All this, as thousands of women have done, because it was my duty—to help him—to uphold him—to stand by him unflinchingly, and—because he was *her* father. You said that my reasons for hating her began with him. Ah, but he was my reason for loving her so desperately—with such a longing to atone to her for him. I gave her all the love he had crushed out of me. You see his picture there; I have schooled myself, so

that she may not feel the smirch of him through my horror, to bear the sight of him, to say to myself every day, 'That is the face I loved.' Oh, what madness!—what madness!" She pressed her hands hard upon her eyes. "Some day, perhaps,—since I tell you everything,—I will tell you that story, too—my love-story. The memory of it is like a block of lead upon my heart." Her hands fell, but the memory made her silent, and for a long moment she stood looking down. "But all was hidden from her: the dread,—that soon passed—I was the stronger, he came to feel it, dread fell from me,—the hate that followed it, and the final, the terrible pity,—for I came to pity him when he hung about my life, helpless, like a torn and dirty rag,—all that was hidden from her. I kept her lifted out of the mud he dragged us down to; she never saw its depths. While he lived, and while he was dying,—and horrible to see and hear,—she was at a school. Those days!" She paused and turned away, and then went on: "It was in the winter. Lessons fell away; there was the school, the doctor, all the expenses of an illness to be met. I went into the streets of nights, a man carrying my harp, and sang for money; I had a voice till then, and I braved more than the snow and the night to do it: I was still beautiful. This that you may see how I loved her, how I struggled for her, how like any mother, though now I seem so hard—so hideously unnatural. Ah, I fought—I cannot tell you, you cannot guess, how I fought for her. And then he died, and then there was for me peace and the blossoming of delicious hope. She and I together, saved from the wreck. It seemed to me that I had battled through waves, past rocks and whirlpools, holding her to my breast, and had reached the shore at last—she alive for me, and I for her. And then—ah, then! The shipwreck, the years of struggle, were crude tragedy to my gradual realizing of the subtle disaster that was to poison my life forever. Year by year I saw it coming—I saw him creeping into her. I saw the grave purpose settle round her lips—the steady greed for self. I saw his smile in her eyes; his eyes were beautiful like hers: when I first looked at them, I thought them full of splendid dreams, noble strength. She was not cruel, or brutal, or vicious, as he had been. She submitted placidly; she submitted, and I hoped for happiness. I could not make her happy or unhappy. I meant nothing to her except the thing that fed and clothed her. She took what I could give, and waited for what I could not give.

She lied only when the truth would not serve her purpose better; so, often, she was frank with me. Her grave laugh maddened me, and her indifferent adapting of herself to me—for expediency, not for love. If only she had become a gentle and beautiful animal, to guard from its own instincts! but she is an animal of such hideous intelligence; she knows when I try to guard her, and evades me. Like him, she is corrupt to the core of her; not—do not misunderstand me—that she would do wrong in a conventional sense—and that it is conventional wrong-doing that I dread she has always pretended to read into my horror of evil, making a plaster saint of me so that she may more easily evade the deeply understanding woman of flesh and blood. Hers is the worse corruption, that calculates chances, chooses and manages. It is there in her, I know, though, in its worst forms, latent still—I think."

Damier, white already, felt himself blanch before the rapid glance, like a sword-stroke across his face, that she cast upon him. She guessed at all his knowledge.

Again she turned away and walked up and down the room.

"Hideous, hideous that I should speak so to you, and to you I hoped, yet dreaded— You will wonder how I could have hoped it; how, knowing this, I should not have warned you. But at first I did not think it possible, though I knew her charm; at first I did not understand you, and, not understanding, I guarded you. And then I saw your generous, your pitiful heart, and I saw that it understood Claire, that perhaps you understood her better than I did. With you she was her best self; she trusted you, it seemed, so utterly. I hoped that yours was the clearer vision, that I was warped, no longer capable of true seeing. Yet, when the friendship that I rejoiced in grew, as I thought, into love, there was a terrible struggle in me. My strong attachment to you—you who had opened the prison gates that shut me into my misery, who brought me out of a loneliness so long, so bitter—ah! my friend, do not think that I have not seen and felt it all; but I could not speak to you as I might have spoken had it not been for that struggle in me between the justice owed to you—yet that you did not seem to need—and the duty to her—not to withhold, for your sake, a possibility that might redeem her. My mind was fixed in that struggle; of our friendship, yours and mine, I could not think clearly. If you had been ignorant, if she had hidden herself from you,

I should have sacrificed her unflinchingly to you; I should have interposed and shown her to you. But she showed herself to you. I knew, from my knowledge of you, that she would not attract you as she attracts most men, not nobly. I saw from her looks with you, her words, that she would make no efforts so to attract you. I must say all to you, since you must understand all. Claire does not love you, but you attract what is best in her. She relies, I have guessed it, upon the very pathos of her moral ugliness to enchant you, to arouse in you the chivalrous, redemptive qualities she sees in you. And I grew to hope that you saw something that I could not see. I even began to feel a blind, groping tenderness for her through your fancied tenderness; and as I allowed myself to hope that you loved her, I allowed myself to have faith in the redeeming power of your love."

She stood before him now, looking at him with saddest eyes; and Damier, answering them, shook his head.

"Alas, no. It would have been my story over again, the positions reversed, and you without my illusions, had you loved her, married her; and yet it was because you had no illusions that I hoped."

But Damier could not think of dead hopes.

"What you have suffered!" he said.

"Yes," Mme. Vicaud answered, "I have suffered; but do not, in your kindness, your tenderness, exaggerate. I have suffered, but all has not been black. There have been flowers on the uphill road. I don't believe in a woe that is blind to them, or to the sky overhead."

But she still stood looking at dead hopes, not thinking of him.

"Clara," said Damier.

She was a woman of deep understanding, yet even now,—and hardly was it to be wondered at, so lifted through its very intensity was his love for her above love's ordinary manifestations,—even now her name so gravely spoken by him had no further meaning for her than the one openly, proudly, joyously accepted, the meaning of the strange tie that had united them; but, while she accepted it, his look startled her. It showed nothing new, but seemed to interpret newly something she had not recognized before. Smiling faintly, she said:

"You have a right."

"Not the right I would have." He felt no excitement, only the enraptured solemnity that a soul might feel in some quiet dawn of heaven on finding another soul parted

from years ago on earth—long sought for, long loved.

She said nothing, her dark eyes fixing him with a wonder that was already a recognition.

"I love you," said Damier. He had not moved toward her, nor had she moved away. A little distance separated them, and they stood silently looking at each other.

"You mean—" she said at last.

"I mean in every way in which it is possible for a man to love the woman he worships."

The whirl of her mind mirrored itself in the stricken stupefaction of her wan, beautiful features. She caught at one flashing thought. "And I—her mother! You might have been my son!"

"No; I might not," Damier affirmed.

"By age; I am old enough."

"I know your age; you are forty-seven," said Damier, able to smile at her, "and I am thirty. If you were seventy-seven, the only difference would be that I could have fewer years to spend with you; I should wish to spend them just the same. As it is, your age does not make us ludicrous before the world, if we were to consider that."

At this she turned from him as if in impatience at this quibbling, and her own endurance of it, at such a moment.

"My friend! That this should have happened to you!"

"Can it never happen to you?" he asked.

"I would never allow it to happen to me."

"It would not be to look up at the sky—it would not even be to stoop to a flower?"

"I would not allow myself to look, or to stoop, knowing that after I had looked and gathered, the flower would wither, the sky be black."

He saw, as she gazed steadily round at him, that the gaze was through tears. Claspings his hands with a supplication that was, indeed, more the worshiper's than the lover's, Eustace said:

"But would you—would you stoop?"

"I cannot answer that; I cannot think the answer. Your friendship has led me away from the rocky wastes into the sweetest, the serenest meadows." Though she spoke with complete self-mastery, the tears ran down as she said these words, and she turned her face away. "I should be culpable indeed if I allowed you to lead me aside into a fool's paradise, with a precipice waiting for you in the middle of it. I shall be an old woman while you are still a young man."

"Beloved woman, can you not believe that,

young or old, you are the same to me? I have not fallen in love with you—I have found you. When I saw your face in the old picture I knew that it was mine."

"The face of a girl. I was nineteen then."

"Do not juggle with the truth. Your face now is dearer to me than the girl's face. Your heart, I believe, is nearer mine than you know. That struggle in you when you imagined that I loved Claire, was it not, in part, the struggle of a sacrifice? Did you not submit because you thought that the side of self-sacrifice must be the right side?"

Still her face was turned from him, and after a silence she said, "Perhaps."

"And if this were our last moment—if there were no question of age or of going on—then—then would you tell me that you have felt something of my feeling—the finding—the recognition—the rapture—own to it with joy?"

She turned to him now and looked at him, at his eager, solemn face, the supplication and worship of his clasped hands, looked for a long time, without speaking. But her face, though she was so white and so grave, seemed, as she looked, to reflect, with a growing radiance, the youth in his.

"I have felt it," she said at last, "but I have hardly known that I felt it."

"You know now?"

"Yes, I know now."

"You could own to it—with joy?"

"If this were our last moment.—Ah, my friend!" He had taken her into his arms.

The long years drifted away like illusions before an awakening. Her girlhood—but weighted with such dreams of sorrow and loneliness!—seemed with her again. She was helpless, though her heart reproached him and herself, yet could not wholly reproach—helpless in a happiness poignant and exquisite. They kissed each other gently, and, his arms around her, they looked earnestly at each other. Speechlessly they looked the finding, the recognition, the rapture.

The meeting in heaven had come; but there was still the earth to be counted with.

XV.

As they heard the tinkle of the entrance-bell, Claire's voice, her step outside, Mme. Vicaud moved away from Damier. She was seated in a chair near the table, and the young man stood beside her, when Claire entered.

Claire paused in the doorway and looked sullenly, yet hardly suspiciously, at them. She had never worn a mask for Damier, yet

he saw in her flushed and somber face something new to him, saw that she lacked some quality—was it confidence, indifference, placidity?—that he had always found in her. He guessed in a moment that her interview with M. Daunay had not been a propitious one.

"I did not expect to see you so soon again, and under such suddenly changed circumstances," she said to him. "What are you talking about? Me?" She took off her hat, —the day was sultry,—pushed up her thick hair, and dropped her length of ruffled, clinging white into a chair. "So; I have seen M. Daunay. He lost no time, it seems. He asked my hand of you first, I hear, mama, in proper form—*très convenablement*."

"Yes," Mme. Vicaud assented with composure.

"It seems that you discouraged him."

"I could not encourage him from what you had told me, but from what he told me it seems that you did not discourage him," the mother answered.

"I have never been in a position to discourage any useful possibility," said Claire.

Mme. Vicaud, in silence, and with something of a lion-tamer's calm intentness of eye, looked at her daughter, and Claire, after meeting the look with one frankly hostile, turned her eyes on Damier.

"And it seems that you, last night, did not discourage M. Daunay's hopes; he spoke of you with gratitude. What have you to say to it all now?"

"I have nothing to say to it; it has always been your affair—yours and his."

"You made it yours, it seems to me!"

"Unwillingly."

"Oh—unwillingly!" Claire laughed her ugliest laugh. "I don't understand you, Mr. Damier—I began not to understand you this morning"; and, as he made no reply:

"Your present silence does n't accord with your past interference."

"My silence? What do you expect me to say?" Damier asked, with real wonder, forgetting the mother's intimations.

"Can you deny that—apart from your feelings of angered propriety—you were pitifully jealous last night and this morning? I had to assure you again and again that I did not love him—the truth, as it happens."

This speech now opened such vistas of interpretation to the past—of interrogation to the future—that Damier could only, speechlessly, look his wonder at her.

"Were you not jealous?" she demanded.

"Not in the faintest degree.

Her flush deepened at this, an angry, not an embarrassed flush.

"And what, then, was your motive for prying, meddling, cross-questioning as you did? You had a motive?"

"I have always had an interest in your welfare, Claire, but your mother was my motive for meddling and cross-questioning, as you put it."

"Oh—my mother!" Claire tossed her a look where she sat, her arms folded, near the table. "You were afraid for my honor since hers was involved in it? Was that it?"

"Perhaps that was it—and for the same reason I beg you to spare your mother now."

Claire leaned back in her chair and fixed upon him a heavy stare above her heavy flush. "Come," she said, "I have never had pretenses with you—I have always been frank. Do you intend to marry me? There it is clearly; I have no false delicacy, and, *bon Dieu!* you have given me every right to ask the question."

Mme. Vicaud, soundless at the table, now leaned her elbows upon it and covered her face with her hands. "Come," Claire repeated, casting another look upon her; "for mama's sake, you owe me an answer. Spare her the shame—she feels it bitterly, you observe—of seeing my outrageous uncertainty prolonged. Have n't you spent all your time with me? Have n't you taken upon yourself a position of authority toward me—made my affairs your own? Are n't you going to—how would mama put it?—redeem me—lift me? Or are you going to let my soul suffer a little longer?"

"You could hardly speak so, Claire, if you spoke sincerely," said Damier; "you may once have misinterpreted my friendship for you, but you no longer misinterpret it. I have never intended to marry you. It is you, remember, who force me into this ugly attitude. I could not face you in it, were I not sure that your feeling for me has always been as free from anything amorous as mine for you."

"I don't speak of my feeling for you!" Claire cried in a voice suddenly loud, leaning forward with her elbows on the arms of her chair, "but of yours for me! It is not there now—I see it plainly, and I see plainly why. She—*she*—has been talking to you against me!—telling you about some childish follies in my life!—making you believe that I would not be a fit wife for you! Ah, yes!—I know her!" Claire pointed a shaking finger at her mother. "She would think it her duty to protect you against me—I know her!"

"Be still," said Damier in his voice of steel.

Claire, for a moment, sank back, panting, defiant, but silent before it.

"You are conscious of your own falsehood, but you can scarcely be conscious of how base and vile you are. Your mother, when I came to-day, was hoping that I had come to ask her for your hand; she believed that I loved you, and hoped it."

Claire, in her sullen recoil, still remained sunken and panting in her chair.

"Well, then! And what have you got to say to us both, then, if you gave us both cause for such a supposition? What have you meant by it all?"

"What I meant from the beginning I can best define by telling you that to-day I asked your mother to marry me."

Claire sat speechless and motionless. The words seemed to have arrested thought, and to have nailed her to her chair. Damier looked at Mme. Vicaud. Her hands had dropped from her face, and she met his eyes.

"The truth was allowed me?" he said.

"It is always allowed," she answered.

Her face was so stricken, so ghastly, that Damier, almost forgetting, in his great solicitude, the hateful presence in the room, leaned over her, taking her hand.

"Bear it. It is better to have it all over. And, in a sense, it is my own fault. I should have spoken to you sooner—defined what I meant from the first."

"So," Claire said suddenly. Her smoldering eyes, while they spoke, had gone from one to the other. "So; this is what it all meant! Indeed, I cannot blame myself for not having guessed it. You in love with my mother! Or, shall we not more truthfully say, she in love with you?—the explanation, as a rule, you know, of these odd amorous episodes. I begin to understand. I did not suspect a rival in my own mother. Clever mama!"

"Let this cease now," said Mme. Vicaud, in a lifeless voice. "All has been said that it is necessary to say."

"Indeed, no!" cried Claire. She sprang to her feet, braving Damier's menacing look, and stood before them with folded arms, defiantly. "All has not been said! I am to marry the middle-aged, middle-class man of small fortune, and you are to marry the *prince charmant*! Ah, don't think that I am in love with you, *prince charmant*, though I might have loved you had not my mother had such a keen eye for her own interests, and kept mine so dexterously in the back-

ground. I might have loved you had you been allowed to fall in love with me. Oh, I know what you would say!" Her voice rose to a shout as she interrupted his effort to speak. "How base, how vile, and how vulgar—*n'est-ce pas*? A girl clamoring over the loss of a husband! Shocking! Well, I own to my vulgarity. I did want to marry you. You have money, position—all the things I never hid from you that I liked; and you interested me, and I liked you, and I could be myself with you. My mother has always been too dainty to secure a husband for me—arrange my future: I have had to do all the ugly work myself; and I liked you because—just because I had to do no ugly work with you. And I clamor now—not because I have lost you—no, it's not that; but because she—*she* has made her goodness serve her so!—has made it pay where my frankness failed. She is good, if you will; but I tell you that I prefer my vulgarity—my baseness—my vileness to her clever virtue; or is it an unconquerable passion with you, mama?—is it to be a *mariage d'amour* rather than a *mariage de convenance*?"

While Claire spoke, her mother, as if mesmerized by her fury, sat looking at her with dilated eyes and a fixed face—a face too fixed to show anguish. Rather it was as if, with an intense, spellbound interest, she hung upon her daughter's words, hardly feeling, hardly flinching before her insults, hardly conscious of each whip-like lash that struck her face to a more death-like whiteness. Now, drawing a breath that was almost a gasp, she leaned forward over the table, stretching her arms upon it and clasping her hands. "Claire, Claire!" she said, with a hurried, staccato utterance, "I see it all with your eyes—I understand. You have had something really dear taken from you—not love, perhaps, but a true friendship; that is so, is n't it? He seems to have turned against you—is n't it so?—and through me. There is in you an anger that seems righteous to you. How cruel to have our best turned against us! I see all that. Ah, no, no! Let me speak to her!" For, Claire keeping the hardened insolence of her stare upon her, Damier, full of a passionate, protecting resentment, put his arm around her shoulders, took her hand. She threw off the hand, the arm, almost cruelly. "Let me speak to my child! Don't come between us now—now when we may come together, she and I. Yes, Claire, he loves me,—you see it,—too much, perhaps, to be just to you, though he has been so just—more just

than I have been, perhaps; he has been so truly your friend. But now I am just. I am your mother. I can understand. I love him, Claire, yes, I love him; but I understand you. I will never do anything to part us further—understand me! I will never marry him against your will. Oh, Claire, try to understand me—try to trust me—try to love me!" She rose to her feet, her face ardent with the upsurging of all her longing motherhood, its sudden flaming into desperate hope through the deep driftings of ashen hopelessness; and as if swayed forward by this flame of hope, this longing of love, this ardor, she leaned toward her child, stretched out her arms toward her face of heavy impassivity. At the gesture, at her mother's last words, Claire's impassivity flickered into a half-ironic, half-pitying smile. But she did not advance to the outstretched arms. Merely looking at her with this searing pity, she said:

"You would marry him to me if you could, would n't you?—you would, as usual, sacrifice yourself to me; as usual, your radiance would shine against my dark. Poor, magnanimous mama! No, no, no!" She turned and walked up and down the room. "No, no! I am tired of all this—tired of you; and you are tired of me. You will marry Mr. Damier. Why not, after all? Don't let scruples of conscience interfere, especially none on my account. It would not separate us: we are separated; we have always been separated, and that we are gives me no pain. But don't expect me either to live with you

when you are married, or to marry my antique lover and settle down to the respectable, tepid joys he offers me. No, and no again. I will not marry him. I leave the respectability to you two excellent people." The glance she shot at them now as they stood together was pure irony. Her mother's pale and beautiful face still kept its look of frozen appeal, as though, while she made the appeal, she had been shot through the heart. Its beauty seemed to sting Claire where the appeal did not touch, and, too, Damier's look, bent on her with a quiet that defied her and all she signified, stung her, perhaps, more deeply.

"My poor chances can't compete with yours, mama," she muttered. "Let me tell you that despair becomes you." She took up her hat.

"Where are you going, Claire?" Mme. Vicaud asked in her dead voice.

"Don't be alarmed. Not to the Seine. I am going to a tea with Mrs. Wallingham. I shall be back to dinner. You will admit me?"

"I shall always admit you."

"Good." Claire was putting in her hat-pins before the mirror. "That is reassuring. Console her, Mr. Damier. Try to atone to her for me—bad as I am, I am sure that you can do so. Ah, I don't harmonize with a love-scene!—it was one I interrupted, I suppose. Let me take my baseness—my vileness—from before you." Her hand on the door, she paused, fixing a last look upon them; then, with a short laugh, she said, "Accept my blessing," and was gone.

(To be continued.)



THE SONG MYSTERY.

BY EDWIN MARKHAM.

IF it touches the heart of a Poet,
The gods and the ages will know it,
For over the waters and crags of time
The winds of the world will blow it.

If ever the Bard shall bring it,
The hands of the Fates will wing it;
And lo, it will travel from world to world,
Till the kings of Orion sing it!

MARCONI AND HIS TRANSATLANTIC SIGNAL.

I. PREFATORY NOTE.

BY GUGLIELMO MARCONI.

WIRELESS telegraphy has of late attracted more interest and attention than perhaps any other problem in electrical engineering.

Its progress has not been slow. Five years ago my system worked satisfactorily over a distance of about two miles. Since then its range has been rapidly increased, until, a few months ago, by means of improved and attuned apparatus, a distance of over two hundred miles was successfully bridged, and wireless communication at this distance is now an every-day occurrence.

It seems to be a matter of popular belief that any receiver within effective range of the transmitter is capable of picking up the messages sent, or, in other words, that there can be no secrecy of communication by my system.

Were this so, a very important limitation would be imposed upon the practical usefulness of the system, but by the introduction of important and radical modifications in the original system, and by a systematic application of the principles of electrical resonance, this objection has, in very great measure, been overcome.

Mr. McGrath gives a straightforward popular account of the general methods employed, and as complete a history of the development of the system as is possible in the necessarily somewhat limited space at his disposal.

A certain commercial application of my system has already been achieved.

In all, seventy ships carry permanent installations, and there are over twenty land stations in Great Britain and on the continent of Europe, besides several in this country. To what further extent the system may be commercially applied is not easy to foretell. My recent successful experiments between Poldhu and St. John's, however, give great hopes of a regular transatlantic wireless telegraph service in the not too distant future.

II. AUTHORITATIVE ACCOUNT OF MARCONI'S WORK IN WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.¹

BY P. T. McGRATH,

Editor of "The Evening Herald," St. John's, Newfoundland.

AT the marine station on Signal Hill, at St. John's, Newfoundland, on Thursday, December 12, 1901, at 12:30 P.M., Mr. Marconi received distinct and unmistakable electric signals, transmitted through space without wire or cable or other visible or tangible agency, from his station at Poldhu, near Penzance, in Cornwall, England. The whole plan of signals was arranged before he left England, and was carried out in accordance with the preconceived schedule, as I can testify from having been shown by Mr. Marconi

the press copies of his communication in his official letter-book.

That Newfoundland enjoys the distinction of having been the theater of this unequaled scientific development, she owes to her advantageous geographical position, as the "half-way house" of the two hemispheres, the nearest point in America to the Old World. When the first Atlantic cable was laid, in 1858, Newfoundland was its natural western terminus. To-day, for the same reason, Marconi attempts his experiments here.

¹ The substance of this article is derived from talks twice a day with Mr. Marconi during the three weeks of his stay at St. John's. The inventor has also kindly read the proofs with great care.—EDITOR.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FOR THIS ARTICLE.

GUGLIELMO MARCONI.

The signature in the upper corner is Mr. Marconi's autograph.

Guglielmo Marconi was born at Bologna, Italy, in 1875, his father being an Italian landed proprietor and his mother an Irish-woman, one of the Jameson family of Dublin, the well known whisky distillers. He was educated at Leghorn under Professor Rosa, and at Bologna under Professor Righi. While yet a youth, he was attracted to the study of electricity, and when only sixteen devoted himself to the development of wireless telegraphy, then in its embryonic stages. His connections being prosperous, he escaped the fate of most men of genius, who, from lack of wealth, are unable to give full play to their talents, and it is partly because of his having been in a position to conduct his experiments without resorting to the shifts and economies forced upon others that we find him, at this early age, a leader in this branch of electrical science.

Great though his latest feat has been, Mr. Marconi holds it to be small compared with his developing the practical working of his apparatus from two miles to two hundred and twenty-five. When he reached the two-mile limit he was balked for a long time, being unable to devise an apparatus which would manifest an observable activity for a greater distance. He was often discouraged almost to the point of despair, but he eventually overcame this difficulty, and after that it was plainer sailing.

Wireless telegraphy as a synonym for the electrical influencing of ether waves dates back almost to the discovery of electricity itself. Wenckler experimented with it at Leipsic in 1746. Franklin knew of it, and is said to have transmitted signals by its means. Morse, the inventor of the electric telegraph, devoted considerable study to it, and at Washington, in 1842, sent a message eighty feet, using this agency. Henry enlarged the store of knowledge on the subject in 1845. Maxwell defined the difference between waves of light and electricity in 1864, and predicted mathematically much of what has since been found to be true. Elisha Gray worked over the problem in Chicago in 1877, and in 1888 Hertz determined experimentally the specific features of the electric vibrations since known as "Hertzian" waves, the basis of all subsequent developments of the subject.

About the same time Edison devised an apparatus by which the roofs of the cars on the Staten Island railway were converted into electrical agencies, which communicated their energy to a special telegraph line strung along by the side of the track, enabling the trains to report them-

selves as they sped along. But the experiment never fructified.

Mr. (now Sir) William Preece, the engineer-in-chief of the British telegraph system, then began experimenting with the wireless force. In a speech on November 22, 1901, he reviewed the progress of knowledge of the subject in these words:

An immense sensation has been caused in these days by the facility we have acquired of transmitting messages across space to ships in motion at great distances. The completion of an electric circuit through water was effected by Morse in America in 1844, and by Lindsay in Dundee in 1854, and it has been in regular practical use in India, for bridging rivers, for many years. In 1884 the distance to which electrical disturbances upon telephone were conveyed attracted my attention, and I reported the result to the British Association at Montreal. In 1893, at Chicago, I was able to announce the transmission of messages across three and a half miles to Flat Holme, in the Bristol Channel. In 1894 I reported to the Society of Arts that speech had been transmitted by telephone across Loch Ness. My paper ended thus: "If any of the planets be populated (say Mars) with beings like ourselves, having the gift of language and the knowledge to adapt the great forces of nature to their wants, then if they could oscillate immense stores of electrical energy to and fro in electrical order, it would be possible for us to hold communication, by telephone, with the people of Mars." In 1896 Mr. Marconi came to England, and the resources of the Post-office were placed at his disposal for experiment and trial. They were successful. The conclusion I came to was that while his system was practical, the field for its use was limited. In the navy it would be of great service, and in light-ship service it might be beneficial, but that it was going to dispense with submarine cables or with poles and wires was quite chimerical. It is still quite in an experimental stage, but it has attracted an immense amount of attention in connection with the highly successful tour of T. R. H. the Prince and Princess of Wales. It is impossible to predict what will happen in the twentieth century. Progress is slow; anticipations are wild. Mr. Marconi, personally, is to be congratulated on what he has already done, and every one wishes him continued success.

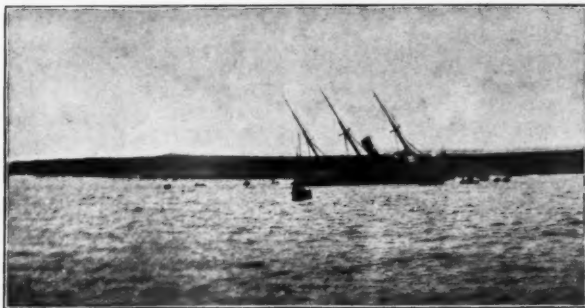
Mr. Marconi defines the vibrations as a sort of electrical earthquake. The static electricity of the ether is energized by the oscillating current sent up and down the aerial wire, and is diffused through the infinity of space. As a comparison, he explains that an earthquake is a manifestation of the material electricity of nature, and these waves are her natural electricity. If a weight could be raised sufficiently high, the shock of its fall here would be felt in England, and the solu-

tion of his problem is the providing of a means of so disturbing the ether as to produce waves the effect of which may be appreciable all over the world.

Wireless telegraphy may be said to have been popularized through Mr. Marconi's ex-

to the most recent one when the Cunard liners spoke to each other at a distance of one hundred miles. Let me proceed to describe the working of the system more fully.

The ordinary reader is more or less familiar with the essential features of ordinary telegraphy, with a wire connecting two batteries one mile or one thousand miles apart. The electrical transmission there is direct and through a visible medium. In Mr. Marconi's system he uses the ether as his medium. He erects



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

WRECK OF THE STEAMSHIP
"LUSITANIA" NEAR CAPE
RACE, 1901.

periments after he came to England. This he did when he had extended the radius of his instruments from two to five miles. The Continental nations were skeptical as to his attainments, owing to his youth, he being only twenty-one years old, but the British electricians welcomed him warmly. Sir William Preece tested his apparatus with favorable results, and he steadily improved the working of the system.

In August, 1898, interest in his exploits had become so great that he was invited to install his wireless system between the royal yacht *Osborne* and Osborne House, Isle of Wight, that the late Queen Victoria might communicate with the then Prince of Wales during his cruises in Cowes Bay and the Channel. I quote one message:

From H. R. H. the Prince of Wales to the Duke of Connaught: Will be very pleased to see you on board any time this afternoon when the *Osborne* returns.

This telegram was sent when the yacht was off Bembridge, at a distance of about eight miles. It is unnecessary that I should detail the gradual steps in the evolution of wireless telegraphy from these minor stages



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE STEAMSHIP "ASSYRIAN" ON THE ROCKS NEAR CAPE RACE.
Marconi's system will prevent such disasters.

a mast or series of masts, with perpendicular wires, at one side of the Atlantic, and forces into the wires oscillations of electricity. The power is supplied by an ordinary alternate-current generator having an output of about thirty kilowatts, the voltage being two thousand. By means of a system of specially designed transformers and condensers, the electrical pressure is increased to fifty thousand volts or thereabouts. This, then, is the voltage available for charging the perpendicular wires.

The high-tension terminals of the transformer are connected to two metal spheres, separate from each other by a distance varying from one to two centimeters, one of which is connected with the perpendicular wires, and the other with the ground. On closing the primary or low-tension circuit the vertical wires and spheres become charged, and on

discharging, sparks pass across the "spark-gap" between the two spheres. Under suitable conditions of capacity, self-induction, and resistance, this discharge is oscillatory, and the vertical wires and spheres radiate electrical waves in the ether in all directions, with the vertical wires as a center. Some of these undulations sweep across the ocean to the corresponding station, where they impinge upon similar vertical wires in connection with the receiving-apparatus.

The transmitting-circuit is closed by a telegraphic key, and it will be readily understood that, by depressing the key for longer or shorter intervals, waves will be emitted for longer or shorter periods of time, and the receiver influenced correspondingly.

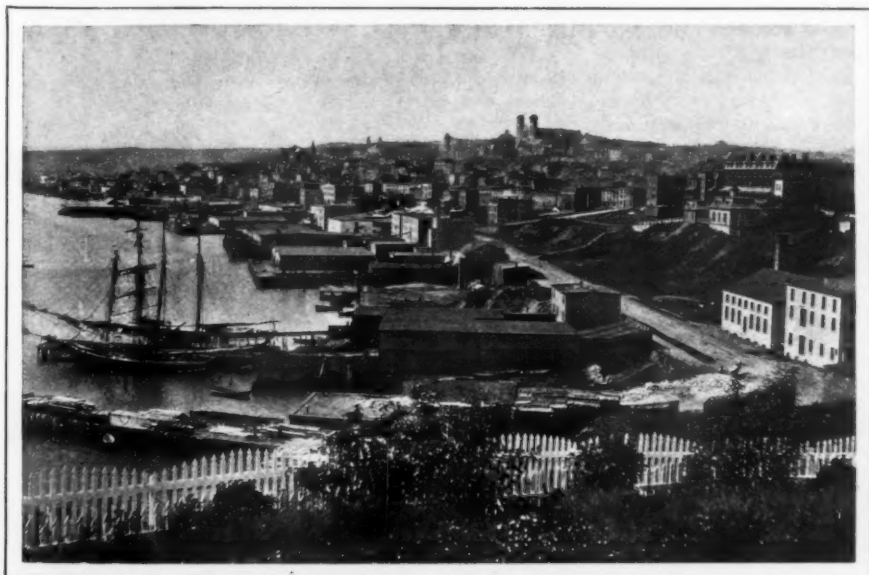
The vital factor in the receiving-apparatus is an instrument which is known as the "coherer." Mr. Marconi's coherer consists of a small glass tube, one and a half inches long and one tenth of an inch in internal diameter, into which are fitted two metal plugs, separate from each other by about one thirtieth of an inch. This small gap is partly filled with a mixture of nickel and silver filings to which a trace of mercury is added.

The principle of this instrument was discovered independently by Professor Calzecchi Onesti of Termo and by Professor

Branly of the Catholic University of Paris, and lies in the fact that under the influence of electric waves the filings undergo a physical change which is manifested by an alteration in their electrical resistance.

In their normal condition the resistance of the filings is very great, but when subjected to the influence of electric waves the resistance falls very appreciably, and allows the passage of a small local current from a single-battery cell. This current is made to actuate a relay, which, in its turn, actuates by means of another battery the Morse recording-instrument and the "tapper" or "decoherer." The function of the tapper is to interrupt the coherer circuit. It is adjusted so as to strike against the tube and shake the filings in it, as otherwise, after the first impulse from the sender, the filings would continue to conduct the local current. On being tapped, however, the coherer is ready for the next impulse from the sending-station, when one of its plugs is connected with the vertical wires and the other with the ground.

A simple illustration of the operative nature of Marconi's ether waves is afforded by the familiar simile of a stone thrown into a placid lake. The disturbance creates a series of ripples, which spread out in ever-widening circles, and any small bits of wood



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

VIEW OF ST. JOHN'S FROM SIGNAL HILL.

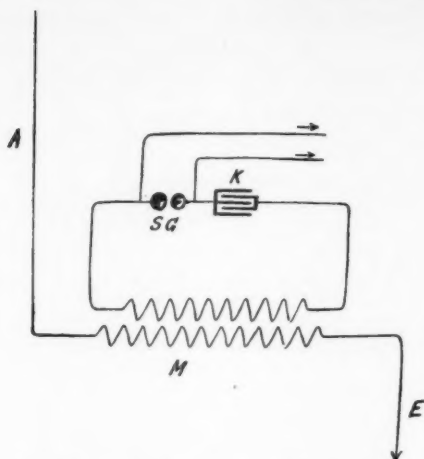


FIGURE 1. MARCONI'S LATEST TUNED TRANSMITTER.

A, aerial or perpendicular wire; *E*, earth or ground; *K*, capacity for syntonizing; *M*, special Marconi transformer; *SG*, spark-gap.

or other light objects which may be floating upon the surface will be set bobbing up and down by each successive ripple.

In like manner the electric waves created by Marconi's transmitter will, under ordinary circumstances, affect any number of receiving-stations which may be within range, by causing an electrical bobbing up and down in each of the perpendicular wires, and each of such stations will receive the message transmitted.

This, it was realized, would minimize the value of the discovery as to its use in wartime, as the enemy would receive the news also; so a scheme was devised whereby the mast and wire were dispensed with and a parabolic copper reflector was substituted, by means of which waves could be sent out in a certain prescribed direction only. But this device, though suitable enough as far as it went, permitted of signaling for only about four miles, between points in sight of each other, and this deprived the main discovery of much of its value. The ether waves influenced by this reflector were stopped by the curvature of the earth, whereas those projected by means of the "aerial" wire suspended from a mast were subject to no such limitations. To obviate this objection, Marconi has experimented with a view to syntonizing the transmitter with the receiver, so that messages destined for a particular station shall be received at that station and no other, unless the others happen to be in syntonny or tune also.

To give a clear idea of the significance of this electrical tuning between the transmitter and receiver, it is convenient to consider the well-known analogy which exists in the case of sound waves. Every one is familiar with the fact that on singing a note, say middle C, into a pianoforte, the middle-C string will respond and vibrate in sympathy, but that the other strings do not. Or, again, on bowing one tuning-fork, a second tuning-fork will respond if of the same pitch or tune.

The note of the sound emitted by any instrument is dependent upon the period of vibration, or oscillation, of the instrument, which, in case of middle C, is two hundred and fifty-six per minute. Alter this ever so slightly, and it will no longer respond, it is no longer in syntonny, sympathy, or tune. The period of vibration of Marconi's electric waves varies, according to different conditions of capacity and self-induction, from three millions to half a million per second. The capacity and self-induction of the receiving-circuit are therefore carefully adjusted to those of the transmitter, and when this adjustment is exact, the receiver, being in syntonny, will respond, while others will not. In a syntonized receiving-circuit the vertical wires, instead of being connected directly with one of the plugs of the coherer, are joined with one end of the primary of a small induction-coil, the other end of which is earthed. The second-

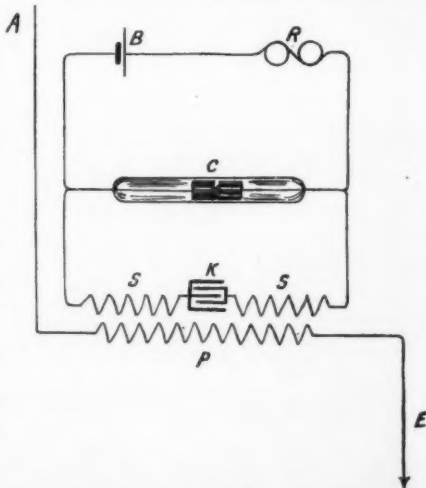


FIGURE 2. MARCONI'S LATEST TUNED RECEIVER.

A, aerial or perpendicular wire; *B*, local battery; *C*, coherer (about two thirds of the actual size); *E*, earth or ground; *K*, adjustable capacity for tuning; *P*, primary of syntonizing induction-coil; *S*, secondary of syntonizing induction-coil; *R*, relay.

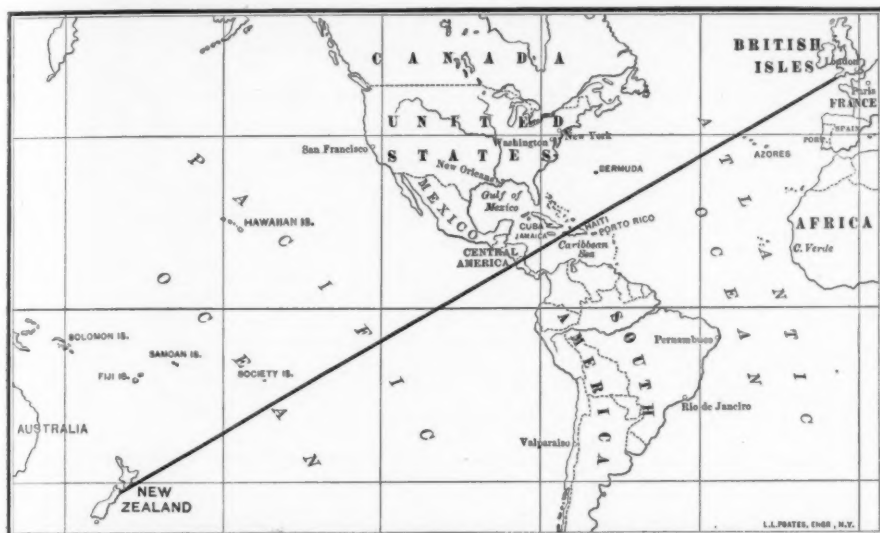
dary of this induction-coil is connected with the coherer in combination with a suitable capacity corresponding to the periodicity of the transmitting-circuit.

By this means Marconi has been enabled to connect two differently tuned transmitting-circuits with one perpendicular wire and send two messages at the same time, each message being received thirty miles away upon a single perpendicular, and passed down independently to its own tuned receiver. This experiment is described more fully later.

The instruments used on shipboard are of course much less powerful than those used

second. A signal through a submarine cable takes one tenth of a second to traverse the same distance, owing to the resistance which the conductor causes.

In his Newfoundland experiment, Marconi employed a new form of receiver, in which the signals were noted in a telephone, instead of being reeled off, as usual, upon a Morse tape, this telephone receiver being much more sensitive. The wisdom of using the former in the transoceanic experiment was abundantly justified, although Marconi and his assistants were greatly depressed the first night on returning to St. John's from Signal Hill, as he told me, without a visible evi-

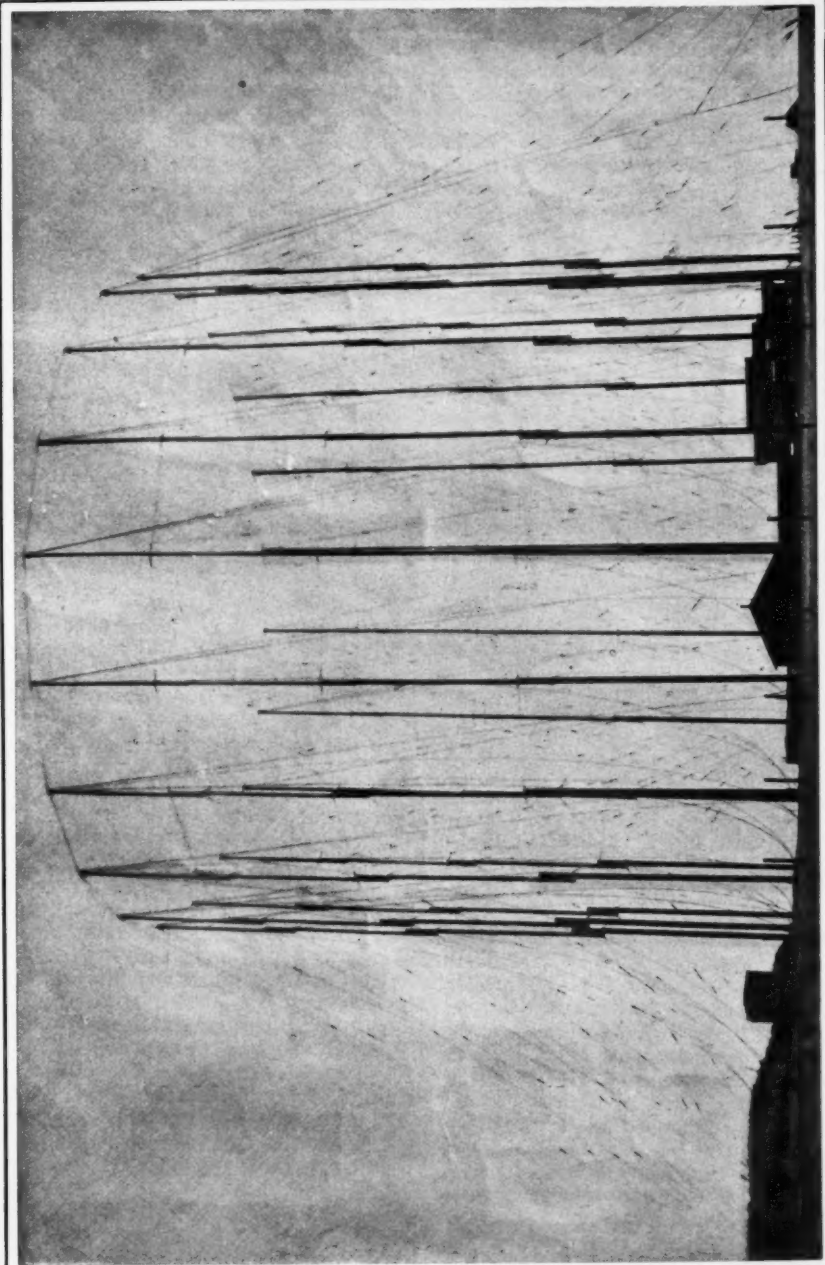


MAP OF MARCONI'S PROJECT OF TELEGRAPHING FROM ENGLAND TO NEW ZEALAND.

for the transatlantic signaling, the output of the transmitter being only about one sixth of one horse-power, and they are all tuned to sympathy, that is, to the same wave-beat, so that, if in distress, the vessels may signal to each other. The instruments in land stations each have a common and a special tune, so that the secrecy of commercial messages may be properly safeguarded. The tuning of the apparatus can be easily changed, however, so that in war-time the ships of each nation could work their own private code, so to speak. In passing, I may observe that electricity has the same speed as light,—one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles a second,—and as Cornwall is two thousand geographical miles from St. John's, the transmission of a signal is effected in one ninety-third of a

dence of what he had accomplished, such as the recorder's tape would have furnished.

The system has been found of great service for naval purposes. It is installed on board thirty-seven British war-ships. In the late naval manœuvres its efficiency was demonstrated beyond question; signals were transmitted from ship to ship over a distance of one hundred and sixty miles, and the reports of the admirals commanding the rival fleets were strongly in its favor. An aerial wire is affixed to one of the masts, the battery and apparatus are connected, and the appliance is the medium of communication between the flagship and the cruiser during the term of manœuvres, though often forty to sixty miles from the admiral and usually in a dense fog. The Cunard,



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES VET.

VIEW OF POLDHU STATION, CORNWALL, WHENCE THE SIGNALS CAME TO MARCONI AT ST. JOHN'S.

North German Lloyd, Compagnie Transatlantique, and Belgian mail-steamers also use it. The Italian navy adopted it at the very first, and the Russian navy has just announced its determination to follow the same course. The Marconi Company has twenty stations along the British coast for marine purposes, and twenty more in other parts of Europe, besides five in America. For the invention it is claimed, in the first place, that it is the only absolutely certain means of communication during a fog, and,

its means from elevations, without enemies in the lowlands being aware of what they were doing. By it, too, it would be possible in ordinary countries for much of the long-distance telegraphing to be done when land wires are interrupted; that is now accomplished by means of the heliograph in India and other tropical countries where there is a great deal of sun, and it is also possible to utilize it for a variety of other purposes.

Last spring Mr. Marconi's company decided to build a large power-station at Poldhu



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

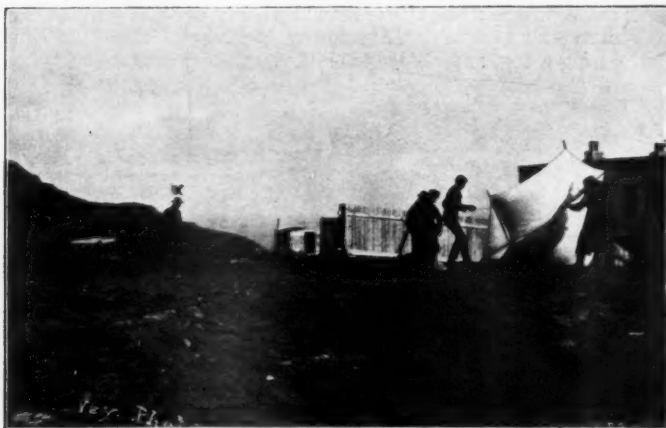
SIGNAL HILL, ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND. X, ROOM IN WHICH THE MESSAGE FROM CORNWALL WAS RECEIVED.

in the second place, that it is the ideal system of communicating between ship and ship, between ship and shore, and between points of land not possible to be connected by cables or ordinary telegraph wires. Great things are being achieved from its addition to lighthouse equipment, and the English Channel is sentineled with frequent stations. It will be of great value, also, in naval warfare, as an admiral can by its means manœuvre ships hundreds of miles apart. It is applied most successfully at sea, where a virtually level surface is obtained; on land its value is diminished one half by the obstruction caused by the diversified physical features of the region it traverses. But it is easy to signal by—it from hill to hill, and armies could speak each other by

for long-distance signaling. It consists of the buildings in which the instruments are stored and twenty large masts, each two hundred and ten feet high, upholding aerial wires, and connected so as to form a gigantic electrical conductor. The power to energize this is supplied by a generator producing an electrical force equal to thirty-eight horse-power. With this apparatus, signaling was conducted all the summer with Crookhaven, on the west coast of Ireland, two hundred and twenty-five miles away, this station being chosen because there was an almost unbroken stretch of water between the two. While receiving messages at Crookhaven, Mr. Marconi observed that the strength of the signals was such that he felt sure they would be intelligible at ten times that dis-

tance. He accordingly decided to leave for Newfoundland, to attempt the feat of catching the signals there, though his departure was postponed until November, owing to his Poldhu station having been partly dismantled in the big gale which took place in the English Channel in September, its partial restoration occupying him until recently.

regular observations. The formula was repeated again at 1:10 A.M. and at 2:20, about twenty-five repetitions of the signal being heard in all. Instead of using the automatic recorder which forms part of the receiving-equipment, Mr. Marconi employed a telephone attached to the apparatus, as the human ear is far more sensitive than any contrivance which has yet been devised. The next day the signals were repeated at 1:38 P.M., Mr. Kemp, one of Mr. Marconi's assistants, also noting the formula on the telephone on both occasions. This



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES VEY.

GETTING UP MARCONI'S KITE ON SIGNAL HILL, ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND. X, MARCONI.

Another inducement attracted him here, that of signaling the ocean liners passing across the Grand Banks, three hundred miles from Cape Race, and he gave this out as his real purpose. He brought balloons and kites to suspend his aerial wire, and while the world thought he was trying to speak with those ships, he was really endeavoring to receive the signals from England. Poldhu was instructed to send daily between 3 and 6 P.M. Greenwich time (11:30 A.M. to 2:30 P.M. St. John's time) the letter S, which in the Morse telegraph code is made by three dots (...), a simple yet unmistakable formula. On Thursday, December 12, 1901, at 12:30 P.M., he received the first signals, repeated at intervals of three minutes. He had previously elevated his aerial wire to an altitude of four hundred feet, but its swaying prevented



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES VEY.

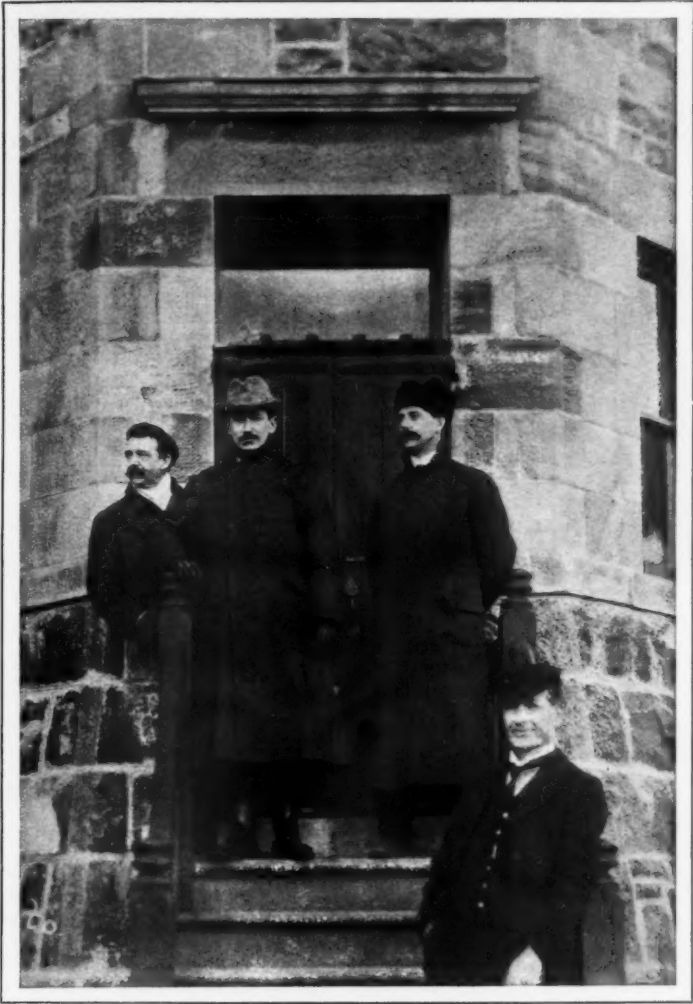
ELEVATING THE MARCONI KITE. X, MARCONI.

proved beyond any possibility that there was no mistake, so the news of this wonderful accomplishment was announced to the world.

The grand scientific truth being demonstrated, Mr. Marconi now proposes to perfect the system so that it may be made applicable to commercial uses. It only requires increased power at Poldhu to transmit signals effective enough to actuate the recorder at the station at St. John's. Following upon that, additions to the same force will permit the electric energy to be projected to the uttermost ends of the earth. Mr. Marconi will build large stations at St. John's

and Cape Cod of the same kind as that at Poldhu, and hopes within a few months to be able to transact commercial telegraph business across the Atlantic. He believes that at

Panama, the only land intervening being that narrow strip. Cecil Rhodes and he have already discussed "Marconigraphy" as a means of bringing together the vast dis-



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH. COPYRIGHT BY JAMES VEY.

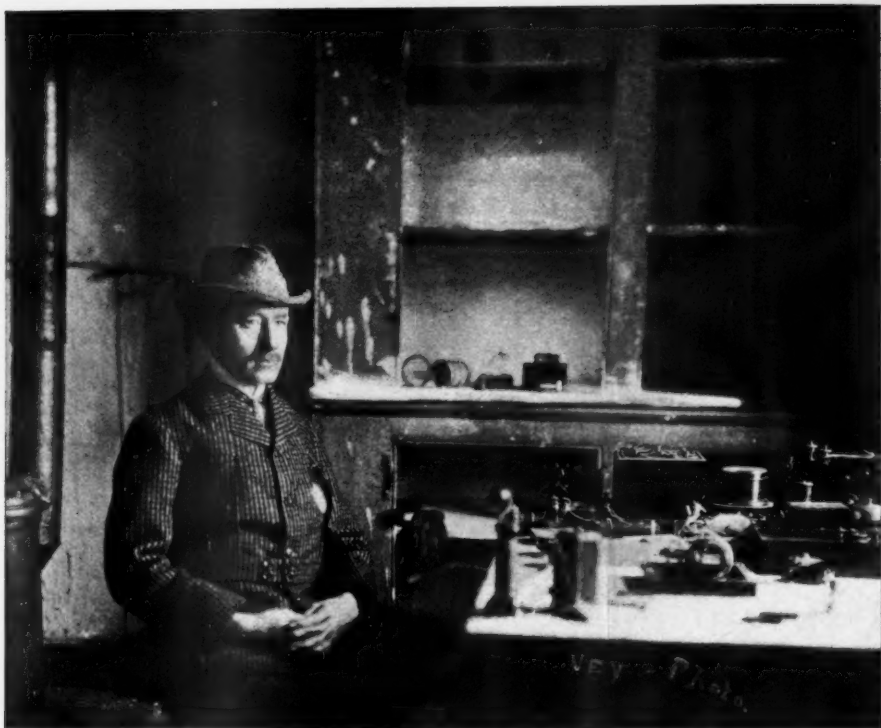
OUTSIDE THE CABOT TOWER ON SIGNAL HILL, ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

1, Mr. Kemp; 2, Mr. Marconi; 3, Mr. Paget; 4, the keeper of the station.

present his system is good for transmission over a thousand miles of land, and looks forward with confidence to ultimately signaling between England and India by this means. More amazing still, he is confident that he will be able to communicate between England and New Zealand direct, by way of

tances of the South African continent, and the great empire-builder was much impressed with the idea.

In future, in military operations it will doubtless play a great part; for naval purposes it stands alone. In exploration it will find a place; it is already in use by the Bel-



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES VEY.

MARCONI AT HIS INSTRUMENT IN THE STATION ON SIGNAL HILL, ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND, WHERE HE RECEIVED THE WIRELESS SIGNALS.

The telephone earpiece by which the signals were made audible may be seen on the table.

gian government in the Congo, and it may be extended to the arctic solitudes.

While it is a far cry from the two hundred miles for which the system is effective in England to the two thousand which it is proposed to make it achieve across the ocean, its ultimate accomplishment of this distance is only a renewal of the general scientific law demonstrated in the case of the Atlantic cable, the long-distance telephone, and like discoveries.

For the present, Mr. Marconi will devote his attention especially to improving the system for commercial and marine purposes between Europe and America. As I have already explained, the electric waves radiate outward in every direction, and can be caught by any receiver properly tuned to them. Turning to the map of the North Atlantic, it will be seen that three prominent points dominate the ocean shipping highway—Cape Farewell in Greenland, St. John's in Newfoundland, and Fayal in the Azores. The first named is not very important, but

the great mass of the shipping of the two worlds passes between St. John's and Fayal. Therefore any signals from Poldhu or from ships in mid-ocean would be received at these two points, or vice versa, and uninterrupted communication could be kept up with steamers from the moment they leave port until they reach their destination. Collisions, strandings, and wrecks could be minimized, and assistance be provided in case of emergency.

Mr. Marconi also believes that his system may become a formidable competitor against the ocean cables. To do so on land is not so easy, as the lines there cost only one hundred dollars a mile, whereas the cables cost one thousand dollars a mile, and require expensive steamers to repair and maintain them. A transatlantic cable represents an initial outlay of at least three million dollars, besides the cost of its maintenance. A Marconi station can be built for sixty thousand dollars. Three of these, bringing the two worlds into contact, will cost only one hundred and eighty

thousand dollars, while their maintenance should be insignificant. What his success will mean can be best grasped by considering the extent of the property which would be displaced thereby, although it is only since August 5, 1858, forty-three years ago, that the first Atlantic cable was laid. There are now fourteen laid along the Atlantic bed, and in the whole world seventeen hundred and sixty-nine telegraph cables of various sizes, with a total length of almost one hundred and eighty-nine thousand nautical miles, enough to girdle the earth seven times. These require a great number of ocean-going cable steamers for their laying and repairs, and while the total value of the cables cannot be easily computed, it is known to be a fact that British capitalists have one hundred million dollars invested in cable stocks.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the cable companies should regard his invention as a serious menace, that the Anglo-American Telegraph Company should have restrained him from experimenting in Newfoundland, or that cable stocks should have declined shortly after his success was announced. An argument is advanced by the cable companies that his system is not effective against theirs because the capacity of his apparatus is limited to twenty words a minute, while theirs can send thirty. But Mr. Marconi plunges his hand into his lucky bag and brings out another marvel, which is to me the most amazing of all. It takes the form of an extract from a letter by Professor A. Fleming of University College, London, published in the London "Times" of October 4, 1900, and shows that he can transmit two distinct messages by means of one aerial wire at the same time. The extract reads thus:

Two operators at St. Catherine's, Isle of Wight, were instructed to send simultaneously two different wireless messages to Poole, Dorset, and without delay or mistake the two were correctly recorded and printed down at the same time in Morse signals on the tapes of the two corresponding receivers at Poole.

In this first demonstration each receiver was connected to its own independent aerial wire, hung from the same mast. But greater wonders followed. Mr. Marconi placed the receivers at Poole one on the top of the other, and connected them both to one and the same wire, about forty feet in length, attached to the mast. I then asked to have two messages sent at the same moment by the operator at St. Catherine's, one in English and the other in French. Without failure, each receiver at Poole rolled out its paper tape, the

message in English perfect on one, and that in French on the other. When it is realized that these visible dots and dashes are the result of trains of intermingled electric waves rushing with the speed of light across the intervening thirty miles, caught on one and the same short aerial wire and disentangled and sorted out automatically by the two machines into intelligible messages in different languages, the wonder of it all cannot but strike the mind.

Your space is too valuable to be encroached upon by further details, or else I might mention some marvelous results exhibited by Mr. Marconi during the same demonstrations, of messages received from a transmitter thirty miles away, and recorded by an instrument in a closed room merely by the aid of a zinc cylinder, four feet high, placed on a chair. More surprising is it to learn that, while these experiments have been proceeding between Poole and St. Catherine's, others have been taking place for the admiralty between Portsmouth and Portland, these lines of communication intersecting each other; yet so perfect is the independence that nothing done on one circuit now affects the other, unless desired.

A little more than a year ago, when Mr. Marconi made this experiment, the limit within which it was possible to work this duplex system was only thirty miles. It has since been increased to a hundred miles, and the radius is already being extended. As the growth of the direct system has been, so the effectiveness of this feature must keep pace with it, and the future will perhaps disclose even greater marvels.

In one of our many talks at the St. John's station, Mr. Marconi gave me this digest of his conclusions:

The wireless agency is most effective over marine areas. The unbroken surface of the ocean enables distances to be obtained and results achieved which cannot be approached on land. Over low-lying country two thirds of the distance can be reached, but over tracts where the usual diversified topographical features are found the potency of the vibrations is reduced to one half what it is at sea. High hills do not constitute an obstacle, but the ground itself retards the signals. The vibrations seem to reach slightly farther in fog than in fine weather; atmospheric conditions do not seriously affect them; electrical disturbances are their only foe. Mr. Marconi's later experiments appear to indicate that a pole two hundred feet high gives the best results, as the wire suspended from it comes into contact with sufficiently varied atmosphere strata, while at the same time it can be made thick enough to receive a substantial electrical influence

from the radiating ether waves which are caught by it. With a balloon or kite elevated to an altitude of four hundred feet or so, the wire must be very slight, and the ceaseless swaying of the upholder also interferes with the reception of definite signals. Strangely enough, a horizontal aerial wire is of no value, gives out no energy for his purposes, and was long ago discarded. Nor is it an advantage, in marine signaling, to set up the pole or kite on a high hill.

Proximity to the sea is desirable, and a low-lying spit near the ocean is the best. Another less interesting circumstance is that every piece of ground will not serve for the locating of a station. Some geological formations are perverse; others are responsive. Signaling from one headland, a distance of two hundred miles may be reached; from another the range may be only half that. On ships the aerial wire is suspended from the top of the mast, hanging loosely down among the stays and rigging. It is composed of copper and steel, and will stand a considerable strain. It enters the operator's room at the deck, and the mechanical features are similar to those of an ordinary telegraph-office.

The fact that ocean steamers have not very high masts militates against the enlarging of the radius. The Cunarders' spars are only one hundred and twenty feet high, and the effective range of the vibrations is about a hundred miles. A more convenient height is two hundred feet; with a mast of that altitude it is possible to give effect to every feature of the system yet discovered. It was thought for a time that the curvature of the earth would interfere with the transmission of the signals, but the fallacy of this has long since been demonstrated. Before visiting Newfoundland, Marconi experimented for months with a wire one hundred and fifty feet high, and attained a workable range of two hundred miles. The curvature of the earth in that distance is ten thousand feet, and the success of his transoceanic experiment proves that it will be possible for him to send his signals through the limitless expanse of ether all round the world.

The Cunarders take in toll for passengers' messages, every trip, two hundred and fifty dollars, at ten cents a word, the despatches being sent when within a hundred miles of the shore on either side.

Bearing in mind the primary fact that the messages which are transmitted by Marconi's perfected device can be received only by instruments which are tuned to sympathy or to the same periodicity, the following remarks upon the subject of the future of the wireless system, from the "Engineering Magazine" of July, 1901, will be read with interest:

In commenting on Mr. Marconi's paper (read before the Society of Arts in May) Professor Ayrton said that we were gradually coming within thinkable distance of the realization of a prophecy he had ventured to make four years before, of a time when, if a person wanted to call to a friend he knew not where, he would call in a very loud electromagnetic voice, heard by him who had the electromagnetic ear, silent to him who had it not. "Where are you?" he would say. A small reply would come, "I am at the bottom of a coal-mine, or crossing the Andes, or in the middle of the Atlantic." Or, perhaps in spite of all the calling, no reply would come, and the person would then know that his friend was dead. Think of what this would mean, of the calling which goes on every day from room to room of a house, and then think of that calling extending from pole to pole, not a noisy babble, but a call audible to him who wants to hear, and absolutely silent to all others. It would be almost like dreamland and ghostland, not the ghostland cultivated by a heated imagination, but a real communication from a distance based on true physical laws.

This is the case for this wonderful hand-maiden of modern development at the present moment. So much is absolutely assured; so much more is tentatively ascertained; vastly greater things are predicted for the future. That the fullest success may visit the inventor and his system, that this accompaniment to modern progress may be perfected beyond cavil, and that the whole world may soon come to enjoy the great benefits of this splendid exploit, must be the hope of every well-wisher of the progress and enlightenment of the human race.



THE NATURE OF THE NERVE IMPULSE.

A PHYSICAL EXPLANATION OF ONE OF THE PHENOMENA OF LIFE.

BY ALBERT P. MATHEWS, PH.D.,

Assistant Professor of Physiological Chemistry in the University of Chicago.

As the investigations which form the basis of this article are of general interest, I have prepared, at the request of the editor of *THE CENTURY*, a brief account of them. It must be remembered, however, that the particular conclusions to which Professor Loeb and I have come, have not yet been long enough exposed to scientific criticism to enable one to speak of them as generally accepted, and they may and probably will require some modification. Until they have received such criticism, these conclusions must be accepted with caution.—A. P. M.

AN interesting feature of the development of modern physiology has been the endeavor to give a physical explanation of the phenomena of life. It is now thought by many physiologists that the phenomena of living matter do not differ in kind from the physical phenomena of non-living matter. The peculiarity of a living organism is due to the fact that it shows at one time a group of properties no one of which is peculiar to it, but which are found associated nowhere else. The various properties of growth, reproduction, movement, and irritability which characterize living things are seen separately all about us. Whenever we see them combined in any one mass of material, we say that it is alive. In consequence of this general conclusion, which represents many years of patient work in physiology, morphology, and other natural sciences, it has for some time been recognized that we may hope to solve these problems by the application of physical and chemical methods and by taking each one separately. Certain physiologists, among them myself, have for some time been convinced that the ultimate solution of one or more of these problems was not far away; that the artificial formation of living matter was only a question of time; and that the prolongation of life was no longer a will-o'-the-wisp, but something entirely within man's power when his knowledge has been extended.

There have been, accordingly, in recent years, several attempts to give a physical explanation of some of these phenomena. For example, Engelmann, at one time in

the University of Amsterdam, attempted a mechanical explanation of muscle contraction, and constructed out of a violin-string an artificial muscle, which in some respects closely paralleled the action of a real muscle. By placing a violin-string in water and surrounding it by a wire, he found that, on passing a current of electricity through the wire, the heat of the wire caused the violin-string to take up water and shorten like a muscle. As heat is liberated during muscle contraction, the resemblance of this action of the string to that of the muscle was in some particulars close. Although this explanation of muscle action is probably incorrect, it suffices to indicate the trend of modern physiologists.

It will be readily appreciated, however, that without accurate knowledge of the nature of chemical reactions or of solutions, and without knowing what happens in such a simple case as the dissolving of salt in water, it was manifestly impossible to get any clear idea of what was going on in living matter. Physiology had to wait until we had some clue to the relation between chemical and electrical phenomena—until, in fact, we knew what happened in a solution. That knowledge has been supplied largely in the past ten years by the development of the science known as physical chemistry. This science gave us the idea that the atoms, or ultimate particles of matter, are under certain circumstances, when in solution, accompanied by free charges of electricity. In other words, when sodium chloride dissolves in water it no longer exists as sodium chlo-

ride, but breaks into two particles, a sodium particle which carries a positive charge of electricity, and a chlorine particle carrying a negative charge. The sodium atoms or particles thus charged are called ions, or wanderers, and more particularly cations, as they move to the negative electrode, or cathode; while the chlorine particles are anions and move to the positive electrode, or anode. These atoms carry the electric current through a fluid and are the basis of electrolysis. Furthermore, it was found that we can conveniently treat these charges as if they were minute corpuscles of matter, and may represent them thus, $\oplus \ominus$, as the positive and negative electrons.

This conception of atoms associated with electrons, or charges, is at the base of modern chemistry, physics, and physiology.

It will at once occur to every one that some of the chemical and physical properties of a solution of common salt are possibly due to the positive or negative electrons with which the atoms are associated. In other words, here is the link between electrical and chemical phenomena. It will also appear that the physiological action of these salts, and of organic particles as well, may possibly be due to electrical charges associated with the atoms, and not to the atoms themselves.

This was the point of departure of Professor Loeb some four or five years ago. He felt certain that the investigation of the fundamental physiological phenomena from this point of view would yield valuable results. His methods were simple. The first great question he attacked was the relation of muscular contractility to the salts in muscle. It is well known that muscular contraction is accompanied by an electrical disturbance called the negative variation, the contracting muscle being negative toward that at rest. Professor Loeb's method of procedure was to place the gastrocnemius (calf) muscle of frogs in solutions of the salts to be tested. He soon discovered that the skeletal muscles, such as the gastrocnemius, could be made to beat rhythmically like the heart in solutions of ordinary table-salt, or in sodium bromide, sodium sulphate, and other sodium compounds, and the beating could be prevented by placing the muscle in solutions containing a little calcium salts. His most fundamental observation, however, was that it was only in solutions of electrolytes, or electrically charged particles, that contraction would occur. In solutions of non-electrolytes, such as sugar, urea,

glycerine, no rhythmic contractions were obtained. This observation clearly indicated that the electrical charges associated with the salts were the essential agents in contraction, and showed him the direction in which to look. He extended these observations to the little jellyfish, *Gonionemus*, in which he found the same phenomena, and Dr. Lingle established them for the heart, in the paper which was so misrepresented in the newspapers. This was the first great step taken.

Professor Loeb at once drew other life-phenomena into the same category, and applying his results to sea-urchin and other eggs, discovered artificial parthenogenesis; that is, he succeeded in making eggs develop without fertilization. He has since established from later experiments that eggs may be started in development not only by electrically charged ions, i.e., positive ions, but also by the extraction of water through non-electrolytes.

Having established the fact that the electrical charges were probably concerned in muscle contraction, it occurred to him that possibly the number of charges might be of importance. There are atoms, for example, or groups of atoms, which carry one charge, others which carry two, or even as many as seven. It had already been established by Hardy and others that the number of charges the ions, or particles, carry in some way affected the power of various salts in precipitating various substances, such as albumin, from solution. During the past summer, at the Marine Biological Laboratory at Woods Holl, Professor Loeb established the fact that a relationship between the number and sign (positive or negative) of the charges and physiological action probably existed. The eggs of the little fish *Fundulus* will develop either in sea-water or distilled water. They will not develop in pure potassium chloride or in sodium chloride. Loeb found that the poisonous action of these salts could be offset by adding a little calcium chloride or other doubly charged positive ions. Even zinc or lead, which are themselves poisonous, will enable the egg to develop in sodium-chloride solutions, which are also poisonous. It takes only a minute amount of the doubly charged positive ion to do this, and still less of a three-charged positive ion, such as iron. Loeb immediately compared his results to the action of toxins and antitoxines. A small amount of the antitoxine offsets the action of a large amount of the toxine. His main result of the depen-

dence of physiological action on the number and sign of the electrical charges was established.

Meanwhile I had been working for two or three years along the same lines on the relation of salts to nerve irritability and conductivity, having been particularly induced to do so by the brilliant results of Professor Loeb's work on muscle. I found many similar facts, but the nerve was somewhat simpler and the facts easier to interpret, so that I have been able to make more precise, and to extend somewhat, the general ideas which were guiding him.

If we dissect out the sciatic nerve of a frog with the gastrocnemius muscle attached, and place the nerve in a strong solution of sugar, the muscle soon begins to contract violently and continues to contract for half an hour. The nerve is then quite stiff and hard and totally non-irritable. This experiment demonstrates that non-electrolytes, such as sugar, generate in the nerve nerve impulses which descend the nerve and make the muscle contract. The question arises, How does the sugar do this? The shrunken appearance of the nerve suggests that it is by the extraction of water. We may prove this in two ways: first, by allowing the nerve to dry in the air; and, second, by diluting the sugar solution so that it does not extract water so strongly. If we dry the nerve, the muscle contracts just as it did before. If we dilute the sugar solution, no contractions are obtained. By experiments similar to these on urea and glycerine and other non-electrolytes we establish the general law that the change in the nerve which generates a nerve impulse can be brought about by taking water from the nerve. Furthermore, it always happens that the removal of some water, even though it may not be sufficient to generate impulses strong enough to make the muscle contract, will increase the irritability of the nerve. I have seen nerves by this means so increased in irritability that the jar of the floor by walking near by would throw the muscle into a spasm.

Now let us turn our attention to the salts or electrolytes. If we put a nerve into a solution of potassium chloride or calcium chloride of the same strength as the strong sugar solution, the muscle again contracts. The contractions do not last so long, however, nor does the nerve live so long as in the sugar. Probably the impulse is generated here, as it is in the sugar solution, by the abstraction of water. Such is the case, for if we put the nerve in more dilute solu-

tions of these salts, so that the solution does not take water from the nerve, the muscle does not contract. But the nerve quickly loses its irritability in these dilute solutions. This is true for ammonium chloride, magnesium chloride, potassium bromide, ferric chloride, and a large number of other salts—for all salts, in fact, of two- or three-charged cations united with one-charged negative ions. We come, then, to the second conclusion, that when solutions of the salts just mentioned stimulate they do it by removing water. The salts themselves are poisonous and kill the nerve without stimulating it. If we try acids we find similar facts. But when we place the nerve in solutions of alkalies, such as common lye or potassium hydrate, we find that the nerve is powerfully stimulated by solutions still weaker than these. In other words, the nerve impulse may be generated by the specific action of the alkali.

Now let us try common salt, or sodium chloride. If an irritable nerve is placed in a solution of sodium chloride of such a strength as not to draw water from the nerve, after an hour or two nerve impulses are generated and the muscle begins to contract and will continue to contract for several hours. Furthermore, almost all sodium salts will act in this way. Evidently we have here to do with another kind of stimulation than by the withdrawal of water. These salts appear to have a specific action. How shall we explain this? The first and most natural explanation is that the sodium particles (ions) which all these salts have in common are the stimulating agents. This was, in fact, the explanation adopted by Professor Loeb for the muscle and by me in a preliminary paper for the nerve. But this natural and easy explanation is certainly wrong. It is not the sodium or positively charged ions which stimulate, but the chlorine or other negatively charged ions, widely different chemically though these are.

This may be demonstrated in the following way: Let us take the two sciatic nerves from the same frog, so as to avoid individual variations of different frogs. Let us put one into a sodium-chloride solution and the other into a sodium-bromide solution of the same strength. It will be found always that the latter stimulates more powerfully than the former. And if we repeat the experiment with sodium iodide instead of the bromide, stimulation is stronger, and with sodium fluoride it is still stronger. The muscles begin to contract earlier and continue to

contract more powerfully. Now, there are the same number of sodium particles in each of these solutions. The difference can be attributed only to the negative particles of chlorine, bromine, and iodine. It is clear, then, that stimulation varies with the negative ion, and we may infer provisionally that

it is the negative ion which stimulates or brings about that change in the nerve which means a nerve impulse. Further evidence for this fact will soon be presented, but we may now add to our first conclusions, i.e., that nerves may be stimulated by the withdrawal of water and by alkalis, which are negative, the third conclusion, i.e., that stimulation may also be caused by other negative ions.

We can also find out what it is in the negative ion which stimulates, whether it is the electrical charge, or the particle with which it is associated. Let us take, for example, solutions of three sodium salts, the bromide, chloride, and acetate, each of which has one negative charge; of three bivalent salts, the sulphate, oxalate, and tartrate, each of which has two negative charges; and of three trivalent salts, the ferricyanide, citrate, and phosphate, each of which has three negative charges. In comparing these it appears that the last are about equally efficient among themselves and are much more powerful than the doubly charged salts; the bivalent salts are approximately equally efficient among themselves and are far more powerful than the singly charged salts; and that the latter agree fairly well among themselves, although, as I have said, the bromide is better than the chloride. For example, the salts of sodium with three negative charges will stimulate in solutions as weak as one gram molecule (the molecular weight of the salts expressed in grams) in 50,000 cubic centimeters; those with two negative charges in one gram molecule in 25,000 cubic centimeters; and those with one negative charge in one gram molecule in 8000 cubic centimeters. There are certain exceptions which will be touched on later, but the general rule is as stated. These facts show that the composition of the ions has little influence. Their action is due to the electrical charges they bear. Thus the phosphate ion, PO_4 , stimulates like the ferricyanide ion, FeCy_6 , and the sulphate, SO_4 , like the borate, B_4O_7 , ion. This confirms Loeb's idea of the importance of the number of charges and of the charges themselves. We may now add a fourth general conclusion, i.e., not only is it the negatively charged particle which stimulates, but its peculiar action is due to the negative charges it bears and not to its chemical composition. This, as will be seen, demonstrates the identity of electrical and chemical stimulation.

Before taking up this point, let us turn back and look at the other salts to see what

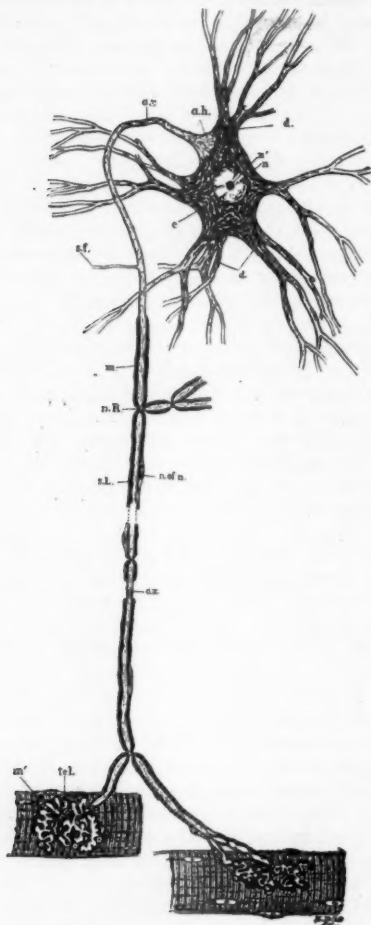


FIGURE 1. SCHEME OF LOWER MOTOR NEURONE.

The motor cell body, together with all its protoplasmic processes, its axis-cylinder process, side fibrils or collaterals, and end ramifications, represents parts of a single cell or neurone. *a. h.*, axon-hillock devoid of Nissl bodies, and showing fibrillation; *ax.*, axis-cylinder or axone. This process, near the cell body, becomes surrounded by myelin, *m.*, and a cellular sheath, the neurilemma, the latter not being an integral part of the neurone; *c.*, cytoplasm showing Nissl bodies and lighter ground substance; *d.*, protoplasmic processes (dendrites) containing Nissl bodies; *n.*, nucleus; *n'*, nucleolus; *n. R.*, node of Ranvier; *s. f.*, side fibril; *n. of n.*, nucleus of neurilemma sheath; *tel.*, motor end plate or telodendrium; *m'*, striped muscle fiber; *s. L.*, segmentation of Lantermann.—From Barker's "Nervous System." Copyright, 1899, by D. Appleton & Co.

effect the positive charges have. If a chlorine ion will stimulate when combined with sodium, why will it not do so when combined with potassium? Potassium chloride, lithium chloride, barium chloride, all abolish the irritability of the nerve without stimulation, and yet these same negative chlorine ions when combined with sodium stimulate well. The only explanation is that something prevents the action of the chlorine ion. That

the positive electrical charge which is poisonous or which destroys irritability.

We may now proceed to a decisive test of the truth of our general proposition that the negative charges stimulate while the positive prevent stimulation. If it is true that potassium chloride does not stimulate because the influence of the positive charge on the potassium overbalances the stimulating tendency of the negative charge of the chlorine,

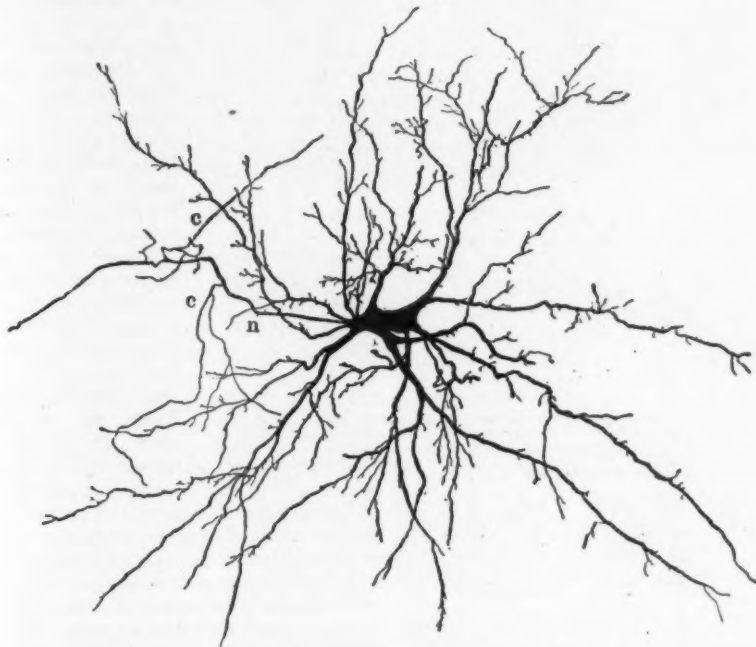


FIGURE 2. DIAGRAM OF A NERVE-CELL.

Cell from the optic tract of the cat, lateral from the lateral geniculate body. (After Kölliker.) Radiating from the cell body are to be seen very many protoplasmic processes which show a broad wedge of origin and branch characteristically; the single axis-cylinder process *n* has a smooth surface and tolerably even caliber, which is maintained for a considerable distance from the cell. It gives off a few delicate lateral branches or collaterals, *c*.—From Barker's "Nervous System." Copyright, 1899, by D. Appleton & Co.

something must be the positively charged particle with which it is united. This suggests the possibility that the destruction of irritability is due to the positive ion. We can demonstrate that this is the case in the same way as we have shown the stimulating action of the negative ion. Hydrogen chloride abolishes irritability powerfully, potassium chloride somewhat less, lithium chloride less, and sodium chloride still less. Also the loss of irritability is roughly proportional to the number of charges on the positive ion, salts with three positive charges being highly poisonous. Furthermore, it is

it ought to be possible to find a negatively charged ion which would be enough stronger than the chlorine to equal or overbalance the positive potassium. We saw a moment ago that particles with two negative charges will stimulate more powerfully than those with one, and if three charges be present they stimulate still more strongly. If potassium sulphate, in which the single positive charge of the potassium is balanced against the double charge of the sulphate, be taken, it will be found that occasionally the salt will stimulate, but generally not. If a three-charged negative ion, like the citrate, is

combined with potassium, the potassium is overbalanced and stimulation takes place. In other words, for some reason the single charge on the potassium is sufficient to counterbalance a double negative charge on the anion. We find similar facts for lithium, ammonium, and other salts. This experiment was the critical test of the truth of the ideas that salts stimulate by the negative charges of electricity they possess and that the positive charges tend to prevent stimu-

gestive, and most interesting conclusions to which this leads, I cannot speak here, but these lines of work are already being followed in the physiological laboratories of the University of Chicago, and interesting results may be expected.

It has long been known that when an electric current is passed through a nerve the nerve impulse begins at the negative electrode when the current is made, and that while the current is flowing the irritability

of the nerve is reduced near the positive electrode, or anode, and increased near the negative electrode, or cathode. We cannot stop to show how these facts were learned, but they are generally accepted. This change in excitability of the nerve produced by the passage of the current is known as *electrotonus*. It will be perceived that these facts are virtually a restatement of the facts just learned, that positively charged ions reduce irritability and negatively charged ions increase irritability and

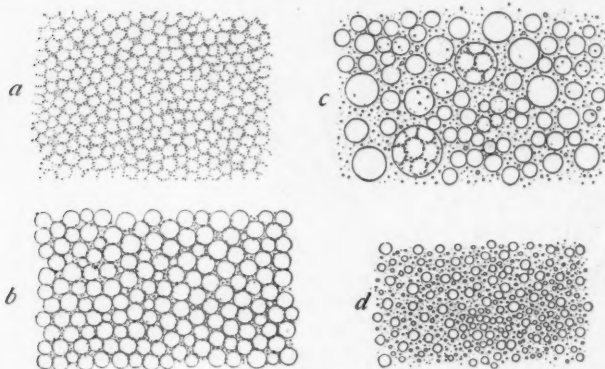


FIGURE 3.

a, protoplasm of the egg of the sea-urchin (*Toxopneustes*) in section; b, protoplasm from a living starfish egg (*Asterias*); c, the same in a dying condition after crushing the egg; d, protoplasm from a young ovarian egg of the same. (All the figures magnified 1200 diameters.) — From "Biological Lectures," 1898. Copyright, 1899, by Ginn & Co.

lation. The experiment, it appears to me, confirms beyond any reasonable doubt the truth of the conclusions so far drawn, that chemical stimulation is really an electrical stimulation.

We have then established this further general conclusion: the positive ion tends to destroy irritability, and its action is roughly proportional to its valence (number of charges), and we may offset the poisonous action of the positive ions by negative ions of sufficient power. This conclusion, I may say, was also independently reached by Professor Loeb. Whether or not a salt stimulates, then, depends upon whether the negative or positive portion of the salt overbalances. In sodium chloride the two charges are nearly equal, but the chlorine is slightly preponderant. In the bromide the negative ion overbalances more; in potassium chloride the positive ion predominates. This idea of the mutual antagonism in action of the negative and positive ions of the salt is destined, I believe, to throw great light on pharmacology, or the action of drugs and of toxins and antitoxines. Of the many curious, sug-

gestive, and most interesting conclusions to which this leads, I cannot speak here, but these lines of work are already being followed in the physiological laboratories of the University of Chicago, and interesting results may be expected.

It has long been known that when an electric current is passed through a nerve the nerve impulse begins at the negative electrode when the current is made, and that while the current is flowing the irritability of the nerve is reduced near the positive electrode, or anode, and increased near the negative electrode, or cathode. We cannot stop to show how these facts were learned, but they are generally accepted. This change in excitability of the nerve produced by the passage of the current is known as *electrotonus*. It will be perceived that these facts are virtually a restatement of the facts just learned, that positively charged ions reduce irritability and negatively charged ions increase irritability and

stimulate. It makes no difference whether we put our charges into the nerve embarked, so to speak, on atomic boats, or whether by means of the electrodes connected with the battery we increase the number or efficiency of the charges in any part of the nerve. The result will be the same. Negative charges preponderate near the cathode, while the opposite process occurs at the anode. It is impossible in an article of this kind to go into the exact manner in which this is brought about, but the fact cannot be doubted. Whatever may be the exact picture we form of the process, it will be sufficiently clear that the well-established phenomena of electrical stimulation confirm the conclusions as to the electrical nature of the chemical stimulants.

Let us now endeavor to get some idea of what happens in the nerve when stimulation takes place, because a picture of this will make clear the nature of the nerve impulse. A nerve consists of a bundle of fibers. Each of these fibers consists of protoplasm, or living matter, drawn out in a very long process of microscopic diameter and called the axicylinder (Figure 1). This process, like all

protoplasm, contains albuminous substances combined with fats and particularly with the nitrogenous fat lecithin. These substances are largely in solution. When such substances as fats, albumins, or common gelatines dissolve they form what is technically called a colloidal solution, or hydrosol, to distinguish it from the true solutions, such as those of salts. We may perhaps infer that in a colloidal solution the particles are accumulated in revolving systems like the planetary systems and have a small motion from place to place, whereas in a solution of common salt the particles are flying hither and thither like the molecules of a gas. At any rate, a solution of gelatine or other colloid possesses certain properties differing from those of true solutions, and as the nerve consists largely of such colloids, it is obvious that we must study the properties of such colloidal solutions to understand the nerve. One of these properties is the power of forming gels. Ordinary gelatine, if cooled, will set or gel. It forms a kind of tissue of gelatine particles with water in the interstices. In this state it is known as a hydrogel. In the case of gelatine, the gel by warming will redissolve. It is called a reversible gel. When egg-albumin is coagulated by heat, it also forms a gel, but this is an irreversible gel. There are reasons for believing that many of the properties of living matter are due to these colloidal substances. This is the opinion held by Professor Loeb, Hardy, me, and many others. Figure 3 shows these gel particles in the protoplasm of the egg as drawn by Professor Wilson.

It has been established by Hardy and others that a colloidal solution the particles of which are electropositive—that is, carry positive charges—is precipitated or coagulated or gelled by electrically charged negative ions. They are held in solution by the positive particles, such as hydrogen. In technical language, the stability of the solution is diminished by negatively charged particles and increased by positive. Furthermore, the efficiency of each precipitating negative ion is roughly proportional to the number of electrical charges it carries.

These facts parallel closely Professor Loeb's results on muscle and my conclusions that the irritability of the nerve is increased by negative charges and diminished by positive. They lead to the idea that the changes in irritability are in some way connected with the colloids of the nerve. From the nature of things our evidence must be indirect, as

we cannot see this process in the nerve; but fortunately in other cells the process goes so slowly that it may be seen, and little room for doubt is left.

Assuming for a moment that such a change in the colloids is at the bottom of the nerve impulse, as is indicated by the identity of reactions of colloidal solutions and nerves, let us see whether the stimulation will consist in the passage of the colloids from a state of a jelly to solution, or from solution to the jelly. This question, I believe, we are able to answer definitely. The answer is given by our first observations that the extraction of water stimulates the nerve; for as water is the solvent, its removal can have no other effect than the precipitation or jellying of the solution—just as a housewife, who has made her solution of jelly too thin for it to set, boils it down. This conclusion is confirmed by the behavior of the nerve to cold and heat. If a nerve be cooled to about 12° above zero, Centigrade, its irritability increases; it is more sensitive than it was before. But if it is gently warmed it becomes less sensitive until a temperature is reached near its point of coagulation, when its irritability rapidly increases, and at coagulation the nerve is stimulated. Coagulation is a form of jellying. So we have here further evidence that stimulation is gelation. The action of cold will plainly reduce the stability of the solution and tend to set the gel, and under such circumstances the nerve increases in irritability. All the indirect evidence indicates, then, that the stimulation consists in the precipitation or jellying of the colloids. Further evidence is given by the electrical behavior of nerves, but into this we cannot go in an article not of a technical kind.

Convincing optical evidence was presented by Darwin years ago, but has been generally disregarded. Darwin found, in his characteristically thorough researches on insectivorous plants, that when one part of the leaf of the little insect-catcher *Drosera* is stimulated, an impulse travels from that part across to the other side of the leaf and causes movement there. This impulse corresponds in its electrical peculiarities and its relation to salts, in all its details, to the nerve impulse as shown by my results. There can be no doubt of its identity with the process called a nerve impulse. It travels more slowly, to be sure, than does the impulse in the sciatic nerve of the frog, but this is a matter of degree, since in some

nerves the impulse travels only a few millimeters a second. Darwin himself compared this process to a nerve impulse. He says: "Whenever the peripheral extremity of a nerve is touched or pressed, and a sensation is felt, it is believed that an invisible molecular change is sent from one end of the nerve to the other; but when a gland of *Drosera* is repeatedly touched or gently pressed, we can actually see a molecular change proceeding from the gland down the tentacle; though this change is probably of a very different nature from that in a nerve. . . . It seems therefore probable that the motor impulse consists of the first commencement of a molecular change in the protoplasm which, when well developed, is plainly visible and has been designated aggregation."

Darwin saw that when the impulse passed over the cell, the cell flashed into cloudiness, the finest precipitate appeared in it, and the particles of this precipitate coalesced to form larger particles, and these into drops. This precipitate then redissolved. From Darwin's careful observations there can be no doubt that he was describing most faithfully the formation of a reversible gel. This process, which he calls aggregation, was prevented by the action of ether, chloroform, carbon dioxide, potassium, and some other salts,—just the influences which prevent nerve conduction,—and was produced most powerfully by salts having trivalent negative ions.

There is thus a great deal of evidence that stimulation consists in the passage of the colloids of the nerve toward or to gelation. I think the chain of direct and circumstantial evidence is so strong that, supported as it is by a large mass of confirmatory material for muscle accumulated by Professor Loeb, and not yet published, we may safely accept this conclusion as a fact established with a reasonable degree of probability.

With this conclusion established, the action of anesthetics is readily understood. Anything which will prevent the gelation or precipitation of the colloids will prevent stimulation or conduction. As has already been established, gelation may be prevented by positively charged particles. It may also be prevented by the anesthetics. The anesthetics dissolve fat. Overton and Meyer have recently pointed out this, until now, inexplicable relationship. They found that the anesthetizing power was roughly proportional to the fat-dissolving power of the anesthetic. The colloids of the nerve consist of fat and albumin compounds, which are prob-

ably more soluble in a mixture of ether and water than in water alone. If ether is taken, the colloids are precipitated with greater difficulty, and irritability is reduced. This conclusion is not a mere deduction, but rests on well-substantiated observations by Darwin, Loeb, Zoethout, Budgett, and me. Darwin showed that the anesthetics prevented precipitation or aggregation in protoplasm, and others have shown that they will produce the liquefaction or solution of the protoplasm of eggs, infusoria, and other cells, and that their action resembles that of acids, heat, and certain poisons. There is no doubt that a mixture of the anesthetics and water is a better solvent for many of the substances in protoplasm than is water alone.

The light which is thus shed on the nature of stimulation and physical meaning of changes in irritability enables us to form a physical picture of the nerve impulse, although probably a crude and imperfect one. It has long been known that the passage of the impulse is accompanied by a wave of negative electricity, the so-called negative variation. This negative wave cannot pass an etherized point, which shows that it is not simply a movement of inorganic ions or negative particles, but that it is dependent at every point upon the irritability of the protoplasm. These facts have led several prominent physiologists, who have particularly studied the problem, to the conclusion that the negative variation stimulates each successive part of the nerve and is regenerated by the change which it has produced. My results prove the correctness of this view and enable us to form a picture, though, as I have said, a crude one, of what happens. We have already seen that whenever negative charges overbalance in the nerve, the nerve is stimulated, and the stimulation consists in the precipitation of the colloids. We have now to see how, by this precipitation, the negative charges are regenerated. This is possibly brought about in the following way (see Figure 4): The colloidal particles are positively charged. Those charges induce in the water about each particle negative charges, the number of negative charges being proportional to the surface of the particles: Now when two adjacent particles are thrown together mechanically (mechanical stimulation) (Figure 4, B) or by heat or in any other way, they coalesce, and the surface of the coalesced particles is smaller than the sum of the surfaces in the separate particles. There is a sudden diminution in the number

of positive charges holding the negative charges. A certain number of the latter are at once set free (Figure 4, C). These immediately precipitate the next layer of colloids (Figure 4, E). By the coalescence of these particles, negative charges are again liberated (Figure 4, F) and the nerve impulse is thus propagated. The speed of its propagation is probably connected with the minute diameter of the axis-cylinder process, which makes the movement take place altogether in one direction. If we prevent precipitation we can stop the nerve impulse and the negative variation also. The process is probably analogous to what goes on in the precipitation of a supersaturated solution. Although the picture just given of the manner in which the negative charges precipitate is probably inaccurate, yet the general conception that these charges are set free and in some way precipitate the colloids has much in its favor.

There is one other feature of these experiments which carries us back to the ultimate constitution of matter itself. When speaking of the stimulating action of the chloride, bromide, iodide, and fluoride of sodium, it was mentioned that the iodide stimulates more effectively than the chloride, and the fluoride more than either. All of these salts contain a single charge of negative electricity, or one negative electron, on their anions. This fact leads us to infer that in attributing the stimulating action to the *number of charges* on the negative ions we have not reached the ultimate property which determines stimulating or chemical action. There is no escape from the general conclusion that it is the charge which stimulates, but why does it happen that the charge on the fluorine atom differs in its effects from the same charge on the chlorine atom? The

difference in the effects of the charges is determined by a difference in their movements, and that it is not the charge or number of charges which determines action, but the way those charges move. Let us for a moment consider the action of light on protoplasm. We all know by personal experience, whether by being tanned or by our sense of vision, that light stimulates protoplasm. Abundant evidence has been obtained that it is chiefly the ultra-violet or very short ether waves which stimulate protoplasm and produce chemical reactions. This fact is in the highest degree interesting and suggestive. By red light we may inhibit the motion of some cells—for example, the amoeba; by violet, cause it. In other words, the violet vibrations of the ether will produce in protoplasm or other chemical media just those changes which our electrically charged particles do. Now, these vibrations are supposed to be due to the movement of electrons or charges either constituting a part of or associated with the atoms in the sun. We have a demonstration, therefore, that the movement of an electron as far away as the sun will produce the same series of changes in protoplasm as the electron in the nerve. It does not act by its mere existence, either, but by the number of disturbances it gives in a given time to the ether which pervades all space. If an electron produces these effects by its motion so far away as the sun, and these effects are comparable to those of the electrons in the nerve, we are justified in making the hypothesis that the electron in the nerve acts in the same way, i.e., by the impact its motion gives the ether, and particularly by the number of impacts in a given time. In other words, chemical stimulation and stimulation by light are identical.

The reason why a doubly charged or three-

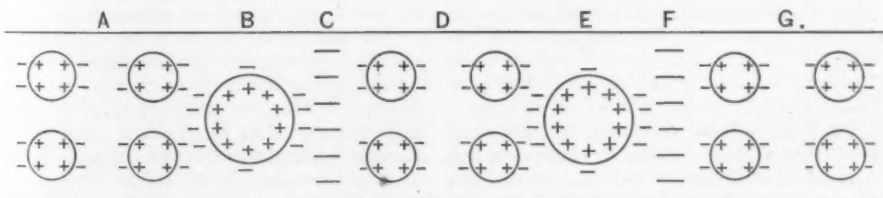


FIGURE 4. DIAGRAM ILLUSTRATING THE CONDUCTION OF THE NERVE IMPULSE.

amount of electricity is the same, the charge is the same. It must be something the charge does which determines its action, and the fluorine charge must differ in some way from that of chlorine. I believe that the

charged particle is more effective than a one-charged particle is probably due, among other things, to the fact that the number of impacts delivered in a certain time by two negative electrons is greater than with one. We

know, for example, that substances do give off these ether vibrations, as is shown by the Becquerel rays, the phenomena of fluorescence and phosphorescence, and so on. I have suggested that the electrons and valences may be revolving about the atoms just as the moon revolves about the earth. As we have worlds with one, two, or more moons, so we have atoms with one, two, or more electrons revolving about them or with them.

Into the many interesting consequences of this hypothesis it is impossible to enter here, but it will be seen that the conclusion to which we have come of the identity of chemical and electrical stimulation confirms the hypothesis of J. J. Thomson, of Larmor and other physicists, that the atoms are made up of electrons. I mention this fact to show how any physiological problem, if carried to its foundations, brings us to the same problems with which the physicist is grappling. Unless I am much mistaken, physiology will develop in this direction in the future, and it may, not impossibly, be the case that the peculiar reactions of protoplasm will ultimately shed light on some abstruse physical problems. Living matter, or protoplasm, is of such a character as to furnish us a most delicate reagent for detecting differences in the elements.

THE MAIN RESULTS RECAPITULATED.

In conclusion let us recapitulate briefly the main results of the foregoing paper. It has been shown: first, that the chemical stimulation of protoplasm is really an electrical stimulation; second, that the poisonous action of inorganic salts is due to the electrical charges of the salts and probably to the movements of these charges; third, that the negative charges stimulate protoplasm, while the positive prevent stimulation, and if not counteracted by the negative will destroy life; fourth, that muscle contraction is probably in its essence an electrical phenomenon and that the conduction of a nerve impulse is almost certainly an electrical phenomenon; fifth, for the first time we have a physical explanation, which agrees with all the main known facts, of the nerve impulse and changes in irritability; sixth, we have secured a physical explanation of the

way in which an anesthetic produces its effect; seventh, we are led to the hypothesis of the identity of stimulation by light and by chemicals.

PROBABLE PRACTICAL RESULTS.

It will probably be asked, What are likely to be the practical results of these conclusions? It is of course impossible to predict what practical results may follow in the future, but it appears to me probable that the immediate practical consequences will very likely occur in the following directions:

First, the physical explanation thus attained of one of the phenomena of life will, if it proves true, bring us a step nearer the understanding of other life-phenomena, the artificial synthesis of living matter, and the prolongation of life. There is apparently no inherent reason why a man should die, except our ignorance of the conditions governing the reaction going on in his protoplasm.

Second, it looks as if we had at last secured a rational basis of pharmacology. If the poisonous action of salts is due to the electrical charges their particles bear, and we are able to offset this action by particles with the opposite charge, there is every reason to believe that the poisonous action of drugs is also so caused and may in the same manner be counteracted. The credit for this work should be given to Professor Loeb.

Third, we have at last secured, apparently, a basis for attacking the great problem of fermentation, for the peculiar fermentative or catalytic powers of colloidal solutions are probably, in their essence, electrical. A solution of the problem of fermentation probably means a revolution in some of the great industries of the world, for it will enable us to build up our food-stuffs from the soil, the air, and sunlight, just as plants do. It will put in our hands a power of controlling chemical phenomena the results of which can at present hardly be conceived. In the absence of experimental data it is impossible to say definitely whether our results will ultimately illuminate the problem of fermentation or not, but they at least suggest a means of attacking this problem, and I think I do not overstate the probable consequences of the solution of that problem.



TOPICS OF THE TIME

Civic Improvement a Phase of Patriotism.

THERE is something enkindling to the imagination in the plans for the improvement of the city of Washington, as described by Mr. Charles Moore in *THE CENTURY* for February and March, and as illustrated by the accomplished artists who have made their drawings under the direction of the Congressional Commission. The more these plans and pictures are studied, the more thorough, the more magnificent, the nobler, do they seem. It is a part of the good fortune of the republic that men of the taste and large-mindedness of Washington, Jefferson, and L'Enfant shaped the city at the outset, and that its "improvement" should have come, in the ripeness of time, into the hands of an expert commission of the trained ability and moral force of Burnham, McKim, St. Gaudens, and the younger Olmsted. All honor to Senator McMillan for his share in bringing this great scheme to its present flourishing condition, and to the Presidents and secretaries and other officials who have so wisely and enthusiastically coöperated to bring about results the accomplishment of which will enjoy the approval and support of the intelligence of the entire country.

The "old Washington" is not without the attraction given by a fine and liberal ground-plan and the presence of public buildings adhering, under the influence of the city's founders, to the classic style of architecture. The new Washington will certainly compare favorably with any modern capital. Two of the city's existing public monuments are of such transcendent nobility that, being accented by their new surroundings, architectural and landscape, the whole impression will be unique in its magnificence and beauty: we refer to the great white shaft of the Washington Monument, and to the Capitol itself—the most imposing structure of the modern world.

To the devotee of art no new building can ever appeal with the poignant beauty of the ruin that crowns the Acropolis. In its pathetic dilapidation it remains the supreme and unapproached masterpiece of architecture. Nor can any later dome put to shame that which graven from the brain of Michelangelo. The Capitol at Washington is not in rivalry in our thoughts with the imperious associations of Athens and Rome, or with any of the creations of the ancient world or of the Renaissance. We speak of it in comparison with the finest accomplishments of European art, since the great days, in its power, by reason of its commanding position and of its own lines and masses, to impress the minds of men. Its technical faults, whatever they may be, are lost sight of in its soaring, its imaginative proportions.

The good work planned for the capital city will give new impetus to the advancing tide of civic improvement now passing over the United States. It will be the pleasure of *THE CENTURY MAGAZINE* to do its share in popularizing and extending the movement by a number of articles on various phases of the subject, accompanied by illustrations of a particularly attractive sort.

To us this great esthetic movement appeals as being, in essence, a phase of patriotism.

America's Need of Free Art.

It will be very difficult, and it ought to be impossible, for Congress to resist the renewed demand for the abolition of the tariff on works of art, which, it will be remembered, was taken off by the McKinley Bill of 1890 and restored by the Dingley Bill of 1897. The arguments for the repeal of this unpatriotic, unwise, and illogical provision are almost too familiar to need restatement. Their force has been increased by the responsible position which America has lately taken in the family of nations.

The only argument in favor of such a tariff was the materialistic and provincial view of art as a luxury. Admitting the sincerity of this view, it must be seen, in the perspective of history, that the luxuries of one epoch may become the necessities of the next. Ice, once in the first class, was long ago judicially pronounced to be in the second. Probably nothing has tended to the health of the people more than the advance of the bathtub to the place of a necessity in house-construction. The palace car, the first-class hotel, the beautiful book, are not taxed as luxuries. The world is moving rapidly toward higher ideals of comfort and beauty; it is a time of great achievements, and the American people have reached a plane of national self-respect when they feel that for them the best is none too good. In spite of Mr. Hamilton Aide's published opinion that we do not love flowers, we are a beauty-loving, indeed a beauty-hungry, people. We are now at that stage of civilization when, aware of our meager opportunities for art education in the past, we are ready to respond with the fullest appreciation to the best that can be offered. This natural inclination, heightened by the fact that we have become the traveling nation of the world, may well make us impatient of the artificial obstacle which legislation has put in the way of our national growth in artistic taste, by the virtual exclusion of many paintings by the great masters which are waiting at our doors.

Merely to put the question on a commercial basis, we are beginning to see what foreign na-

tions, with a more enlightened policy, have long perceived—that beautiful works of art conduce to the beauty of trade products, are the school in which the artisan is to become an artist—to say nothing of the direct effect upon the student of art. In the matter of this education it is futile to discriminate between works of art imported for museums and those for private houses. We have no hermits nowadays, and every great painting is an illuminating and warming flame of beauty that cannot be hid. Every connoisseur is, more or less generously, a contributor to loan collections which are free to the public. The heavy tariff tends to accentuate in the minds of holders of pictures the fact of private ownership, whereas a liberal policy would tend to increase their sense of the responsibility to the public involved in the possession of beautiful art. Let us be done with the idea that anybody is harmed by the presence in his drawing-room of such “luxuries” as a Rembrandt or a Botticelli, and cease to class a Donatello relief with perfumery and champagne.

International copyright has abundantly justified itself as a measure of progress and civilization; so, likewise, will free art. It is to be hoped that the present Congress will take an enlightened view of the question and respond to the demands of the most intelligent public sentiment. The artists, like the authors, do not come as beggars to ask for a bounty, but as men of public spirit to ask for free play in the diffusion of knowledge.

Education and Citizenship.

DURING one of those gloomy periods for New-Yorkers when their local government was in the hands of the morally unfragrant, there was a dinner of journalists and their friends at which President Low of Columbia University was pres-

ent as the principal guest. On this occasion the chairman declared that he had had a dream of a time when the knowledge and wisdom embodied, so to speak, in the great university would be at the service of the city government. This was years ago, and the dream at that time seemed, even to the dreamer, much more visionary than practical. And yet, to-day, President Low of Columbia has been chosen by the people of the city as their chief magistrate, and other experts lately connected with that university are devoting their knowledge and wisdom to the city's service.

When one comes to think of it, it ought not to be a rare and surprising thing to see the city seeking advice and service not from the frequenters of bar-rooms, gambling-dens, and dives, as has been the case during the reign of Tammany, but, as now, from the ablest, most decent, and most expert men it has, either in its universities or elsewhere. That it should do so shows good sense on the part of the general community and of our new rulers, and a proper sense of the responsibilities of citizenship on the part of men of education, culture, and special training.

It is fortunate for New York and fortunate for the university that Columbia's new president, while a distinguished expert in the science of education, and a scholar “in his own right,” so to speak, is also a man very deeply interested in all the problems of American citizenship. No prominent educator in the country has a firmer grasp of the idea that education is a means to an end, that end being not only the leading forward and upward of the individual, but the cultivation in that individual of a sense of duty to the community. In other words, President Butler understands, and none better, the function of a university in a democracy like ours not only to turn out men of good education, but of good citizenship.

OPEN LETTERS

The Carnegie Institution.

AN AUTHORITATIVE STATEMENT.

NOT many months ago, Mr. Andrew Carnegie surprised the universities of Scotland by a gift of ten millions of dollars for the encouragement of deserving students. He has now surprised the learned institutions of America by a gift of the same amount for the advancement of knowledge. As this Open Letter is written, he has not formally made his deed of gift, and the trustees whom he selected have not developed their plans, but enough is definitely known to awaken the highest expectations of good, and to call for the enthusi-

astic reception of his great project. His general purpose has been clearly stated in a single sentence. He purposes to found, in the city of Washington, in the spirit of Washington, an institution which, with the coöperation of institutions now or hereafter established, there or elsewhere, shall, in the broadest and most liberal manner, encourage investigation, research, and discovery, show the application of knowledge to the improvement of mankind, provide such buildings, books, and instruments as may be needed, and afford instruction of an advanced character to students, whenever and wherever found, qualified to profit thereby.

A more complete announcement of Mr. Carnegie's plan is given in this informal statement:

Among its aims are these:

To increase the efficiency of the universities and other institutions of learning throughout the country, by seeking to utilize and add to their existing facilities, and to aid teachers in the various institutions for experimental and other work, in these institutions as far as practicable.

To discover the invaluable and exceptional man in every department of study, whenever and wherever found, inside or outside of the schools, and enable him by financial aid to make the work for which he seems specially designed his life-work.

To promote original research, paying great attention thereto, as being one of the chief purposes of this institution.

To increase facilities for higher education.

To make more useful, to such students as may find Washington the best point for their special studies, the museums, libraries, laboratories, observatory, meteorological, piscicultural, and forestry schools, and kindred institutions of the several departments of the government.

To insure the prompt publication and distribution of the results of scientific investigation, a field considered to be highly important.

These and kindred objects are to be attained by the employment of able teachers in the various institutions in Washington or at other points, and by enabling men fitted for special work to devote themselves to it, through salaried fellowships or scholarships, or through salaries carrying pensions in old age, or through aid in other forms to such men as continue their special work at seats of learning, or who may be discovered outside the schools.

The present moment is favorable for casting the eye backward over the growth of an idea, and for tracing the various influences which have contributed to its evolution. A small amount of that "original research," which is the dominant note of the scientific world, will show the relation of George Washington to this new movement.

The possible establishment of a national university was brought up in the Constitutional Convention, and was seriously discussed, but the project was dropped, and no mention of it is found in the fundamental law of the Union. When Washington became President he used this language in his first message to Congress (January 8, 1790):

There is nothing which can better deserve your patronage than the promotion of science and literature.

... Whether this desirable object will be best promoted by affording aids to seminaries of learning already established, by the institution of a national university, or by any other expedients, will be well worthy of a place in the deliberations of the legislature.

From that time onward, until he drew up his last will, a few months before he died, Washington frequently recurs to his wishes. "The University of the Federal City" is repeatedly spoken of. At the beginning of the year 1795 he points out the advantages of the "Federal City" as a site for a university, and says, if the plan is adopted, he will give to it fifty shares of the Potomac River Company. He adds, however, that the design has

assumed no form, and that he does not know who are promoting it. A little later he addresses Mr. Jefferson on the same subject, and gives these reasons for preferring the Federal City for his proposed gift: it will be the seat of government; it is central; half the District of Columbia is in Virginia; there will be an advantage in governmental supervision, and certain studies in law and politics can be favorably pursued in the neighborhood of Congress. He speaks also of his own gift as a part of the endowment. In 1796 a memorial was presented to Congress for the foundation of a national university, but nothing came of it. Finally, in the will of Washington we have the following paragraph, which, like the famous paragraphs that constitute the Monroe Doctrine, is very short, and has been the basis of much discussion in later years:

... as it has always been a source of serious regret with me to see the youth of these United States sent to foreign countries for the purpose of education, often before their minds were formed, or they had imbibed any adequate ideas of the happiness of their own; contracting too frequently not only habits of dissipation and extravagance, but principles unfriendly to republican government, and to the true and genuine liberties of mankind, which thereafter are rarely overcome; for these reasons it has been my ardent wish to see a plan devised on a liberal scale, which would have a tendency to spread systematic ideas through all parts of this rising empire, thereby to do away local attachments and State prejudices, as far as the nature of things would, or, indeed, ought to admit, from our national councils. Looking anxiously forward to the accomplishment of so desirable an object as this is (in my estimation), my mind has not been able to contemplate any plan more likely to effect the measure than the establishment of a University in a central part of the United States, to which the youths of fortune and talents from all parts thereof might be sent for the completion of their education, in all the branches of polite literature, in arts and sciences, in acquiring knowledge in the principles of politics and good government, and as a matter of infinite importance, in my judgment, by associating with each other, and forming friendships in juvenile years, be enabled to free themselves in a proper degree from those local prejudices and habitual jealousies which have just been mentioned, and which, when carried to excess, are never-failing sources of inquietude to the public mind, and pregnant of mischievous consequences to this country.

Whatever may have been the source of Washington's idea, it was not a passing thought, for his recorded commendations of it cover nearly ten years. But there was little public discussion of the subject for nearly three quarters of a century, although it was repeatedly mentioned in Presidential messages. At length, in 1873, a member of Congress, the Hon. John W. Hoyt of Wisconsin, afterward governor of Wyoming, brought the subject forward, and from that time to this he has been the unselfish, undaunted, and persistent advocate of a national university to be organized and endowed by Congress. In spite of the opposition and coldness which the project has encountered, he has lost no opportunity to urge its importance; he has never lost his zeal and confidence. Eminent members of the national legislature have intro-

duced the appropriate bills, and yet no final action has been taken by Congress. The support of distinguished men in every part of the country has been secured, and yet, at the same time, strong objections have been raised in various quarters. Many wise and patriotic persons have been apprehensive that Congress would not be, as years roll by, the best supporter of advanced education, and others have thought that the country already had more than enough institutions exercising the university functions.

Recently other influences have been at work. Many persons who admire the management of the Smithsonian Institution have thought it desirable that the work of that establishment should be so enlarged as to exercise, in part at least, the functions of a university; but the authorities of the Smithsonian have not seen the way clear to any such expansion. Many of those who are connected with the scientific bureaus of the government became aware of the great resources of Washington which might be opened to students properly qualified to profit by them, and probably at their suggestion, Congress consented to the opening of these resources to those who might be enrolled in the institutions of the District of Columbia. Five institutions in the District are called universities—the Georgetown University, under the Jesuit fathers; the Columbian University, controlled by the Baptists; the Howard University, for the instruction of Africans; the Catholic University, chartered by the Pope and fostered by the Roman Catholic prelate; and the American University, projected by the Methodists. This simple enumeration shows how divergent have been the wishes and aims of those citizens who have agreed with Washington that the Federal City offered exceptional advantages for advanced instruction.

Another factor has entered into this complex problem. Many influential and patriotic ladies, in different parts of the country, have formed the George Washington Memorial Association, and, among other objects, have undertaken to collect a fund which might be applied to the erection, in Washington, of a memorial building in honor of Washington, to be used as a central, administrative building for the national university, if such an institution should come into existence.

Just before adjournment, in the summer of 1901, Congress authorized the opening of the scientific bureaus and libraries of Washington to students from any part of the country. This was an opportunity which was immediately seized by the Washington Academy of Sciences and by the George Washington Memorial Association, just referred to, and they united their forces in the establishment of an independent body to be known as the Washington Memorial Institution. This movement received the support of a large number of the presidents of colleges throughout the land, and in the autumn of 1901 everything looked favorable for the beginning of its work, except the lack of funds. In a private way some efforts were made to secure, if not an endowment, a sufficient income to carry on the work of the new organization.

Then came a great surprise. Mr. Carnegie an-

nounced his desire to found an institution in the city of Washington upon the plan already indicated at the beginning of this letter, and those whom he has selected for this work are about to proceed to the unfolding of his purposes.

The form of organization is very simple. Under the general law of the District of Columbia, six persons—namely, Messrs. John Hay, Edward D. White, John S. Billings, Charles D. Walcott, Carroll D. Wright, and Daniel C. Gilman—formed an incorporation at Mr. Carnegie's request, and subsequently, on his nomination, selected twenty-seven persons to be the trustees, namely: the President of the United States, the President of the United States Senate, the Speaker of the House of Representatives, the secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, the president of the National Academy of Sciences, *ex officio*; Grover Cleveland, John S. Billings, William N. Frew, Lyman J. Gage, Daniel C. Gilman, John Hay, Abram S. Hewitt, Henry L. Higginson, Henry Hitchcock, Charles L. Hutchinson, William Lindsay, Seth Low, Wayne MacVeagh, D. O. Mills, S. Weir Mitchell, W. W. Morrow, Elihu Root, John C. Spooner, Andrew D. White, Edward D. White, Charles D. Walcott, and Carroll D. Wright.

It is obvious that a body like this, which is made up of men whose homes are in widely scattered parts of the country, and who are evidently selected because of the interest they have shown in the welfare of the country, cannot manage the details of scientific investigation. They will doubtless select certain executive officers, but even these will not be qualified, without a great deal of expert advice, to determine the value of the various methods of procedure which will quickly be presented for their consideration. Accordingly, the next step forward will be to appoint a number of counselors or experts, to whom will be referred important questions of a scientific character, the selection of competent helpers, and the best methods of publishing results. It is proposed, in other words, to select, in different departments of knowledge, men who, by their ability and experience, have shown themselves worthy of confidence. They will constitute the scientific corps of the institution, and will be chosen because they are qualified and willing to cooperate in advancing the purposes of the institution.

It is noteworthy that Mr. Carnegie's gift does not supersede any action on the part of Congress to establish a university, in the ordinary sense of that word, where a faculty shall be assembled, laboratories provided, and postgraduate students admitted. All the plans thus far projected for a national university have looked toward postgraduate work, extending the opportunities now provided in colleges and other institutions throughout the land. This form of activity is foreign to Mr. Carnegie's purposes, and his purposes can be carried out with or without the establishment of a national university by Congress. That question stands now, as heretofore, on its own merits.

The friends of scientific research will await the further development of the Carnegie Institution with profound interest. Even those who would pre-

for the organization of a national university, supported by Congress, must perceive upon reflection, if they do not at the outset, that Mr. Carnegie's plans are as broad as the field of knowledge, that the amount of his gift surpasses any other endowment in the world for the specific purpose of ex-

tending science, and that the spirit of coöperation which he enjoins upon his trustees must bring the new institution into close affiliation with all that is best in the country. He will deserve not only the applause but also the gratitude of mankind.

Daniel C. Gilman.



IN LIGHTER VEIN

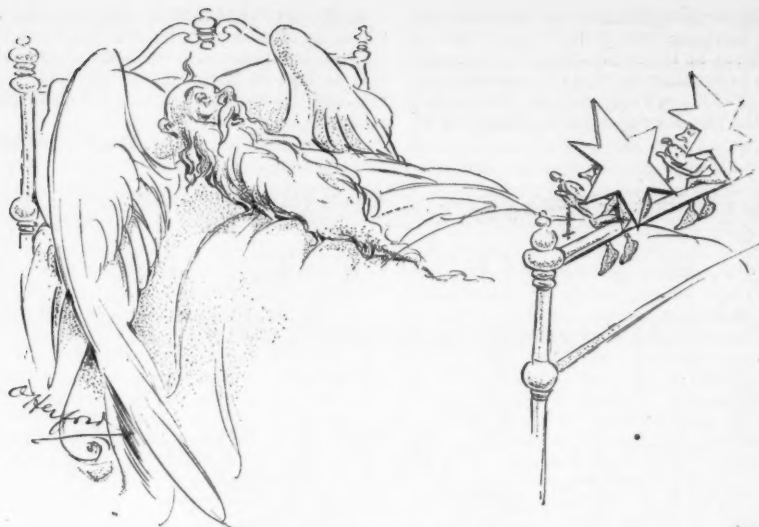


WHEN Sirius was the Dog-star, 't was a very gay affair
That took place not on earth at all, but 'way up in the air;
The ball-room was well lighted with electric Northern Lights,
Which thus enabled all to see most truly wondrous sights.
The music for the dancing was the sort one seldom hears,
And was rendered very sweetly—'t was the Music of the Spheres.
Old Father Time said, with a sigh: "I think I'll go to sleep;
My hour-glass is not needed, for the Stars their Watches keep."

The company arrived by scores. The Sleet was Hailed with joy;
The Fogs all came in Clouds, of course, and acted strangely coy;
And those who came on Trade-winds were the ones that bought and sold,
But higher classes came in state, and e'en the Thunder Rolled.
The Frost came on his Icicle—a chainless, bevel-gear;
Said Mr. Ice: "I see you ride, but Peddle nothing here."
Before they danced, there came a sound of "Ting-a-ling-a-ling!"
At which each one exclaimed: "I know that that is Saturn's Ring!"



"MUSIC OF THE SPHERES."



"THE STARS THEIR WATCHES KEEP."

Then came a knock both loud and bold. Said
all the little Stars:
"That knock is Papa Jupiter's; if it's not Pa's,
it's Mars'."

'T is hard to tell of all that host which really
was most fair:
Aurora Borealis wore a Rainbow in her hair;

Her sparkling glance could not surpass Miss
Lightning's brilliant Flash—

And, by the way, the latter's tongue could sting
like any lash.

Both ladies, too, were jealous of Miss Luna
beaming near,

And said: "We do not want Miss Luna Moon-
ing round us here."



"THE GREAT, BIG DIPPER AND THE SMALL WERE ALWAYS IN DEMAND."

She really once Eclipsed the Sun, 't is said,
upon a time;
No wonder, then, the other belles refused with
her to chime.

Now, at all balls, it is a fact, some Wall-
flowers there must be;
The Wall-flowers here were old Fixed Stars,
as lonely as could be.
And Satellites, they sat till lights began to fade
and wane,

But not a partner asked them out; their wait-
ing was in vain.

When heated with the dancing, guests would
pair off hand in hand

Where the Great, Big Dipper and the Small
were always in demand;

While those who wished to take Ice-cream
strolled down the Milky Way,
And with their cream were served Snowflakes
—nor were they asked to pay.

At last old Father Time awoke as rested as
could be.

A little Meteor cried out: "Oh, look! Time's
Up!" said he.

And so the guests all had to go. The Shooting
Stars went first,

And in their haste to get ahead, a number of
them burst.

Orion's Belt Line Train appeared, and to it he
was led.

"Go home at once, you Fogs!" called he.

"You're surely Missed," he said.

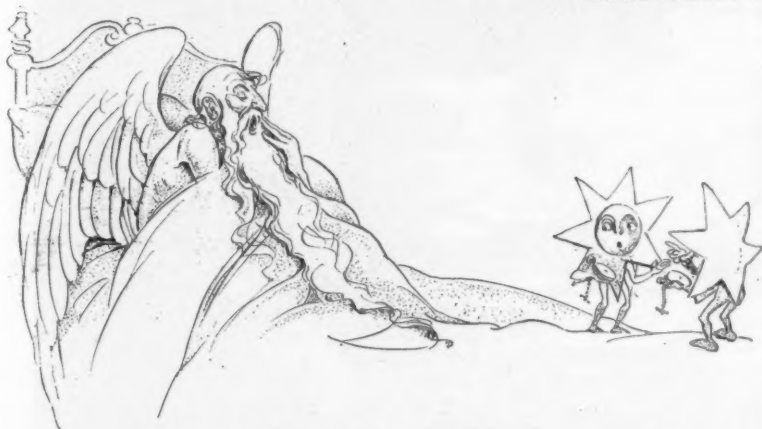
And so the dance was ended, and the Comets
took their flights,

The Pleiades remaining to turn out the North-
ern Lights.

Though Sirius was the Dog-star, that ball was
gay, you see.

I'd like to see a Planet Plan It better than
did he!

Blanche Elizabeth Wade.



"OH, LOOK! TIME'S UP!"

Inside Facts.

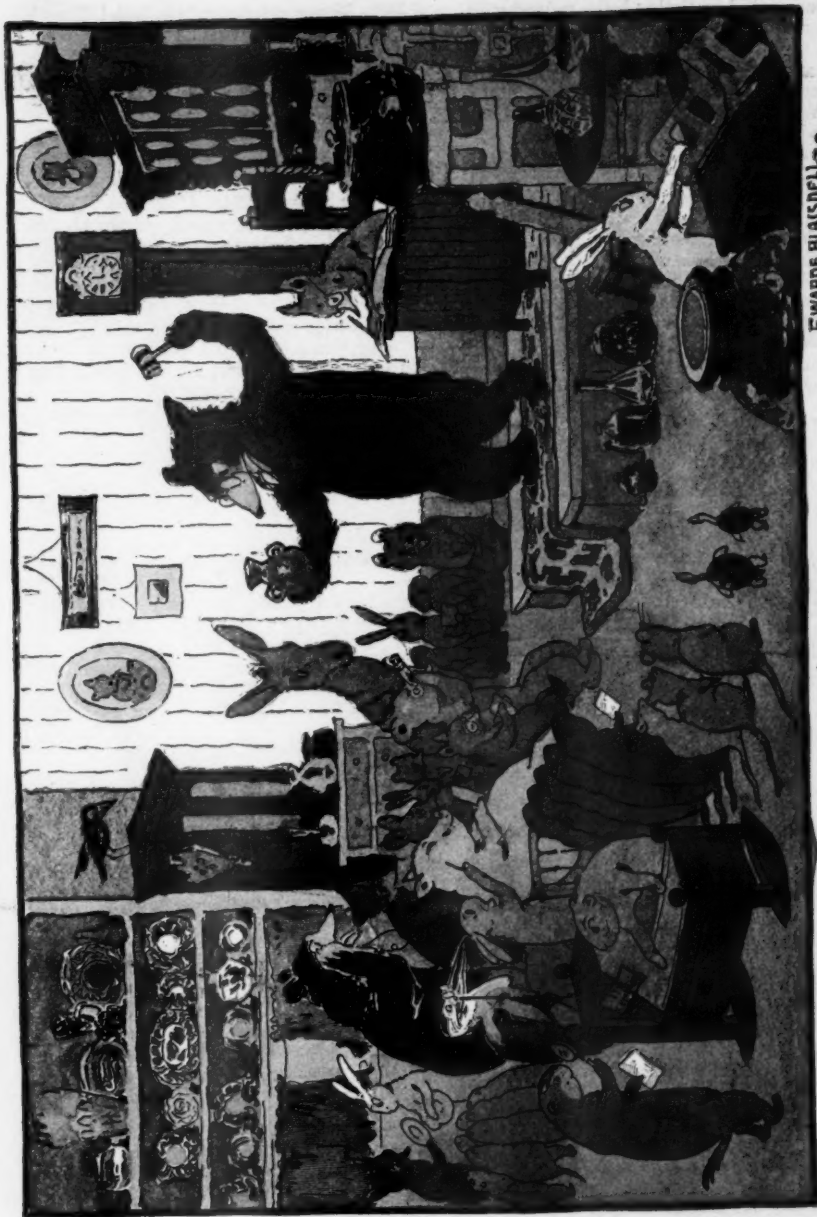
You see, all her people were eager
To have it hushed up very soon;
So the statement, explicit though meager,
"The dish ran away with the spoon,"
Was all the reporter could gather
Of her sudden elopement with him,
And of course you'll admit it was rather
Provokingly slim.

But I've since heard the truth of the matter;
I'll tell it to you, if you wish.
There was much idle gossip and chatter,
And every one blamed the poor dish.
You see, she was awfully pretty,
And belonged to a very rich set;
And the spoon—well, of course 't was a pity
That ever they met.

The meeting was quite accidental;
It occurred at a dinner one night:
And as both were a bit sentimental,
Of course it was love at first sight.
The spoon to the end of his handle
With sudden emotion was thrilled;
While the dish, never dreaming of scandal,
With rapture was filled.

Then the spoon grew more recklessly daring—
He was fond as a lover could be;
All sorts of rash vows he was swearing,
And he murmured, "Sweet dish, fly with me!"
"I will," and the dish smiled with pleasure.
The first chance to fly they embraced;
And now they're repenting at leisure
For wedding in haste.

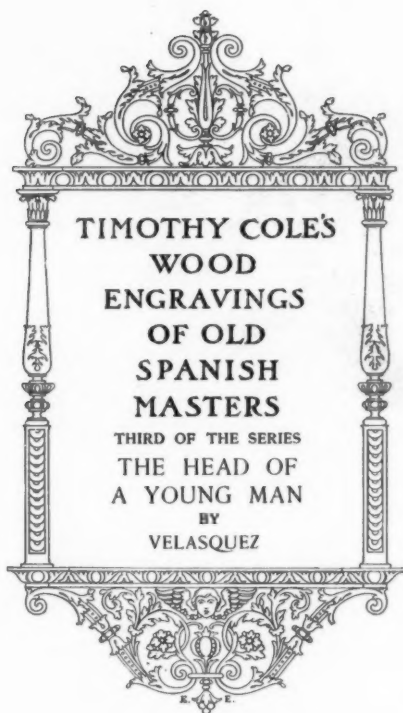
Carolyn Wells.



EDUARDE BLAISDELLE

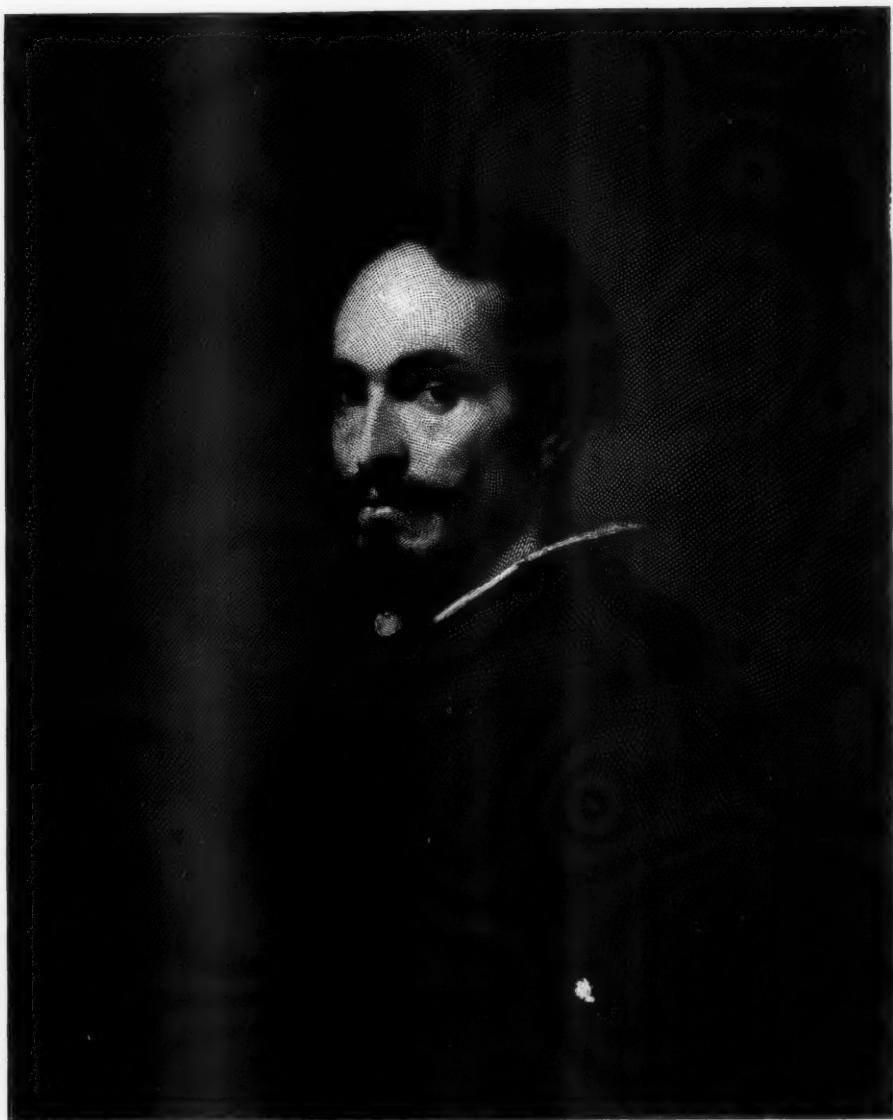
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 "Last call!—who says ten?"

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